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ART. I. — 1. *Tausend und Ein Tag im Orient.* Von FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT. In 2 Bände. Berlin. 1850.

2. *Die Lieder des* MIRTSA-SCHAFFY. Von FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT. Zweite Auflage. Berlin. 1853.

On the last day of October, 1848, the Revolution was at its height in Vienna. A girdle of bayonets clasped the unhappy city. The flames of sacked houses reddened the evening sky, and ever and anon the explosion of artillery, the roll of drums, and the screams of wounded combatants, filled the air with horrible echoes. At twilight, in the chamber of a young poet who had recently returned from a sojourn of several years in the East, a group of friends sat engaged in broken and sorrowful conversation. Now a blast of the alarm trumpets pealed across the square; now a cannon-ball crashed through the barricades the people had erected in the street. "Bodenstedt!" said Auerbach, "you are less agitated than we; tell us some of your adventures in the Orient; it will transport us into a different world, and help us to forget the horrors of the present time." The whole company echoed the request. "Do consent!" they exclaimed, and drew their chairs closer around him. "Tell us of the Caucasus," said Kaufmann, "and of your famous teacher, Mirtsa-Schaffy: he is my favorite!" "And of the Black Sea," added Karl Beck, "and

of the Cossacks, and of the Turks." "Also of the beautiful Georgian maidens," cried Max Schlesinger, "and of Ararat and Armenia."

The poet pilgrim willingly met the invitation, and recounted many an incident from his travels. He told them of Mirtsa-Schaffy; of his wisdom and delicious songs; of Ararat and Armenia; of the Caucasus, and the lovely Georgian girls; of the Black Sea; and of the Cossacks and the Turks. The company sat far into the night, listening to the unstudied recital, and scarcely thought of the dire tumult which raged without. Two years afterwards the narrator carefully wrote out in full, and gave to the public, what he had briefly sketched to his friends on that memorable night. Such was the interesting origin of the work — "Thousand and One Days in the Orient" — from which the present article is to be drawn. The book is a model of manifold excellence. It is published in a form of admirable taste and beauty. It abounds with picturesque descriptions of the scenery and society of the lands which its author traversed, and with spirited versions of the lyrics of their representative living poets. We propose here only to indicate its general course and character, and to hint, by a few suggestive outlines, the portrait of its central personage.

Late in the September of 1844, a scholarly and adventurous young German, Frederic Bodenstedt by name, is on his way from Moscow, across the Steppes of the Don, to the immemorial world of the Orient. The landscape, thus soon, has assumed a wintry aspect. The sky is all gray, and the noon is gloomy, as if evening twilight already hung in the air. On the naked limbs of the trees perch horrid swarms of crows and ravens. The autumnal wind whistles, shudderingly, over the snow-clad fields, through which the road winds, like a gigantic black stripe. For, as yet, the ice is too thin and the snow too loose to resist the hoofs of the horses and the wheels of the wagons; and through every hole thus made the water oozes up from the slimy ground, as black as a fountain of tar.

Toilsome and monotonous days have passed. Behind our traveller now lie the Steppes, and before him loom the misty giants of the Caucasus. But the heaven is so clouded, the dense fog so baffles his prying gaze, that he might fancy him-

self still upon the plain. Suddenly the cloud-veil parts, the mist falls, and the legendary peaks — on one of whose cliffs Prometheus formerly hung — tower on his sight in stupendous glory. At equal distances, right and left, seventeen thousand feet in height, the summits of Elborz and Kasbek shimmer in a magic play of colors, while, half-way between, a savage group of Titans hold the blue floor of heaven on their frosty polls. Yonder, from the turbid mouth of the river Kouban to the fire-temples of the Parsees on the Caspian shore, runs the ragged and terrible mountain wall which separates Asia from Europe. Directly in front of him, a monstrous mountain rises above the luxuriant vegetation at his feet, above the gloomier verdure which spreads as a broad girdle around its flanks, above the straggling grass and dwarf shrubs which speck the higher rocks, until its enormous shoulders, emerging in naked beauty, receive their winter-robe of such dazzling whiteness that it seems composed of woven diamonds.

Our pilgrim has made the frightful pass, and appears again, just at sunset, dragging his tired feet towards Duschett, the first village that snuggles at the Asiatic base of the Caucasus. Behind him soars the mountain realm in its icy splendor, with its dreadful precipices, its dizzy chasms, and thunder-plunging avalanches. Beneath his eyes stretches a blooming land of soft-swelling fields, veined with a murmuring river. The snow has not melted from his boots when they crush the flowers smiling in his path. A gentle breeze whispers through the foliage of the acacias; grape-vines of prodigious size twine in all directions; and singing-birds warble from the branches of the flowering almonds. He has stepped from the frozen door of winter into a garden redolent with roses and blushing in the sunshine.

In a few days Bodenstedt enters Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. Several of his former Moscow friends, now settled here, celebrate his arrival by a feast served in true Oriental style. Circassian boys, arrayed in picturesque dresses, bring forward the dishes; a slender Armenian distributes gigantic silver-ornamented buffalo-horns, full of blood-red wine; a Persian singer in a blue robe, a high-peaked cap on his head, his beard

close-trimmed, his fingers' ends dyed blue, his face aglow, plays on a lyre and sings the choicest odes of Hafiz. Wherever the Western stranger turns his eyes, he discerns something new and curious. He seems to be living over in reality a tale of the "Thousand and One Nights," whereof as a boy he has so often read and dreamed. When the party separate, and go upon the roofs to their couches, the brilliant and fragrant night is reigning in all its charms. It is one of those enchanted nights known only under the Georgian sky, where the moon illumines the noiseless landscape, as if its radiance were the sunlight, falling, softened, through some mysterious, tender-woven veil.

Bodenstedt desires an instructor to guide and help him in his studies of Tartar, Persian, and Arabic literature. Accident favors his search; for he is introduced to Mirtsa-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, as he names himself from the village where he was born, in the province of Karadagh, on the banks of the ancient Araxes. In Mirtsa-Schaffy we have a thorough and admirable specimen of Oriental character, an excellent representative of his class, the scholars and poets of Persia. The comic side of his character, resulting from no buffoonery or crudeness of nature, but from his perfect ingenuousness, his primeval simplicity and frankness both in action and speech, is most amusing. At the same time he is vain as Absalom, irascible as Ali, wise as Lokman, and affectionate as Hatim. His learning, in its department, is extensive, his literary taste exquisite, his wedded wit and humor inexhaustible, the creative swiftness and scope of his lyric genius quite marvellous. We proceed now to illustrate these statements by examples, confident that a picture, however unskilfully drawn, of a living Persian poet, a not unworthy successor of Hafiz, will have a novel interest for our readers.

It is matter of great astonishment to Mirtsa-Schaffy how the travellers from the Western nations, dwelling as they do there in darkness and unbelief, totally ignorant of the sacred languages, Persian and Arabic, can yet boast of possessing *literati*. However, he willingly forgives this pretension in Bodenstedt, upon the promise of a silver dollar for each lesson in these tongues, the depositories of all true wisdom.

Hereupon the Wise Man of Gjändsha endeavors to make his pupil comprehend his exceeding good fortune in having obtained such a teacher as himself. "I, Mirtsa-Schaffy, am the wisest man of the whole East. You, as my pupil, are second in wisdom. Misunderstand me not: I have a friend, Omar-Effendi, who is a very wise man, and not third among the scholars of the land. If I lived not, and Omar-Effendi were your teacher, he would be the first, and you, as his pupil, the second wise man." After this utterance, Mirtsa-Schaffy, with a shrewd look, lays his forefinger upon his brow, and Bodenstedt nods assent.

Several rival teachers strive to supplant the Wise Man of Gjändsha with his pupil. The most prominent of these jealous sages is Mirtsa-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad. Because he pursued his study of Arabic at the most famous university, he argues, his knowledge must be much more profound than that of Mirtsa-Schaffy, who is indeed but an ass among the bearers of wisdom. "That plebeian cannot write nor sing at all," cries Jussuf to Bodenstedt, after obtaining access to his chamber. "Now, I ask you, what is knowledge without writing? What is wisdom without song? What is Mirtsa-Schaffy in comparison with me?" At this moment a measured rapping on the door with a pair of slippers is heard. It announces the arrival of the chosen instructor to commence his lessons. Leaving his shoes at the door, as is the custom, Mirtsa-Schaffy enters the room in clean gay-colored stockings. He reads the whole story at a glance, surveys the suddenly embarrassed and cringing Jussuf from head to foot with superb disdain, and would express his contempt, but Bodenstedt exclaims: "Wise Man of Gjändsha! what have my ears heard? Will you instruct me when you cannot write nor sing? Mirtsa-Jussuf says you are but an ass among the bearers of wisdom." The displeasure in Mirtsa-Schaffy's face gradually takes on an expression of perfect scorn. He clutches one of his thick-soled slippers from the threshold, and with it beats the poor Jussuf so unmercifully, that he begs with the most affecting gestures and words to be spared. But Mirtsa-Schaffy is pitiless. "What! you are wiser than I am? I cannot sing, do you say? I will make

music for you! I cannot write, hey? I will write it on your head!" The action suits the word. Whimpering and moaning, the Bagdad sage staggers under the blows through the antechamber and down the steps. The victor returns, calmly warns the astounded young German not to lend any ear to such pretenders as Jussuf and his companions, and then proceeds to expound a mystic ode of Hafiz commencing,

"O dervish! pure is wine,
And sin it is to hate it;
Is any wisdom mine?
From drinking wine I date it."

The pupil and teacher soon grow intimate, and very fond of each other. They often sit together in the evening, smoking their long Persian pipes, and sipping wine. The Wise Man of Gjändsha plays on a stringed instrument, and accompanies it with his own voice, improvising with remarkable fluency the most beautiful poems.

"As the nightingale oft from a rose's dew sips,
So I wet with pure wine my languishing lips.

"As the soul of perfume through a flower's petals slips,
So pure wine passes through the rose-door of my lips.

"As to port from afar float the full-loaded ships,
So this wine-beaker drifts to the strand of my lips.

"As the white-driven sea o'er a cliff's edges drips,
So the red-tinted wine breaks in foam on my lips."

One day Bodenstedt asks the ground of such gorgeous eulogies of wine by the poets of Persia, from Firdousi to Mirtsa-Schaffy. The Wise Man of Gjändsha snatches his lyre, and instantly sings:—

"The best ground is the ground of wet gold
In the depth of a beaker:
The best mouth is the mouth, from of old,
Of the wine-praising speaker!"

Calling at his teacher's house unexpectedly, Bodenstedt apologizes for the intrusion. In a second Mirtsa-Schaffy sings in response:—

"Come in the evening, and come in the morning;
Come when I ask you, and come without warning.
Mirtsa-Schaffy, with you when a-meeting,
Always rejoices, and his heart gives you greeting."

At another time they are walking together through a garden which has just put on the painted garb of spring. The flowers are breaking through the grass; clusters of little grapes peep from the vines; white blossoms shower down from the locust-trees, like snow-flakes; and the rose-bushes are beginning to bud. The pupil inquires, "How are you able so quickly to weave thought, image, and rhyme into forms of such grace?" The poet stretches out his hand, gathers a nosegay, and, reaching it to the young man, replies: "Behold, this nosegay was plucked in a moment; but the flowers composing it did not grow in a moment. So is it with my songs."

Upon a certain occasion the Wise Man of Gjändsha sits on his silk ottoman, his legs crossed, and wreaths of fragrant smoke curling lazily around him. He lays down his chibouk, and lifts a glass of wine, like sparkling molten gold. Bodenstedt says: "The hearts of the maidens beat high through the ravishing power of your sweet songs, O Mirtsa-Schaffy; but the wise men of the West will say that you are deficient in variety of subjects. Have you not written songs on other things than wine, and love, and roses?" Mirtsa is silent for a moment, then quaffs the whole bumper which he held in his hand, and, rising upon his feet, sings the following improvisation in answer: —

"Doth it displease you that I sing
Of few things only as divine?
Of naught but roses, love, and spring,
And nightingales, and wooing wine?

"Which were the best, that I should praise
Will-o'-the-wisps and wax flambeaux,
Or to the sun's eternal rays
Fresh panegyrics still compose?

"While like a sun that shines abroad
I pour my raying songs around,

The beautiful I do applaud,
And not what 's on the common found.

"Let other bards their lyres attone
To wars, and mosques, and fame of kings;
To roses, love, and wine alone
My fingers strike the melting strings.

"O pure Schaffy! how fragrant are
Thy verses on these lovely themes!
Thy songs are strains without a jar,
While others' best are painful screams!"

One beautiful afternoon, the Wise Man of Gjändsha and his pupil are sitting in friendly converse. The romantic twilight draws on. One glass of wine has followed another, with the usual Oriental toast, "May it have a pleasant journey!" One song, too, has succeeded another. All at once, Mirtsa-Schaffy grows sad and thoughtful. After remaining silent a good while, he opens his mouth, and in a melancholy tone sings these words: —

"My heart with the anguish of lovers is riven;
O ask me not for whom!
To me has the poison of parting been given;
O wretched is my doom!"

The sympathizing Bodenstedt interrupts him by asking, "Are you in love, Mirtsa?" Shaking his head sorrowfully, he answers, "No, I am not in love; but I was in love once, as no man ever was before." Eagerly the young European strives to draw the story forth. He succeeds, and sits till the stars fade, hanging with ever-increasing interest on his worthy teacher's lips.

We go back eleven years, to the time when Mirtsa-Schaffy first saw Zuleika, the daughter of Ibrahim, the Chan of Gjändsha. How can her beauty be portrayed? What shall be said of her eyes blacker than night, brighter than stars? What shall be said of the grace of her form, — the loveliness of her hands and feet, — her soft hair wound about her, long as eternity, — her mouth, whose breath is sweeter than the breath of the roses of Shiraz? Vain is every attempt to describe

that which transcends human comprehension. For more than six months, young Mirtsa has daily seen the Chan's daughter when she sits on the roof at noon, with her fair companions, or in the evening when she orders her female slaves to dance before her in the moonlight. He has never spoken to her, and does not know whether she has recognized his glances. He dares not go near her, but afar off basks in the beams of her countenance. Shall man venture to approach the sun? During the day he is obliged to be very cautious; for if the haughty Chan suspected he had cast loving looks upon Zuleika, his life from that moment would be worth less than a flawed pearl. But in the evening, when old Ibrahim has retired, the enamored youth steals around the house, and waits for glimpses of the houris on its roof, which seems heaven as he looks up to it.

Soon the flames of his tumultuous heart break out in songs. Sometimes he sings Ghazels from Hafiz, sometimes from Firdousi; but oftenest he sings his own. Why should Mirtsa-Schaffy shine in borrowed gems? Whose voice is tenderer than his voice? Whose songs are more charming than his songs? He stands beneath her balcony. His eyes are two glow-worms under the dark vines, as he sings: —

"What is the blooming rose's cup, where nightingales may sip,
Compared with thy more blooming mouth, and thy much sweeter lip?
What is the sun, and what the moon, and what each glowing star?
They burn and tremble but for thee, still eying thee from far.
And what am I, my heart, the love-mad songs that I create?
We are the blessed slaves thy beauty doomed to celebrate."

No token of recognition is vouchsafed to him, and he goes sadly home. But the next night, when it is quite dark, as he stands under the concealing foliage of an orange-tree, a damsel in a white veil approaches him, and, as she passes, whispers, "Mirtsa-Schaffy, follow where I go." His heart beats loudly, and he follows the white figure gliding before him. They soon reach a secure place, and the mysterious conductress says: "I am Fatima, the confidant of Zuleika. My mistress looks on you with favor. Your songs have disturbed her heart. Without her knowledge I have come, that you

may draw courage from the well of my words; because I am pleased with you, and it grieves me to see you suffering so much." Mirtsa reels with ecstasy, and cries: "Can it be that Zuleika has heard the weeping of the poorest of her slaves? The God of thousands is only one God! Great is his goodness, and wonderful are his ways! What have I done that he should pour the stream of his mercy over me through the hand of Zuleika; that he should guide the rivulet of my songs to the ocean of her beauty!" Fatima replies: "You do well to praise Allah, and the kind condescension of my mistress. Had not her innocence and modesty surpassed even her beauty, she would long ago have granted you a token of her favor. Besides, she fears her father, who loves her tenderly, but would never forgive her if she should bestow her heart upon a poor Mirtsa. The rich Achmed-Chan, who has now gone to Moscow with Ibrahim, is dying for her hand, and when they come back her father will give her to him. Therefore, before that return, we must bring your suit to the desired goal. To-morrow evening, when the Muezzin calls from the minaret to prayers, be in the garden, and I will direct Zuleika's attention to you. Then sing from your heart, and in the flower-language of lovers she will throw you an answer."

Mirtsa-Schaffy, on the spot at the appointed time, soon sees Fatima and Zuleika looking down towards him. With his sweetest tones he commences:—

"In the mosque of true love,
See me kneel at the shrine:
Hear my heart call above
For an answer from thine!
With delight, or with scorn,
Dost thou hark while I sing?
Throw a rose or a thorn:
Life or death it will bring."

Not a thorn, but a full-blown rose, drops at his feet. He snatches it to his lips, falls on his knee, and the world swims beneath him. Never in his life did the sun appear to him so beautiful, as the late-rising moon appears this night. Who

shall describe the full-gushing sweetness of the days that follow? Ah! the joy-time of poor Mirtsa's life now stands in the zenith. His love quickly becomes known throughout Gjändsha, and all his acquaintances join to further his suit; some from love for him, others from hatred of Ibrahim-Chan.

Two weeks have fled. A threatening cloud suddenly darkens the sky of these basking lovers. The two Chans, Ibrahim and Achmed, — the stern father, and the destined husband of Zuleika, — are returning, and will soon arrive. The tidings fill Mirtsa with terror and energy. Out of the abyss of this alarm, he will, on the eagle-wings of resolve, bear hope to the mountain. This prize lost, the world has nothing left for Mirtsa-Schaffy. He will risk all on the hazard of a single die. He determines, by the help of Fatima, to elope with Zuleika this very night. Fatima readily agrees to the plan, and promises to guide him secretly at midnight into the chamber of his beloved, who, forewarned, will be in readiness to flee with him. A mysterious fear sets all his limbs in trepidation as he prepares to start on the momentous enterprise. "Mirtsa-Schaffy!" he says to himself, "how can you be so audacious? How dare you tread with sinful feet the sharp bridge, El-Sirat, which shall lead you into Paradise? But what is all the wisdom or danger on earth in comparison with the loveliness of Zuleika?" At this moment he reaches the gate, and hears from the low voice of Fatima, "Hasten, Mirtsa; my mistress, in bridal array, already awaits you." He silently follows her trembling steps, and, unobserved, gains the shell of the pearl of beauty, the chamber of Zuleika. There she sits, richly robed, and her young limbs shine through the dazzling veil, like Peris gleaming through the white mists of Peri-land. At the sight of this celestial creature, Mirtsa-Schaffy's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, and he bends in worship. "This is no time for astonishment," breaks in the sensible Fatima. "Take her by the hand, and beg her to go with you whither Allah leads." He obeys. Zuleika gives a faint shriek, and starts back; but after much persuasion her timidity is overcome, her love rises paramount, they glide from the house in safety, they mount two dromedaries, and ride swiftly out of Gjändsha towards the tents of Tartary.

For three days they journey unmolested. Unhappily, a fierce storm compels them to seek the shelter of a hut in a way-side village. In two hours the intended son-in-law of Ibrahim, with a troop of armed followers, rides through the bursts of rain and lightning, and breaks in upon the fugitives. Hard, alas! is poverty; but to find a cavern-full of diamonds, and then lose the treasure, — how much harder is this! What avails it to go through Paradise, if it be but the passage-way to hell! Zuleika stands, like a pale goddess of grief, compressing her mighty agony in her heart. But poor Mirtsa-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, the singer of wine, love, and roses, in addition to the incurable anguish of his heart, is forced, at the command of the cruel Achmed-Chan, to submit to the most disgraceful treatment. On those very feet which so recently bore him, over the peak and summit of bliss, into the chamber of Zuleika, he receives — the bastinado!

At the end of this recital Mirtsa-Schaffy sighs profoundly, and appears much depressed by the recollections it has stirred anew. Bodenstedt contemplates him with a feeling in which poetic respect and friendship mingle with a sense of burlesque. A whole half-hour he sits, silent and mournful, inhaling the smoke of his chibouk in full draughts, each a minute in duration, and then breathing it out again in long, slow wreaths, so that his whole head is enveloped in clouds, through which the peak of his lofty pyramidal cap pierces like the steeple of a church. Never, since that most luckless hour, has he laid eyes on his lost Zuleika. The blissful visions and exuberant hopes of youth and first love are buried in the silent darkness of eleven years ago. Then the sun of his life sank, and thenceforward there remains to him only the pensive moonlight of memory. These thoughts shed an oppressive melancholy over him; for they tell him that he will never be so happy again. He takes his lute, and brings tears to Bodenstedt's eyes by his pathetic singing of these lines: —

"When, as my life's appointed courses wend,
The blessed day of youth is ended quite,
'T is true, remembrances like stars ascend;
But then they only show that it is night!"

One hour of confidential communion brings men closer than

whole years of ordinary intercourse; and after the above narration the Wise Man of Gjändsha has no secret from his pupil. Before him his heart lies as open as the gardens of Tiflis. In the long winter-evenings, when the tempest raves without, and the wind howls down from the mountains as drearily as if in one piercing lamentation it would express the condensed pain and sorrow of all humanity, Mirtsa-Schaffy often seems low-spirited, and indulges in regretful reveries over departed hours. At such times, Bodenstedt turns the conversation upon Zuleika. Her name acquires a high significance for him. She becomes the embodied idea of feminine beauty, the maidenly concentration of all earthly modesty and pride, the impersonation of every virtue and charm of woman. The poems dedicated to her are the roses in the song-garlands of Mirtsa-Schaffy.

His former relation to Zuleika determines all his future conduct and relation to the rest of her sex. All the women are in love with him; for since *she* loved him, how can any other woman hate him? But he can never love again. And he resolves that his coldness shall make all other women pay penance for the anguish he has suffered through the loss of one. He is really a very fine-looking and attractive person, as the portrait of him, in the frontispiece of the "Thousand and One Days," shows. His manners are calm and elegant; his head always freshly shaven and white as snow; his beard curling and odorous as the beard of Solomon, to whom he often refers; his finger-tips and nails stained as blue as the Georgian heaven. His tall conical cap he thinks is a sure snare to catch susceptible hearts. Whenever he sees any feminine form on the terraces or the balconies, he seizes the opportunity to show some portion of his white head, by cocking his lofty Phrygian cap jauntily on one side. Casting a complacent glance, he passes by with a stately mien, confident of having made a new conquest. He never takes advantage of his conquests. Each is a fresh sacrifice on the altar inscribed Zuleika. What cares he how the maidens are consumed by the fire of his eyes and songs, in comparison with which all the glances and tones sprinkled from the eyes and lips of other singers are but extinguished sparks?

Let the Occidental reader by no means so far forget the peculiar traits of Oriental character as to think the Wise Man of Gjändsha a fool. That would be a blunder indeed. There is often a magnificent morality in his strains, and they are usually brimmed with bright thoughts and poured forth in grace.

"The fulness of truth to express is most dangerous now;
Yet, Mirtsa-Schaffy! ever noble and truthful be thou:
Be not a false light, on the marshes of lyingness left."

In one of his poems to Zuleika, he daringly exclaims: —

"I, in my glowing songs, from out the skies
Snatch sun and moon and stars,
And lay them as a burning sacrifice
On Beauty's altar-bars."

He is an independent Persian, a sort of Mohammedan come-outer; and with what delicate skill of invective, in one of his dialectic battles with the dervishes, does he state both the orthodox odium which attaches to the utterance of radical truth, and the meanness of falsifying one's honest convictions to evade that odium!

"Who loveth the truth, the bridle must hold in his hand.
Who thinketh the truth, with foot in the stirrup must stand.
Who speaketh the truth, for arms must with wings be equipped.
Who telleth a lie, says Mirtsa-Schaffy, shall be whipped."

On another occasion, with that extemporaneous readiness which so remarkably distinguishes him, he says to a rich but unpopular bard, whose rhetoric is fine, but whose thoughts are poor, and who consequently is accustomed to steal the ideas of others and exhibit them in handsomer robes than they wore before: —

"Better stars without shine,
Than the shine without stars.
Better wine without jars,
Than the jars without wine.
Better honey without bees,
Than the bees without honey.
Better please without money,
Than have money but not please."

The Wise Man of Bagdad, Mirtsa-Jussuf, whose inferiority to the Wise Man of Gjändsha was some time since proved in that *striking* manner which our reader cannot have forgotten, has not yet abandoned the hope of securing Bodenstedt as his pupil. He has recourse to various artifices to compass this end, little suspecting what indissoluble ties now connect the young German and his teacher. Jussuf is not wanting in learning nor in reason. His defect is in character, spirit, and reliability. He is a pedant; one of those bores, who, if put out at the front door, will go round and enter by the back gate. This envious sage allows hardly a week to pass without furnishing Bodenstedt some evidence of his resources and accomplishments as an instructor. One day the young pilgrim from the evening-land receives a poem praising himself as a paragon of wisdom; at another time, a picture portraying him as Rustam, the great Persian hero, riding on an elephant. This picture was executed by Mirtsa-Jussuf on thick paper, with his finger-nail alone, and, considering the means, is finished with incredible skill. Bodenstedt at last acknowledges these attentions, by sending him in return a beautiful little mirror. Upon this, Jussuf's elation knows no bounds. He tells his neighbors that the Wise Man of Gjändsha is about to lose his favorite pupil. He even ventures to ridicule Mirtsa-Schaffy in doggerel verses. But to cap the climax of his assurance, he sends a small package of his finger-nail engravings to Bodenstedt, with the message that he will, in addition to all the lessons he is receiving from his present instructor, teach him how to make pictures like these, and will charge him no more for tuition than he now pays to Mirtsa-Schaffy. To the unbounded surprise and chagrin of the great scholar of Bagdad, the offer is courteously declined.

Bodenstedt has a high opinion of the merit of some of the poems sent to him by Jussuf. He shows them to Mirtsa-Schaffy, who smiles, and traces nearly all their beauties to the original sources from which they have been unconscionably appropriated. He concludes his analysis of these pieces by taking his lute, and giving vent alike to his satirical merriment and his self-complacent genius in the following lines: —

"Mirtsa-Jussuf is a much-learnéd man.
Now reads he Hafiz, and now the Koran,
Dschamy, Chakány, then Saad's Gülistan:
Here steals an image, and there steals a flower,
Now plucks a jewel, and now robs a bower.
What has been often said says he again,
Sets the whole world in his plagiarized strain;
Tricks out his booty in scrambled-up plumes,
Spreads himself, and the name Poet assumes.
Otherwise lives and sings Mirtsa-Schaffy:
Not a purloiner from others is he.
Glows his own heart as a guide-star in gloom,
Scattering far a celestial perfume,
And with no stolen productions bedressed,
Blooms a whole garden of flowers in his breast."

Mirtsa-Schaffy, ignorant of his rival's recent machinations to alienate Bodenstedt from him, and of his confident expectation of success, has marked with no little surprise how haughtily he carries his head in the bazaar and the streets, and what contemptuous looks he casts on him, as if he had wholly forgotten the slipper scene. He is still more astonished at being lampooned in execrable doggerel. But trifles do not disturb such a man as he, and he bears all the Jussufian impudence and affected scorn with the becoming repose of conscious superiority. Sometimes he amuses himself by singing to Bodenstedt a retort upon the baffled Bagdad sage.

"Wretched Mirtsa-Jussuf! all your sneers I despise:
While you sulk, with gay heart through the world I am tripping;
And, instead of returning your hatred and lies,
Only see, how this beaker of wine I am sipping.

"Retribution enough is inflicted on you,
In that nothing on earth your fastidiousness pleases;
While for me springs delight from the stars and the dew,
From the birds and the hills, from the flowers and the breezes.

"Sprawling Mirtsa-Jussuf with great awkwardness walks:
How he wrinkles his brow, as with thought it were laden!
And with all who pass by he finds fault as he stalks,
Because not as he goes, goes each man and each maiden.

"So the ox, as he plods with unwieldiest gait,
And his voice is a hoarse and most horrible bellow,
Thinks he must for this cause the sweet nightingale hate, —
That so lightly she flies and her song is so mellow."

Mirtsa-Jussuf, forced in these encounters to make bitterness supply his want of fresh wit, always comes off worsted. His bitterness becomes flaming but impotent rage, when one day Mirtsa-Schaffy sends to his house a merciless satire, which effectually ends this memorable conflict.

There is an inn at Tiflis kept by a German named Salzmann, extensively patronized by foreigners. This inn is especially famous for two things: first, for the delicious omelets served on its board; secondly, for a rare blood-red wine, which Mirtsa-Schaffy has baptized by the name of "Evening-red," because, he says, when he looks on it, he feels as if he saw the sinking sun. At this inn, in a blue chamber, around a table covered with a blue cloth, Bodenstedt sometimes spends a convivial hour with his friends. Occasionally on these evenings the copious bumpers of "Evening-red" follow each other so fast, that, when the guests part and go out in the clear night, the whole sky seems a blue table-cloth, the moon a lucid omelet, and the stars sparkling glasses. One of these jovial reunions has just ended, and Bodenstedt is on his way home. Not a cloudlet specks the azure heaven. A warmth lies in the air, as though the brilliant Georgian moon radiated heat as the sun does. The streets are nearly deserted; the bazaars and workshops are all shut. Now and then a drunken soldier staggers past, or a Georgian woman, hidden in a spotless white veil, swims by. Here and there the roofs are alive with airy shapes of lovely women, clad in their artistic drapery, and floating in the moonlight. Whenever Bodenstedt lingers to look on them, they vanish like visions of Paradise from the gaze of a sinner. But suddenly he pauses, with straining ear, his feet fastened to the spot. He hears a serenade, and he fancies that the tones are familiar to him. He recognizes the voice, — he recognizes the song, — he recognizes thee, O Mirtsa-Schaffy! He sees the yellow slippers, the red robes, the blue vest, and transparent veil of a beautiful creature, who stands shyly on the roof of a gray house, and

listens to the plaintive strains. O Wise Man of Gjändsha! thou thinkest thyself unseen in the shadow of the wall, in this lonesome street. But never will thy pupil forget thine image, as thou holdest thy hands, now pressed upon thy heart, now in the form of a half-moon above thine ear, as if thou wert in worship before some angelic being. As Bodenstedt proceeds homeward, he involuntarily hums the song of Goethe which begins with the words,

"Once there was a king."

When Mirtsa holds his next session with his pupil, he appears inspired, and like a new being. The settled melancholy habitual to his countenance has fled, and given place to a cheerful and glowing expression. At the close of the lesson, the happy poet of Gjändsha drains a flask of wine, and accompanies his lute-strings with this song: —

"Now is the blossoming time of the roses:
Maiden, bring wine; never wait for the morrow.
Over us joyfully smiles the soft blueness:
Quick let us round the dark field of old sorrow,
Tread the bright path of to-day in its newness,
Plucking at once the fresh garlands of roses."

"Mirtsa-Schaffy!" exclaims Bodenstedt, "you are in love, from head to foot; I see it plainly." "You are right," he replies, smiling; "the world shines again. My Hafisa is the column of gentleness, the chief jewel in the crown of bliss, the reflection of Allah on earth. Listen, you shall hear one of my songs in her praise: —

"When on a day the gates of Paradise
Stand open for the good as their reward,
Great hosts, both men of virtue and of vice,
Will look in terror to the Lord.

"But I, whatever be the others' fates,
Shall stand by doubt and fear quite unconcerned;
Since long before to me, on earth, the gates
Of Paradise, through thee, were open turned."

The father of Hafisa objects to Mirtsa as a son-in-law, be-

cause his income as a private tutor is small and precarious. Surely the course of true love never did run smooth in the East, any more than in the West. Bodenstedt takes the deepest interest in the affair, and endeavors to secure an official appointment for his teacher by the help of his friends among the Russian officers at Tiflis, so as to remove the paternal repugnance to Hafisa's marriage. Just at this crisis he is obliged to depart for Germany. He goes by way of Constantinople, and while there is gladdened by the receipt of a letter from the Wise Man of Gjändsha, written in a state of extreme happiness and gratitude. He has obtained an appointment as Professor of Tartar, in the High Military School of Tiflis, and is expecting soon to receive his bride.

The esteem in which Mirtsa held his pupil is expressed, in true Oriental style, in the following little poem, which he once improvised and sang in honor of him: —

"As towards one lofty goal we drive,
In one entanglement we strive:
Both I and thou.

"My heart holds thee, and me holds thine;
Though sundered, yet conjoined we twine:
Both I and thou.

"My wit caught thee, thine eye caught me;
And as two fish we swim one sea:
Both I and thou.

"Yet not like fish, but through the air
We sailing soar, an eagle pair:
Both I and thou."

When they parted, with little expectation on either side of ever meeting again, Mirtsa-Schaffy gave Bodenstedt a volume of his poems, called "The Book of Wisdom and the Source of Knowledge," written out with his own hand, in that exquisite style for which Persian manuscripts are so celebrated. The larger portion of these poems Bodenstedt translated and published in Germany, and they were widely read and admired. Having sent a few early copies of his "Thousand and One Days in the Orient" to Tiflis, he received from an

old acquaintance there a letter, bearing date July, 1850, which contained this interesting passage: —

"How would the good Mirtsa-Schaffy have rejoiced ere now could he have seen himself as he is engraved in the frontispiece of your volume, and could he have read with his own eyes how many of his fragrant songs have been clothed in the garb of Western speech! But it will be some time yet before the book reaches his hands. Perhaps you do not know that your learned teacher no longer resides in Tiflis. Having given great satisfaction as Professor in the Military School here, he was appointed, with a larger salary, to the head of a newly established Mohammedan School at Gjändsha. He returned with triumphant joy to the village of his birth and of his first love, that being the highest goal of his wishes. He leads a most happy life with his beautiful Hafisa; and, when I last heard from him, was already blessed with two children, — a boy and a little maid."

Mirtsa-Schaffy placed a high estimate both upon the literary abilities and the loyal affection of his pupil, and believed that through him his own fame was destined to spread through the lands of the West, and his strains to be sung by the youths and maidens there. One of his happiest poems — and it is a production of the raciest spirit and beauty, which we should despair of ever translating — prophesies that his lyrics will do for Tiflis, its river, and its gardens, what those of Hafiz have done for Shiraz, the stream of Rocknabad, and the grove of Mosella. We poorly render one stanza thus: —

"Through all lands shall thy verses, O Mirtsa-Schaffy!
Be borne forth, and the tones of thy voice be heard sounding:
The brave thoughts and live words of thine utterance free
Shall go over the world, in sweet echoes rebounding."

O Wise Man of Gjändsha! thy Bodenstedt has well done his duty, and thy prophecy is fulfilled even beyond thy vision, and so much sooner! For not only hast thou won friends all the way from the Cyrus to the Rhine, and had thy genius praised in every literary court of Europe, but even here, thousands of miles farther away, in vast young America, — a land of which thou hast probably never heard, — thy name and thy thoughts shall now be spoken from the Penobscot to the Savannah, from Bunker Hill to San Francisco. O friendly

teacher of Bodenstedt! sweet singer of Tiflis! childlike sage of the Morning-land! art thou still living in thy native village under the shadow of the Tartar mountains? We fancy that we see thee. Through the curling smoke-wreaths from thy chibouk emerges the cone of thy Phrygian cap. Thy face, dimly beheld at intervals between the fragrant clouds, seems the face of one of the genii of contemplation. Thou layest aside the long pipe, and quaffest a cup of "Evening-red." Thou pattest the brown cheek of the little Mirtsa-Schaffy, and liftest the young Hafisa upon thy shoulder. Farewell, thou king on the throne of wisdom, thou ruler in the empire of beauty, and may no impudent Jussuf ever vex thee more!

ART. II. — 1. *Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung.* Von G. G. GERVINUS. Vierte gänzlich umgearbeitete Ausgabe. 5 Bände. Leipzig. 1853.

2. *Die deutsche Literatur.* Von WOLFGANG MENZEL. Zweite vermehrte Auflage. 4 Theile. Stuttgart. 1836.

3. *Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur.* Von A. F. C. VILNAAR. 2 Bände. Fünfte vermehrte Auflage. Marburg. 1852.

No historian has fully described the reciprocal influence which the nations of Europe have exerted in the development of literature during the last two centuries. There has been no lack of biographical dictionaries, encyclopædias, and universal compendiums. Histories of the literature of several countries have been written with learning and taste. The progress of various sciences in all civilized lands has been traced with care. But, in general, the nations have been regarded too much as isolated individuals. The intellectual growth and productiveness of each have not been considered in their relations to the growth and productiveness of the others. The nationalities have been painted as individual existences, rather than as parts of one common body, or members of one great European family. We wish to see

them pictured together, as they have lived, in all their mutual dependency. We wish to see each surrounded by its contemporaries, imitating their works of genius, or giving them models of eloquence and poetry. We wish to follow the works of such men as Shakespeare and Dante and Cervantes and Goethe beyond the narrow confines of their native lands, and behold them stirring the minds of all nations to activity, calling forth new forms of beauty, and filling the world with joy. When shall we have a history, which shall thus depict the intellectual life of Europe since the sixteenth century in all its variety and wholeness?

It is really very strange that no Englishman has yet been prompted by national pride or by scholarly zeal to record the triumphs which English literature has won beyond the shores of its island home. So minutely have the English military expeditions been described, that we can track the soldiers over every foot of ground which they have trodden between Dover and Damascus, during the last eight hundred years. So diligently have the archives of cabinets and senates been searched, that scarcely a measure which England ever adopted, to regulate the public affairs of her faithful allies, or to thwart the designs of her vigilant foes, is unknown to the present generation. But is it not as well to observe how English ideas have embodied themselves in the romances and poems of foreigners, and thus entered into the very life of various nations, as to read of the petty details of a battle, or of the secret intrigues of diplomatists? Is it more important to learn that Count Dunois was wounded by an English archer at the battle of Herrings, in 1429, than that the Paradise Lost of Milton lent inspiration to Klopstock, and helped to call into being the modern literature of Germany? Is it more interesting to study the history of the many *liaisons* which the profligate Buckingham formed at Paris, professedly in the service of his country, than to hear how much Shakespeare has contributed to the beauty and spirit of poetry in the land of Lessing and Goethe?

The English have not indeed been indifferent to the merits of their literature. They have not failed to appreciate and extol its sterling worth. Perhaps an over-estimate of its value

has prevented many from studying the modern literature of Continental Europe, and perceiving how deeply the minds of the French, the Italians, and the Germans have been impressed by the works of English writers. The scholars whose thoughts have extended beyond their native island have been tracing the history of ideas in ancient Athens and Rome, rather than in Paris and Florence and Weimar. The few who have learned that some wisdom and taste are still to be found in other lands than England, have contented themselves with displaying to their countrymen the treasures of poetry, history, and philosophy which have come from the Continent. They have not considered how many of these intellectual harvests have sprung from genuine English seed. They have failed to remember that they are inheriting the fruits of labors wrought by their ancestors. Therefore, though Americans, we may be acquitted of presumption if we now attempt to claim for English literature the glory which is its due, by showing its influence upon the literature of Germany.

Literature may be said to have passed through almost a whole cycle in Germany before the seventeenth century. It rose and flourished in the order of natural development, and gradually decayed and perished under the power of adverse circumstances. Far back in the obscurity of the earlier ages, we see the gross and incongruous conceptions of the primitive people embodied in vague and exaggerated legends. Next, the singers recited the deeds of their heroes, and described, in the majestic verse of the Nibelungen, the prowess of Siegfried, the strength of Brunhild, and the beauty of Crimhild. After the age of epics had passed, the poet began to turn his eye inward to the mysteries of the heart, and to give expression to the passions of his soul in the stirring strains of the lyric Muse. And so the castles, fields, and camps resounded with the songs of the Minnesingers. But the drama, the highest and most complete type of poetic expression, appeared only in a corrupt and stinted form. Monkish Latin grew up like a baneful weed, overtopping and choking the beautiful Minnepoesy. The Muses left the courtly halls of princes, and took refuge in the workshops of artisans.

> "As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
> And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime."

But these poets of the loom and the forge soon descended to the coldest and most artificial improvisation. The name of the cobbler, Hans Sachs, lends a lustre to his craft; but his poetry was certainly unknown to most of his contemporaries. By the close of the sixteenth century, all signs of vitality in German literature had entirely disappeared.

The seventeenth century was an eventful one in the history of Germany, but it produced no great work in that country in any department of letters. The fierce civil and religious conflicts absorbed all the energies of the nation for many long and terrible years. The works of Opitz and his followers in Silesia are almost the only proofs of literary activity which that period affords. They were devoid of marked intrinsic merit, and they gave little, if any, impulse to the great revival of literature which took place in the eighteenth century.

We seek in vain for the record of any deep, earnest, and important movement in the minds of German writers, before the works of some of our noblest English masters had crossed the Channel, and roused them from their lethargy. With peculiar pride do we see the poems of Thomson, Young, Milton, and Shakespeare shedding a radiance over the whole land, from the lakes of Switzerland to the German Sea, kindling an enthusiasm and a love for the beautiful, and evoking into life a national literature which scholars of all countries and all tongues delight to admire.

One of the first symptoms of increasing mental activity was the formation of literary associations, and the publication of weekly papers in imitation of the Spectator. Clubs of the kind referred to were formed as early as 1697. One of the first of these literary journals was *Der Vernünftler*, which appeared at Hamburg in 1713. Gottsched has given us a list of one hundred and eighty-two such papers, which were issued before 1761. Perhaps the most important in its influence upon literary men was the *Discurse der Maler*, which was first published in 1721, at Zurich. It was founded and sustained by a body of men who were entirely devoted to the study of English literature, and filled with the most enthusiastic admiration of the richness and manliness of its greatest works. Bodmer stood at the head of this company of Swiss, who

were prompted by patriotism and religion, quite as much as by scholarly taste, to build up a sound and healthy national literature. Their unaided talent was by no means adequate to the work which they desired to accomplish. It was fortunate for themselves and their country, that they had the good sense to point those who were seeking for light to the works of Thomson, Addison, and Milton.

Bodmer's paper drew the attention of thinkers to criticism as a science and an art. This was an important step towards purging a rising literature of its errors, and guiding it in the direction of truth. It prompted to the investigation of the principles of rhetoric, and also prepared the way for those studies in æsthetics, which have since been so successfully prosecuted in Germany. Addison's criticisms of Milton incited Bodmer to read the Paradise Lost. In 1724 he prepared a translation of the poem into German, which he published eight years afterward. It would have cheered the blind old poet, could he have foreseen how different would be the reception of his work by the simple but earnest Swiss from that which it met in his native land. One who had studied the history of the pious and free mountaineers might have predicted that the great English poet of religion and freedom would thrill their hearts with his lofty verse. Their literature had always been marked by a singular purity and a fervent spirituality. Their earliest works were the meditations, expositions, and homilies of monks. While the Minnesinger tuned his lyre to sing of flowers, and spring, and love, at the royal feasts in Saxony, the soul of the minstrel in Switzerland rose from earth to heaven, and sang of celestial fields, of flowers that never fade, of love that passeth comprehension. The Reformation was to the Swiss not merely a formal renunciation of Papal rituals, but an inward, vital change, such as was seen in scarcely any other part of the Continent; and all the rude attempts at poetry which preceded the time of Bodmer were moral or religious in their aims. The people had also, like the English, just passed through the most trying social and religious wars. Like the English, too, they had secured a fair measure of civil and religious freedom, and were now enjoying the fruits of peace. Have not their geographical posi-

tions, moreover, something in common? Switzerland is almost insulated from the adjacent countries by the lofty mountain ranges which more than half encompass her. Nature has evidently fitted her, as well as England, for the abode of a hardy, enterprising, and independent race. The Swiss were therefore attracted to Milton by the strongest sympathies. They found in his noble lines the utterance of their own deepest feelings and highest aspirations. They were captivated by the profoundness and variety of his learning, and by the brilliancy and boldness of his imagination.

It was perhaps fortunate for Germany that Milton was not everywhere received with the same unqualified admiration; for the country was afterwards filled with wretched imitations of the English poet, which perpetuated and exaggerated his faults, without reproducing his beauties. His great name was used as a mantle to cover a countless host of turgid and insipid poetasters. These Miltonian verse-wrights would perhaps have multiplied more rapidly, and have written more absurdly, if they had not been subjected to continual attacks from the school of Gottsched, at Leipzig. He was a busy writer, an active polemic, and an ardent admirer of the classical unities and of the literary taste of the French. He was not especially prejudiced against a work because it was English; for he himself translated Addison's Cato, and Pope's Rape of the Lock, and induced his wife to translate the Spectator, as a weapon against the Deism which had also been imported from England. He even encouraged Bodmer in his version of Milton. But no sooner was it published, than there began between the Leipzig and the Zurich schools a literary war, which has rarely been equalled for duration or for bitterness. Some one has pleasantly called it "The Thirty Years' War." The original topic of contention was the Paradise Lost. The subject, the hero, blank verse, everything vulnerable, was attacked by the party who arrogated to themselves the title of the Athenians of Germany. All the peculiarities of the English poet were as stoutly defended by the whole army of faithful Zurichers. It is not for us here to follow the history of this warfare. It ended in Gottsched's defeat, and the adoption of those sound canons of taste

which find their best illustrations in the classical writers of England.

Many incidental advantages were among the fruits of this contest. The laws of criticism were fully discussed. The national mind was aroused. Every one was led to feel a personal interest in the works of some writer or other. Thus there grew up in the hearts of the people that sympathy with authors, which is one of the greatest incentives to intellectual effort, and one of its choicest rewards. Books began to appear, weak enough, indeed, for the most part, but still far better than no books, for they were the tokens of incipient life. Feeble, if increasing, vitality is preferable to death.

German readers naturally looked to other English works than those of Milton. In the choice which they made, we can clearly trace the influence of their circumstances. Wearied by the storms of civil and religious conflicts, they were now reposing in quiet. In the natural reaction from the excitement of previous years, they delighted in pictures of peace, in the tranquil scenes of rural life, in meditation and study. A taste for idyllic, elegiac, and didactic poetry was everywhere fostered. To some minds, less oppressed by the exhaustion of the past, and more buoyant with hopes for the future, gentle satire was pleasing and congenial. Accordingly we find that Thomson's writings were universally popular; Pope's didactic poems and his Rape of the Lock were much admired; while some turned to the pensive verse of Dr. Young, which afterwards moved so many hearts in Northern Germany.

The most noted of the Swiss idyllic poets, who were more or less directly influenced by Thomson, were Gessner and Schmidt. They painted Arcadian worlds with innocent shepherds, who were supernaturally clean; and they seemed almost to wish, like Deshoulières, that they had been born sheep instead of men. It is the fault of most imitators to run to excess. Haller, the distinguished professor at Göttingen, who had travelled in England, had talent enough to avoid the errors of his countrymen. He wrote a successful poem, "The Alps," which reminds one of "The Seasons," and

another on "The Origin of Evil," in the style of Pope. He was followed by a great number of dull moralizers and schoolmasters, who wrote what were called didactic poems on almost every conceivable subject. Doctors rhymed about vaccination; farmers, about irrigation; and one, Elias Schlegel, proved to himself in rhyme that mathematics were especially necessary to every poet.

But not alone in Switzerland were the English studied as models. Gellert of Leipzig, the celebrated writer of fables, sought to rival the elegance of Pope and of Richardson, and wielded his language with a skill which makes his works conspicuous even now for their chaste and polished style. Pope's Rape of the Lock called forth a large number of imitators, the most of whom made pitiful attempts at wit. Zachariä was the most eminent of this class. He wrote a poem entitled "The Pocket Handkerchief," which was loudly praised, and a comic play, "The Renomist," of considerable value as a picture of the times. He also translated Milton's Paradise Lost into German hexameters, and displayed his weakness in an imitation of Thomson's Seasons. Hagedorn, of Hamburg, who was Secretary to the Danish Embassy in London from 1729 to 1731, showed, in the easy and graceful flow of his Epicurean poetry, that he had profited by the study of Pope as well as of Homer. His friend, Ebert, translated Glover's Leonidas, in 1737, and Young's Night Thoughts, in 1760.

The people of Hamburg and of the northwestern part of Germany were attracted to the English literature both by their natural temperament and by their commercial relations with London. Hence we find them sympathizing strongly with the Swiss in the contest with Gottsched. Klopstock, the greatest poet of the English school, spent the larger part of his life at Copenhagen. While he was at the University, Bodmer's translation of Milton suggested to his mind the idea of writing his Messias. He became an assiduous student of Young, and of Mrs. Rowe, the author of "Letters from the Dead to the Living." The influence of these three English writers upon Klopstock was decided and lasting. It may be said, that unless Milton had written, there would have been

no such poem as the Messias. When the first three cantos appeared, they were read with such wonderful applause, that the French school of writers was entirely forgotten. Klopstock was styled the German Milton. Again he was called the Virgil, and Milton the Homer, of Christianity. Preachers wrote sermons upon the new epic, women wept over it, children recited it, and all hailed its author as the greatest genius Germany had seen. The present generation have modified the verdict of Klopstock's contemporaries, and assigned him his proper position among the German poets. They have pointed out his faults as a writer, and shown how far inferior he was to Milton; but they have acknowledged that scarcely any man has given such an impulse to the genuine literature of his country, and that he was indebted in no small degree to the author of the Paradise Lost.

No sooner had Klopstock published the beginning of his poem, than the Old Testament was ransacked for themes by a legion of writers. Bodmer drew forth from his drawer the plan of an epic on Noah, which he had prepared some years before. He attempted to give to his work the coloring and treatment of the Messias, but it proved to be tiresome and prosaic. His failure did not prevent him from writing other pieces, equally tedious, on the Deluge, Jacob and Joseph, Rachel, and Jacob's Return, and a number of dramas upon the Patriarchs. The young Wieland, afterwards the leader of the sensuous school, was now captivated by Mrs. Rowe and Bodmer. He wrote a piece called "The Trial of Abraham," some Psalms, and "The Experiences of a Christian." His subsequent life furnished a curious commentary on this last work. Gessner wrote, in imitation of Milton, "The Death of Abel," which has been thought worthy of three different translations into English. The eccentric and versatile Lavater was also filled with enthusiasm for the patriarchal poetry. He wrote a drama entitled "Abraham and Isaac," and versified the Gospels and the Apocalypse. The serious and earnest religious poetry of England was lovingly studied by Gellert and the other writers of hymns, and its lofty spirit was infused into many of those noble lyrics which console and cheer the Christian heart in every church and home in

Protestant Germany. In many a parsonage, too, Tillotson and Clarke were read as models of pulpit eloquence.

Though the Germans had now escaped from the trammels of French artificialness, their taste was by no means pure, and the action of their minds was far from healthy. Excessive pietism clouded their vision. The *Nordische Aufseher* was established at Copenhagen in 1760, by Klopstock, Cramer, and Funck, as a continuation of the English Spectator. It became the champion of pietistic and patriarchal poetry. It proclaimed that Young was greater than Milton, and that his "Night Thoughts" was surpassed in excellence only by the Bible. Irony and satire were rejected as unclean things. Buffoonery was criminal. The wit and humor of Shakespeare made him inferior to Mrs. Rowe of blessed memory. Molière was entirely banished. Solitude, night, and death were deemed the proper and congenial themes for lofty and sanctified genius. Such sentiments were widely cherished in the middle of the eighteenth century. Their general diffusion was suddenly checked by two great causes, the patriotic reaction against the Gallicism of Frederic the Great, and the translation of Ossian.

Frederic's contempt for German literature is well known. Perhaps his spirit was never more truly expressed than in the letter which he wrote about the Nibelungen Lied, and which is still shown at Zurich to every curious traveller. Speaking of that old national epic, he says: "In my opinion, it is not worth a charge of powder; I would not have it in my library, but would cast it out into the street." His entire neglect of German writers stimulated the best of them to redoubled activity. It is perhaps fortunate that he did not load them with honors. The rising literature would then probably have become sycophantic, and would have been shaped, in no small degree, according to his taste. But it was compelled to struggle for its life, and it thus acquired a bold, natural, and independent spirit, which gave it vitality and power.

The excitement of the Prussians during the Seven Years' War, and their just pride in their growing strength, created a certain national feeling, which had scarcely been known before. The emotions which thrilled their hearts in those

stirring times demanded expression. The popular enthusiasm at last found utterance in the military songs of the two renowned poets, Gleim and Kleist. But Frederic did not deign to notice their efforts. The poets throughout the country, fired with new zeal by their deep disgust at the favor which was shown to French wits at the royal court, were true to their national pride. Minor differences were partly forgotten. The spirited strains of the cheerful Prussians, who had drawn inspiration from Horace and Lucretius, rather than from Milton and Young, were first tolerated, and then admired, by the disciples of Klopstock.

By a singular coincidence, just at this time (1794) the poems of Ossian were translated into German. The public mind was ripe for these works; they were read, as the Messias had been read fifteen years before. The passion for them became a mania. The painting of nature in its wildness, the scenes of idyllic tranquillity, the gigantic characters, the vague longings, the pensive melancholy of these Scottish poems, were full of fascination for those who had hung entranced over the Messias and the Night Thoughts. Here, moreover, they saw the great men of an age of simplicity and purity. They compared the courts of Potsdam and Versailles with those heroes of a bygone age. Proudly then did they turn to their old Teutonic ancestors, and find such hearts as those whose praises Ossian sang. With poetic ardor they began to recreate the manners and virtues of their forefathers. They all became bards. Klopstock, for instance, styled himself Werdomar, and sang of the battle of Hermann. Kretschman assumed the name of Rhingulph, and wrote "The Battle of Varus." The bards were soon as numerous as the patriarchal poets had been. The temptation for them was indeed very great. Ossian was praised as superior to Homer. It was said that, while he had all the intellect and imagination of the Greek, he possessed more pathos and sentiment, more geniality and heart. Nothing was easier to write than something which resembled this poetical prose. Nothing could better cover defects in thought than this garb of Northern mythology. The fame seemed great and the labor light. But the German bards succeeded only in imitat-

ing the resonance of language and vagueness of description which characterize Ossian. Goethe has well described their style. "An eternal thunder of battle, the fire of courage flashing from the eyes, the golden hoof sprinkled with blood, the helmet and plume, the spear, a couple of dozen of hyperboles, an everlasting ha! ha! when the verse lacks for syllables, and when it is long, the monotony of the metre, — all together, it is not to be endured." He afterwards showed that the resuscitated world of Teutons, which the bards had evoked, bore no resemblance to the men who swept back the Roman legions. He also reminded them that the new element of Christianity had been engrafted into their race since the days of Hermann, and that they were to look to the period of the Reformation for their real origin. In harmony with such views, he wrote the Götz von Berlichingen as a truly national drama.

We have already seen that the beneficial influence of Milton on the German mind is not to be measured by the intrinsic value of the Biblical poems which his Paradise Lost called forth, so much as by the general intellectual activity which he occasioned, and the new ideas of poetry which his works diffused. So the translation of the works of Ossian* can hardly be regarded as fortunate for Germany, if one considers merely the poetic worth of their immediate imitators. But they served indirectly to elevate the tone of poetry, and they stimulated some minds to labors of incomparable importance. They really gave a more truthlike and healthful representation of nature, and a more exalting picture of man, than the numerous idyls, with their love-sick shepherds and oaten pipes, or the sombre poems on the charms of loneliness, darkness, and death. There are passages in Werther which convince us that the songs of the Scottish bard had made a profound impression on the youthful Goethe. They seized with great force the mind of Herder, who delighted to throw himself back into the primitive ages,

* For the sake of convenience, we speak of Ossian as the author of the poems which were ascribed to him. Their genuineness was not questioned in Germany at the time of which we are writing.

when man was uncontaminated by an advanced civilization. He read them on a voyage in the German Ocean; and he has graphically recorded the effect which their marvellous descriptions of the same Northern sky and mists and clouds by which he was surrounded, produced upon his active imagination. These poems and Percy's Reliques seem to have first suggested to Herder the great plan, which he afterwards so successfully executed, of collecting the best popular songs of every nation.

Ossian soon supplanted Young; and we must rejoice that he did, when we remember the morbid and unnatural pietism of the German imitators of the Night Thoughts. They now returned from unknown worlds to the scenes of earth. Their asceticism melted away into humanity, somewhat melancholy, indeed, at first, but afterwards becoming more cheerful and smiling. They renounced sentimentalism, and became reasonable, sometimes even humorous. In fact, from the pathos of Ossian to the sentiment and humor of Sterne there is but a step. The transition from genuine sadness to gentle pensiveness, and then to cheerfulness and joy, is not uncommon nor difficult. Change of circumstances will almost invariably produce this change of feeling. We are therefore not surprised to see, that, while some lovers of Ossian remained faithfully attached to him alone, many others were soon quite as much fascinated by Yorick's Sentimental Journey.

The love for Sterne speedily carried the sentimental writers to ridiculous extremes. The most sickly imitations were multiplied. Snuff-boxes marked with the names Lorenzo and Yorick became fashionable. J. G. Jacobi, a poetical admirer of Sterne, sent one to his friend, Gleim, with a letter, in which he declared that he would cherish affection for any person who would call upon him with such a box. The visitors who came with this passport to his friendship and hospitality were soon so numerous and tedious, that he was obliged to repent of his offer. But this experience did not prevent a correspondence between him and Gleim, which rivals any series of love-letters in the Complete Letter-writer. They blistered the paper with tears of affection, and kissed each other's

names over and over again with the semblance of sweetest rapture. How easy it was to pass from this affected emotion and search after love to the sensuous erotism of the Greco-German poems and novels! Indeed, Jacobi afterwards became one of Wieland's most ardent and faithful coadjutors.

It must not be supposed that Wieland freed himself at once from the influence of the English writers whom he began to study under the guidance of Bodmer. He early revolted from Young, and devoted himself to the study of Voltaire, and of Xenophon and Anacreon. But no sooner had he completed his Johanna Gray and his Clementina von Porreta, than Lessing declared to him that the first was virtually copied from Nicholas Rowe, and the second from Richardson's Grandison. We can also never forget that Wieland was the first to translate into German the principal plays of Shakespeare.

It seems to some not a little strange, that, in the Anglomania which swept over Germany, the greatest of English geniuses should have been almost entirely overlooked. But a careful observer will see that this was not a mere accident. The general taste was not at all suited to appreciate the wonderful dramatist. The public mind was not ready for his works. What favor could they find in that age of affected solemnity and sickly sentimentality? It was only when the nation had begun to emerge from its ignorance and errors into the light of knowledge and truth, that it could see any form or comeliness in the great interpreter of nature. It created an era in German literature, when men began to comprehend, to admire, and to love Shakespeare. It was a proof that at least one step had been rightly taken, and was never to be retraced.

It is probable that Wieland himself did not perceive the merits of Shakespeare, till they were pointed out by Lessing. This clear-minded critic perceived at a glance the power and the truthfulness of the great Englishman, and suggested to Wieland the idea of translating his plays. That is only one of the many services which Lessing rendered to the literature of his country. From the moment that he appeared, order began to come out of the chaos of German poetry. He saw not only that the great mass of German writers were imita-

tors of imitators, but that these last were the copyists of inferior models. He turned his countrymen from Voltaire to Diderot, from Young and Ossian to Thomson and Shakespeare. He taught them how to profit by the study of foreign literature. He had a passionate love for English works. He wrote a Memoir of the author of "The Seasons," and an introduction to a German translation of his Tragedies, which he had induced a friend to make. He lauded the naturalness and life of the English writers, and sternly condemned the classic coldness of the French. He avowed, — and the avowal evinced courage as well as taste, — that he preferred the Merchant of Venice, which was almost unknown, to Addison's Cato, which was played on every stage. He said that he would rather be a living man, though he were deformed, than to be the finest statue of Praxiteles. He chose Shakespeare as his master in remodelling plays and adapting them to the Hamburg stage. In his "Dramaturgie," a weekly paper, which explained and criticised the pieces performed at Hamburg, he made a vehement attack on the French idea of the unities, showed that Aristotle and Shakespeare were nearly harmonious in spirit, and cast down Corneille and Voltaire from the exalted position which they had occupied in Germany. And yet, with well-balanced judgment, he frowned upon the few who would abandon all rules in escaping from the trammels of the French. He translated Diderot, who had opposed the dramatic theories that were cherished at Paris. He wrote a play, called "Miss Sara Sampson," which was quite English in its tone and coloring. It became the model of the dramas which were afterwards so numerous in Germany, under the name of *Bürgerliche Dramen*. Princes and princesses alone had been seen on the stage before this time. But in Lessing's play men and women were represented in the scenes of every-day life. The drama was thus made to take hold on the people, and became more truly the mirror of the national customs and habits. Subsequently, in the Emilia Galeotti, Lessing assumed a position between the Northern and Southern schools. He endeavored to reconcile the ancient and modern forms. Standing in Germany, midway between Greece and England, he strove to develop a drama which should harmonize with

the spirit of both these lands of tragic genius, and become the true and faithful expression of human life.

He found an earnest coadjutor in Herder. We have already alluded to the impulses which this great writer received from the study of Ossian's Poems and of Percy's Reliques. He included exceedingly felicitous versions from both of those works in his great collection of popular songs. But he confined himself to no single department of English literature. His Essay on the Development of Poetry and Prose in England, clearly evinces an intimate acquaintance with all the principal writers, from Chaucer down to Thomson. He wrote a paper on Swift, which shows that he had made the character and spirit of that renowned satirist a subject of special study. He praises the wisdom of Shaftesbury, and says that the profound reflections of that distinguished writer had influenced such men as Lessing, Mendelssohn, and Leibnitz. All the German metaphysicians of that age were deeply impressed by the works of Shaftesbury's friend, John Locke. It is interesting to us to know that Herder was an ardent admirer of that acute thinker and large-hearted man, who made our country his residence for some time, Bishop Berkeley. Among his unfinished pieces there was found a sketch of Berkeley's life, with numerous extracts from his works. Herder joined with Lessing in his attacks on Corneille and Voltaire. His spirit was so charmed with simplicity and strength, with manliness and life, that he could have little sympathy with the French. He despised the insipid gallantry and drawing-room nicety of their tragic heroes, and declared that passion had left their hearts and gone down to their livers. He averred that the true delineation of the human heart was to be sought in Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello. No genius so awoke his enthusiasm as Shakespeare. He said that Shakespeare ranged over the whole world with instinctive ease. He therefore called him the Poet of the World-Cycle, in distinction from the Greek dramatists, who had been designated as the Poets of the Hero-Cycle. No higher nor sincerer tribute has ever been paid to Shakespeare than the elegant and unimpassioned essays upon his works and genius by the admiring Herder.

The labors of Christian Felix Weisse in the translation and imitation of the English dramatists should not be forgotten. He was persuaded by Lessing to give a free version of the English play, "The Devil to Pay." When it was received into the repertory of the Leipzig theatre, Gottsched wrote a petition to the director, in very bad French, begging him to forbid the representation. The letter, which was full of grammatical blunders, fell into the hands of a wicked wag, who published it at once. The enraged professor brought a suit at law against him, and thus gave increased publicity to his ridiculous note. Satires were heaped upon his head. He sank into contempt, and never again attained to his former eminent position. Weisse wrote "The Jolly Cobbler," in the style of English comedy.

It was probably due, in some degree, to the influence of Lessing, that Eschenburg revised Wieland's translation of Shakespeare, added the remaining plays, and published them complete at Hamburg, in 1775.

Goethe has himself told us how Lessing's writings deepened the impression which Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare had made upon his mind, and led him to Wieland's translation. It seemed to his young soul that new worlds were there opened before him. He and his ardent associates at Strasburg were seized with what was called the Shakespeare mania. French literature, to which they had been inclined, was absolutely banished from their circle. In the excess of their passion, they maintained that all genius was concentrated in Shakespeare. A speech of Goethe, which is published in Lewes's Biography of the German poet, shows us how great was his enthusiasm for the English dramatist, when he was beginning to meditate his Faust and his Götz von Berlichingen. Not only these works, but also his outline of a drama on Julius Cæsar, and the profound and searching criticisms of Hamlet in Wilhelm Meister, prove how carefully he had studied the great master, whom he so passionately loved in the earlier years of his manhood. He has also expressly said, that "Oeser of Leipzig, Wieland, and Shakespeare were the only ones who showed him the better way" which saved him from the errors of his predecessors. We

have in the *Wahrheit und Dichtung* a charming picture of the reading of the Vicar of Wakefield by Herder, while Goethe and his friends were listening with thrilling interest. Every one familiar with Goethe's life will remember how soon many of the scenes which were painted by Goldsmith were witnessed in the quiet parsonage at Sesenheim. In Werther we may see the exaggerated sentimentality which Sterne had helped to create in Germany. Goethe was, indeed, in this work, as in many others, only the mouthpiece of his age, the interpreter and exponent of the general feeling. Though the book was regarded as a wonderful phenomenon when it first appeared, it is now easy to perceive that it was a necessary product of the times. Morbidness was so universal and so excessive, that it could not but find a voice. This diseased state of the emotional nature of the Germans had been greatly increased by the thousand imitations of the Sentimental Journey.

Schiller was deeply moved by the works of Shakespeare. He was a mere boy at the academy when he first read some passages from Othello. He begged for Wieland's translation. All the other poets whom he had studied were forgotten for the time. His professor, Abel, closes a vivid description of the boy's devotion to Shakespeare by saying, that the study of the works of the English poet was his only employment, the successful imitation of that model his only thought and aim during many a year. When he was obliged to flee from Stuttgard in the night, he did not forget his Haller, Klopstock, and Shakespeare. When he was appointed Theatre-Poet at Mannheim, one of his first undertakings was a translation of Macbeth and of Timon. The German authors whom he chiefly read belonged to the English school. Their freedom and boldness were congenial with his daring spirit, and their influence, as well as that of Shakespeare, is clearly manifest in most of his dramas.

Lessing's taste for English literature, and his love for the genuine German spirit, were imbibed by a band of young poets, who were known as the *Göttinger Dichterbund*. It consisted of Bürger, Hölty, Boje, the Stolbergs, Claudius, Voss, and some others. They wrought with great effect

upon public sentiment, at first through their *Musenalmanach*, and afterwards through their larger works. Ebert, Lessing, and Eschenburg contributed poems to their Almanac. Klopstock and Shakespeare were chosen as their guardian spirits. War was proclaimed against Wieland and all his followers. This brotherhood celebrated Klopstock's birthday, in 1773, by crowning his works, by drinking in Rhine-wine to him, Luther, Hermann, Ebert, Goethe, and Herder, and by burning the portrait of Wieland and his *Idris*. They held a festival in honor of Shakespeare, at which all the conversation was carried on by quotations from his plays. Perhaps the most noted work produced by any of this fraternity is Bürger's ballad, "Leonore," which Scott has so successfully translated. It has been conjectured that the imagery in Bürger's "Wild Hunter" was suggested by the spectre hunt in Dryden's "Theodore and Honoria." It is curious that Voss at this time regarded Ossian as far superior to Homer, whom he afterwards translated. The *Dichterbund* prepared the way for the Romantic School, which has since filled so large a place in German literature.

The services which Schroeder, the distinguished actor, rendered to the drama of his country, in introducing English plays upon the stage, should not be overlooked.* From 1761 to 1770, a passion prevailed for the light Italian and French comedies, such as those of Goldoni and Gozzi, Destouches and Molière. Schroeder resolved to turn the public to the tragedies of Shakespeare, which he adapted to the German stage. It required the most zealous exercise of all the influence which he could exert, as the first living actor, to accomplish this praiseworthy end. But he finally succeeded, and from that day to this, with only few intervals, Hamlet and Othello, Richard III. and Macbeth, have been heard almost as frequently in the great theatres of Germany, as in those of England. Who can say how far the stage, which is one of the great teachers in Germany, has affected the public taste, and moulded the national literature? It has

* It is well known that English actors were playing in many cities of Germany, at least a hundred years before the time of Schroeder. But they produced no lasting impression on the public mind.

taught to every child in the land the finest passages of the English dramatists, until they are as fully appreciated, and as often recited, by the inhabitants of Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, as by those of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. It has helped to bring Schlegel and Tieck to the translation of Shakespeare, and Ulrici and Gervinus to the criticism of his plays. It has breathed something of the spirit of the greatest English genius into every mind, from the Rhine to St. Petersburg, and from Hamburg to Trieste. Schroeder also wrote translations or imitations of "The London Prodigal," "The Secret Marriage," "The Constant Couple," and "Still Waters run Deep."

While the Germans were reading the English poets, they were not unmindful of the writers of novels, romances, and stories. After the Minnesingers had passed away, the national legends were recited in prose. These, in their turn, were neglected when romances and novels poured in from Italy and France. The stories of Parcival and Tristan were forgotten, and the nation was flooded with the tales of Boccaccio and De Rosset, and their imitators. The earliest writers of works of fiction in prose, like Philip von Zesen and Buchholz of Brunswick, chose patriarchs or princes for their heroes. Then came the writers of political romances, incited by the great events of the seventeenth century. But with the publication of De Foe's Robinson Crusoe a new era began. The press teemed with imitations of that thrilling story. Between the years 1722 and 1755 more than forty different tales of that description were published. There was the German Robinson, the Italian Robinson, the Moral Robinson, the Invisible Robinson, the Jungfer Robinson, and Robunse with her son Robinschen. The transition was easy from these works to the tales of *Aventuriers*, with which the country was soon filled. They were stories of sailors and freebooters, who had discovered strange lands, and barely escaped all kinds of accidents by flood and field. The descriptions of life at sea, of islands clad in perpetual verdure, of primeval forests in the tropical zone, with all their richness and variety of animal life, prepared the readers for the writings of Rousseau, which hurled invectives against the conventional system of modern

society, and summoned the race to return to the scenes of its primitive innocence. But that large class for whom the histories of piratical adventurers, and the manners of uncultivated men, had no fascination, were charmed with the works of Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Smollett.* These were widely read by literary men.

A few of the Germans exhibited in their writings a spirit kindred to that of these distinguished Englishmen. Lichtenberg, the cheerful, hump-backed man, who lived for some time in England, and wrote home excellent letters upon Garrick and the other prominent actors of his day, produced a large number of humorous pieces, which have gained for him the title of the English German. Hermes, who aimed at a style between that of Richardson and Fielding, conceived that the English and the German spirit were the same, and, in his endeavors to avoid the coarseness of the humorists, and to restore romance to harmony with virtue and religion, became fatally dull and tedious. His chief works are a novel called "Miss Fanny Wilkes," and a book entitled "Sophia's Journey from Memel to Saxony," which is poor in style, though pious in spirit. Thümmel has given us by far the best German work in the style of Sterne, in his "Journey to the Southern Provinces of France." It has generally been thought that Jean Paul had more of the genuine English humor than any of his countrymen, though all his works are entirely original. We know that he was a diligent student of English literature, and particularly of Swift and Pope. It is difficult to say how far his versatile and peculiar genius was affected by the English wits and humorists; but we know that he rarely failed to reproduce, in one form or another, all that he had read and copied into his voluminous manuscript quartos. The name of Wal-

* We translate the following note from Gervinus: — "Fielding's Amelia, translated, had reached the third edition in 1766. The Vicar of Wakefield was translated in 1767; again, ten years after, by Bode; Fielding's Ophelia in 1767; Sterne's Yorick, by Bode, in 1768, Peregrine Pickle in 1769, Humphrey Clinker, by Bode, in 1772; Tristram Shandy, by Bode, in 1774; Yorick's Letters to Eliza, and Eliza's to Yorick, in 1775; Tom Jones, by Bode, in 1780. (It had previously been translated by one Wodarch.)"

ter Scott is as highly honored in Germany as it is in his native land. His novels are found in every library. He has fully discharged the debt which he confessed that he owed to some of the German poets. Side by side with his works are found hundreds of historical novels, which are written professedly in the style of Waverley. Of this large class, perhaps those from the pen of Zschokke are the best.

It is yet too soon to decide how far German literature has been modified in form and in spirit by the English writers of this century. The love for English poetry has increased rather than declined during the last fifty years. At the close of the last century Schlegel was completing his translation of Shakespeare. Tieck has since revised and improved it, and commended it to the attention of every person of taste by his genial writings on the English drama. A great impulse has thus been given to the production of historical plays. The works of Byron were universally welcomed by the Germans. His verses were on every one's lips. Probably the German youth can recite more lines from his poems than from those of any other English author. Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Moore, Burns, and Longfellow are extensively read by the countrymen of Schiller and Goethe. Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray are almost as well known in Germany as they are in America. The Indian novels of Cooper are devoured by almost every boy, before he enters the gymnasium. So great was the demand for Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," that she was justified in publishing "Dred" simultaneously at Leipzig and at Boston.

The same causes which are tending to make all the civilized nations of the globe more thoroughly acquainted with one another, are also serving to disseminate the productions of the English and the American press more and more rapidly in Germany. It were easy to predict many social and political, as well as literary results, from an increasing European circulation of works which breathe the spirit of the Magna Charta, the Areopagitica, and the Declaration of Independence. But we confine ourselves now to the past, and do not attempt to weigh the probabilities of the future.

In the outline which we have given of the influence of

the English literature upon the literature of Germany, we have often implied that the writers of that country were excessively inclined to the imitation of the works of foreigners. They studied assiduously, not only the literature of Europe, but also that of Persia, of India, and of China. Nothing was more natural than this. "We awoke," says Herder, "when it was noon everywhere else, when the sun was even beginning to decline in some nations. In short, we came too late; and because we came too late, we imitated." They laid all parts of the world under contribution. Every nationality was reflected in their poems, and yet no literature has an individual character more clearly marked than this apparent combination of all literatures. Some Germans have been but mere imitators of foreigners; but the great men, whose works compose the literature, have never been servile copyists. They have communed with the master-spirits of other lands, but only to gain inspiration, to give new activity to their powers, to kindle their souls into a higher and holier fervor. Thus did Goethe attain to his "many-sidedness," Lessing to his comprehensiveness of view, and Herder to his love of universal humanity. They gathered rough diamonds from every clime, but they polished them with a skill which was wholly their own. They studied the wise and beautiful thoughts of all ages, but every word which they uttered was stamped with the impress of their own peculiar genius. It is certainly not the least of the glories of English literature, that, by breathing its spirit into such men as these, it has aided in shaping the life of a manly people, and that it has strengthened the bonds of affection between those great families of the Teutonic race in which the hopes of humanity are centred.

ART. III. — 1. *Oration at the Inauguration of the Statue of Benjamin Franklin, in his Native City, September* 17, 1856. By HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston. 1856.

2. *Proceedings on the Centennial Anniversary of the Setting up of the First Printing-Press in New Hampshire.* Portsmouth. 1856.

3. *The Public Reception to George Peabody, at Danvers.* American Journal of Education for December, 1856. Art. IX.

THE holidays the record of which gives us our text, all having occurred during the last autumn, are so characteristic of our national tendencies, progress, and social economy, that they afford suggestive materials and indicate normal principles. Boston rears a statue of her illustrious son, and for its inauguration trades convene, emblematic processions fill the thoroughfares, and the voice of song and of eloquence revives the career of the printer's apprentice, the electrical discoverer, and the patriotic statesman. A hundred years elapse since a newspaper was first issued in New Hampshire, and her children are summoned to a festival at Portsmouth, where the history of the press is rehearsed, and its intimate relation to civic freedom and culture commemorated by speeches, tableaux, music, and feasting. An opulent London banker, of American birth, revisits his native town, enriched by his gift with a free library, and Danvers welcomes him with an escort of her fairest denizens, a public banquet, and the greetings of the most eminent citizens of the State. In the occasions and the method of celebration, these were emphatically American holidays. In each case the interest survives the day, and is of so permanent and historical a nature as to claim printed memorials. Diverse as these celebrations may appear at the first glance, they include a recognition of the same general principles. Franklin's example typifies self-reliance and popular education; the early establishment of a newspaper, the freedom and activity of the press; and the donation of Mr. Peabody, the habit of reading which constitutes at once the distinction and the safeguard of our

people, whose patron saints are practical workers in the sphere of the useful, whose *festas* are anniversaries of popular institutions, the birthdays of patriots, the visits of generous citizens, made attractive, not by shows of tapestry and clerical processions, exhibitions of apostolic bones, genuflections, and jewelry, but through eloquent appeals to the reason, and gratulatory assemblies, — the display of the trophies of industry, and the elevation of the badges of municipal freedom.

But while we accord this significance to our holidays, we also feel their casual tenure, their want of recreative zest, of enjoyable spirit, and of cordial popular estimation; and are irresistibly prompted to discuss their claims as one of the neglected elements of our national life. It is an anomalous fact in our civilization, that we have no one holiday, the observance of which is unanimous. It is an exceptional trait in our nationality, that its sentiment finds no annual occasion when the hearts of the people thrill with an identical emotion, absorbing in patriotic instinct and mutual reminiscence all personal interests and local prejudice. It is an unfortunate circumstance, that no American festival, absolutely consecrated and universally acknowledged, hallows the calendar to the imagination of our people. Anniversaries enough, we boast, of historical importance, but they are casually observed; events of glorious memory crowd our brief annals, but they are not consciously identified with recurring periods; universal celebrities are included in the roll of our country's benefactors, but the dates of their birth, services, and decease form no saints' days for the Republic. How often in the crises of sectional passion does the moral necessity of a common shrine, a national feast, a place, a time, or a memory sacred to fraternal sympathies and general observance, appall the patriotic heart with regret, or warm it with desire! Were such a nucleus for popular enthusiasm, such a goal for a nation's pilgrimage, such a day for reciprocal gratulation, our own, — a time when the oath of fealty could be renewed at the same altar, the voice of encouragement be echoed from every section of the Confederacy, the memory of what has been, the appreciation of what is, and the hope

of what may be, simultaneously felt, — what a bond of union, a motive to forbearance, and a pledge of nationality would be secured! Were there not in us sentiments as well as appetites, reflection as well as passion, humanity might rest content with such "note of time" as is marked on a sun-dial or in the almanac; but, constituted as we are, a profound and universal instinct prompts observances wherewith faith, hope, and memory may keep register of the fleeting hours and months. In accordance with this instinct, periodical sacrifice, song, prayer, and banquet, in all countries and ages, have inscribed with heart-felt ceremony the shadowy lapse of being. Without law or art, the savage thus identifies his consciousness with the seasons and their transition; anniversaries typify vicissitude; the wheel of custom stops a while; events, convictions, reminiscences, and aspirations are personified in the calendar; and that reason which "looks before and after," asserts itself under every guise from the barbarian rite to the Christian festival, and begets the holiday as an institution natural to man. If the ballads of a people are the essence of its history, holidays are, on similar grounds, the free utterance of its character; and, as such, are of great interest to the philosopher, and fraught with endearing associations to the philanthropist.

The spontaneous in nations as well as in individuals is attractive to the eye of philosophy, because it is eminently characteristic. The great charm of biography is its revelation of the play of mind and the aspect of character, when freed from conventional restraints. And, in the life of nations, how inadequate are the records of diplomacy, legislation, and war, — the official and economical development, — to indicate what is instinctive and typical in character! It is when the armor of daily toil, the insignia of office, the prosaic tasks of life, are laid aside, that what is peculiar in form and graceful in movement becomes evident. In the glee or solemnity of the festival, the soul breaks forth; in the fusion of a common idea, the heart of a country is made freely manifest.

Accordingly, the manner, the spirit, and the object of festal observances are among the most significant illustrations of history. An accurate chart of these from the earliest time would

afford a reliable index to the progress of humanity, and suggest a remarkable identity of natural wants, tendencies, and aspirations. There is, for instance, a singular affinity between the Saturnalia of the ancient and the Carnival of the modern Romans, as between the sports of the ancient circus and the bull-fights of Spain; while so closely parallel, in some respects, are Druidical and monastic vows and fanaticism, that one of the most popular of modern Italian operas, which revived the picturesque costume and sylvan rites of the Druids, was threatened with prohibition, as a satire upon the Church. It would well repay antiquarian investigation, to trace the germ of holiday customs from the crude superstitions of barbarians, through the usages incident to a more refined mythology, to their modified reappearance in the Romish temples, where Pagan rites are invested with Christian meaning, the statue of Jupiter is transformed into St. Peter, and the sarcophagus of a heathen becomes the font of holy baptism. Gibbon tells us how shrewd Pope Boniface professed but to rehabilitate old customs, when he revived the secular games in Rome. Not only are traces of Pagan forms discoverable in the modern holidays, but the mediæval taste for exhibitions of animal courage and vigor still lives in the love of prize-fights and horse-racing so prevalent in England, and the ring and the cockpit minister to the same brutal passions which of old filled the Flavian Amphitheatre with eager spectators, and gave a relish to the ordeal of blood. In the abuses of the modern pastime we behold the relics of barbarism, and the perpetuity of such national tastes is evident in the combative instinct which once sustained the orders of chivalry, and in our day has lured thousands to the destructive battle-fields of the Crimea.

Not only do the social organizations devoted to popular amusements and economics thus give the best tokens of local manners and the average taste, but they directly minister to the culture they illustrate. The gladiator "butchered to make a Roman holiday" nurtured with his life-blood and dying agonies the ferocious propensities and military hardihood of the imperial cohorts. The graceful posture and fine muscular display of the wrestler and discus-player of Athens reappeared in the statues

which peopled her squares and temples. The equine beauty and swiftness exhibited at Derby and Ascott keep alive the emulation which renders England famous for breeds of horses, and her gentry healthful by equestrian exercise. The custom of musical accompaniments at every German symposium has, in a great measure, bred a nation of vocal and instrumental performers. The dance became a versatile art in France, because it was, as it still is, the national pastime. The Circassian is expert with steed and rifle from the habit of dexterity acquired in the festive trials of skill, excellence in which is the qualification for leadership. The compass, flexibility, and sweetness of the human voice so characteristic of the people of Italy, have been attained through ages of vocal practice in ecclesiastical and rural festivals; and the copious melody of their language gradually arose through the *canzoni* of troubadours and the rhythmical feats of *improvvisatori*. The deafening clang of gongs, the blinding smoke of chowsticks, and the dazzling light of innumerable lanterns, wherewith the Chinese celebrate their national feasts, are to European senses the most oppressive imaginable tokens of a stagnant and primitive civilization, — the festive elements of the semi-barbarism artistically represented by their grotesque figures, ignorance of perspective, interminable alphabet, pinched feet, bare scalps, and implacable hatred of innovation, both in the processes and the forms of advanced taste. Even the aboriginal feasts of this continent were the best nutriment of what the American Indians, in their palmy days, could boast of, — strength, agility, and grace. Thus, from the most cultivated to the least developed races, what is adopted and expressed in a recreative or holiday manner, — what is thus done and said, sought and felt, — the rallying-point of popular sympathy, the occasion of the universal joy or reverence, — is a moral fact of unique and permanent interest; on the one hand, as illustrative of the kind and degree of civilization attained, and of the instinctive direction of the national mind, and on the other, as indicative of the means and the processes whereby the wants are met, and the ideas realized, which stimulate and mould a nation's genius and faith.

The testimony of observation accords with that of history

in this regard. The foreign scenes which haunt the memory as popular illustrations of character are those of holidays. The government, literature, art, and society of a country may be individually represented to our minds; but when we discuss national traits, we instinctively refer to the pastimes, the religious ceremonials, and the festivals of a people. Where has the pugilistic hilarity of the Irish scope as at Donnybrook Fair? Is a dull parliamentary speech, or an animated debate at the race-course, most vivid with the spirit of English life? Market-day, and harvest-home, and saintly anniversaries, evoke from its commonplace level the life of the humble and the princely, and they appear before the stranger under a genuine and characteristic guise. We associate the French, as a people, with the rustic groups under the trees of Montmorency, or the crowds of neatly-dressed and gay *bourgeoise* at the Jardin d'Hiver, — finding in green grass, light, cheap wine and comfits, a flower in the hair, a waltz and saunter, more real pleasure than a less frugal and mercurial people can extract from a solemn feast, garnished with extravagant upholstery, and loaded with luxurious viands. We recall the Italians and Spaniards in memory by the ceaseless bells of their *festas* vibrating in the air; by the silver knobs and graceful *mezzono* of the peasant's holiday; by the tinkle of guitars, the *boleio* and processions, or the lines of stars marking the architecture of illuminated temples; by the euphonious greeting, the light-hearted carol, the abundant fruit, the knots of flowers, the gay jerkin and bodice, which render the urbane throng so picturesque in aspect and childlike in enjoyment. The sadness which overhangs the very idea of Italy, considered as a political entity, exhales, like magic, before the spectacle of a Tuscan vintage. The heaps of purple and amber grapes, the gray and pensive-eyed oxen, the reeking butts, the yellow vine-leaves waving in the autumn sun, form studies for the pencil; but the human interest of the scene infinitely endears its still-life. Kindred and friends, in festal array, celebrate their work, and rejoice over the Falernian, Lachryma Christi, or Vino Nostrale, with a frank and *naïve* gratitude akin to the mellow smiles of productive Nature; the distance between the lord of the soil and the peasant is, for

the time, lost in a mutual and innocent triumph; they who are wont to serve become guests; the dance and song, the compliment and repartee, the toast and the smile, are interchanged, on the one side with artless loyalty, and on the other with a condescension merged in graciousness. It seems as if the hand of Nature, in yielding her annual tribute, literally imparted to prince and peasant the touch which makes "the whole world kin."

The contrast in respect of pastime is felt most keenly when we observe life at home, with the impressions of the Old World fresh in our minds. We have perhaps joined the laughing group who cluster around Punch and Judy on the Mole of Naples; we have watched the flitting emotions on swarthy listeners who greedily drink in the story-teller's words on the shore of Palermo; we have made an old gondolier chant a lyric of Tasso, at sunset, on the Adriatic; our hostess at Florence has decked the window with a consecrated branch on Palm Sunday; we have seen the poor *contadini* of a Roman village sport their silver knobs, and hang out their one bit of crimson tapestry, in honor of some local saint; we have examined the last mosaic exhumed from Pompeii, brilliant with festal rites; and thus, as an element both of history and experience, of religion and domesticity, the recreative side of life appears essential and absolute, while the hurrying crowd, hasty salutations, and absorption in affairs around us, seem to repudiate and ignore the inference, and to confirm the opinion of one whose existence was divided between this country and Europe, that "the Americans are practical Stoics."

To appreciate the value of holidays merely as a conservative element of faith, we have but to remember the Jewish festivals. Ages of dispersion, isolation, contempt, and persecution — all that mortal agencies can effect to chill the zeal or to discredit the traditions of the Hebrews — have not in the slightest degree lessened the sanction or diminished the observance of that festival, to keep which the Divine Founder of our religion, nineteen centuries ago, went up to Jerusalem with his disciples. And it is difficult to conceive a more sublime idea than is involved in this fact. On the day of the

Passover, in the Austrian banker's splendid palace, in the miserable Ghetto of Rome, under the shadow of Syrian mosques, in the wretched by-way hostel of Poland, at the foot of Egyptian pyramids, beside the Holy Sepulchre, among the money-changers of Paris and the pawnbrokers of London, along the canals of Holland, in Siberia, Denmark, Calcutta, and New York, in every nook of the civilized world, the Jew celebrates his noble, national feast; and who can estimate how much this and similar rites have to do with the eternal marvel of that nation's survival?

The conservatism inherent in traditional festivals not only binds together and keeps intact the scattered communities of a dispersed race, but saves from extinction many local and inherited characteristics. We were never so impressed with this thought, as on the occasion of an annual village fête in Sicily. Perhaps no territory of the same limits comprehends such a variety of elements in the basis of its existent population, as that luxuriant and beautiful, but ill-fated island. Its surface is venerable with the architectural remains of successive races. Here a Grecian temple, there a Saracenic dome; now a Roman fortification, again a Norman tower; and often a mediæval ruin of some incongruous order attracts the traveller's gaze from broad valleys rich with grain, olive-orchards and citron-groves, vineyards planted in decomposed lava, hedges of aloe, meadows of wild-flowers, a torrent's arid path, a holly-crowned mountain, a cork forest, or a seaward landscape. But the more flexible materials left by the receding tide of invasion are so blended in the physiognomies, the customs, and the *patois* of the inhabitants, that only nice investigation can trace them amid the generic phenomena of nationality now recognized as Sicilian. Yet the people of a village but a few miles from the capital have so identified their Greek origin with the costume of a holiday, that, as one scans their festal array, it is easy to imagine that the unmixed blood of their classic progenitors flushes in those dark eyes and mantles in those olive cheeks. This ancestral dress is the endeared heirloom in the homes of the peasantry, assumed with conscious pride and gayety to meet the wondering eyes of neighboring *contadini*, curious Palermitans, and delighted strangers, who flock to the spectacle.

The love of power is a great teacher of human instincts; and despotism, both civil and spiritual, has, in all ages, availed itself of the natural appetency for festivals to multiply and enhance shows, amusements, and holidays, in a manner which yields profitable lessons to free communities intent on adapting the same means to nobler ends. The stated pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet is an important part of the superstitious machinery of Mahometan tyranny over the will and conscience; and it is difficult to conceive now to what an extent the unity and zeal of the early Christians were enforced by specific days of ceremonial, and by such a hallowed goal as Jerusalem.

Imperial authority in France is upheld by festive seductions adapted to a mercurial populace, and by masqued balls, municipal banquets, showers of bon-bons, and ascents of balloons, contrived to win attention from republican discontent. Mercenary rulers of petty states, by the gift of stars and red ribbons, and liberal contributions to the opera, obtain an economical safeguard. The policy of the Romish Church is nowhere more striking than in her holiday institutions, appealing to native sentiment through pageantry, music, and impressive rites in honor of saints, martyrs, and departed friends, to propitiate their intercession or to endear their memories.

While the pastimes in vogue typify the national mind, and are to serious avocations what the efflorescence of the tree is to its fruit, — a bountiful pledge and augury of prolific energy, — it is only when kept as holidays, set apart by law and usage, consecrated by time and sympathy, that such observances attain their legitimate meaning; and to this end, a certain affinity with character, a spontaneous and not conventional impulse, is essential. The tournament, for instance, was the natural and appropriate pastime of the age of chivalry; it fostered knightly prowess, and made patent the twin-born inspiration of love and valor. As described in Ivanhoe, it accords intimately with the spirit of the age and the history of the times; as exhibited to the utilitarian vision and mercantile habits of our own day, in Virginia, it comes no nearer our associations than any theatrical pageant chosen at haphazard. What other species of grown men could, in this

age, enact every year, in the neighborhood of Rome, the scenes which make the artists' holiday? As a profession, they retain the instincts of childhood, with little warping from the world around. But imagine a set of mechanics or merchants attempting such a masquerade. The invention, the fancy, the independence, and the *abandon* congenial with artist-life, give unity, picturesqueness, and grace to the pageant; and the speeches, costumes, feasting, and drollery are pre-eminently those of an artists' carnival. It is indispensable that the spirit of a holiday should be native to the scene and the people; and hence all endeavors to graft local pastimes upon foreign communities signally fail. This is illustrated in our immediate vicinity. The genial fellowship and exuberant hospitality with which the first day of the year is celebrated in New York were characteristic among the Dutch colonists, and have been transmitted to their posterity; while the tone of New England society, though more intellectual, is less urbane and companionable. Accordingly, the few enthusiasts who have attempted it have been unable, either by precept or example, to make a Boston New Year's day the complete and hearty festival which renders it *par excellence* the holiday of the Knickerbockers. Charitable enterprise for several years past in the Puritan city has distinguished May-day as a children's floral anniversary; but who that is familiar with the peasant-songs which hail this advent of summer in the South of Europe ever beheld the shivering infants and the wilted leaves paraded in the teeth of an east wind, without a conscious recoil from the anomalous fête? The facts of habit, public sentiment, natural taste, local association, and climate cannot be ignored in holiday institutions, which, like eloquence as defined by Webster, must spring directly from the man, the subject, and the occasion. Any other source is unstable and factitious. Of all affectations, those of diversion are the least endurable; and there is no phase of social life more open to satire, nor any that has provoked it to more legitimate purpose, than the affectation of a taste for art, sporting, the ball-room, the bivouac, the gymnasium, foreign travel, country life, nautical adventure, or literary amusements; an affectation yielding, as we know, food for the

most spicy irony, from Goldoni's *Filosofo Inglese* to Hood's cockney ruralist and Punch's amateur sportsman or verdant tourist. And what is true of personal incongruities, is only the more conspicuous in social and national life.

When our literary pioneer sought to awaken the fraternal sentiment of his countrymen towards their ancestral land, he described with sympathetic zest an English Christmas in an old family mansion; and the most popular of modern novelists can find no more potent spell whereby to excite a charitable glow in two hemispheres than a "Christmas Carol." In New as well as in Old England, the once absolute sway of this greatest of Christian festivals has been checked by Puritan zeal. We must look to the ancient ballads, obsolete plays, and musty Church traditions, to ascertain what this hallowed season was in the British Islands, when wassail and the Yule-log, largess and the Lord of Misrule, the mistle-toe-bough, boars' heads, holly-wreaths, midnight chimes, the gathering of kindred, the anthem, the prayer, the games of children, the good cheer of the poor, — forgiveness, gratulation, worship, — all that revelry hails and religion consecrates, made holiday in palace, manor, and cottage throughout the land, — winter's robe of ermine everywhere vividly contrasting with evergreen decorations, the frosty air with the warmth of household fires, the cold sky with the incense of hospitable hearths; when King Charles acted, Ben Jonson wrote a masque, Milton a hymn, lords and peasants flocked to the altar, parents and children gathered round the board, and church, home, way-side, town, and country bore witness to one mingled and hearty sentiment of festivity. Identical in season with the Roman Saturnalia, and the time when the Scalds let "wildly loose their red locks fly," Christmas is sanctioned by all that is venerable in association, as well as tender and joyous in faith. It is deeply to be regretted that with us its observance is almost exclusively confined to the Romanists and Episcopalians. The sentiment of all Christian denominations is equally identified with its commemoration, the event it celebrates being essentially momentous alike to all who profess Christianity; and although the forlorn description by Pepys of a Puritan Christmas will not

apply to the occasion here, its comparative neglect, which followed Bloody Mary's reign, continues among too many of the sects that found refuge in America. There are abundant indications that, if the clergy would initiate the movement, the laity are prepared to make Christmas among us the universal religious holiday, which all considerations of piety, domestic affection, and traditional reverence unite to proclaim it.

The humanities of time, if we may so designate the periods consecrated to repose and festivity, were thoroughly appreciated by the most quaint and genial of English essayists. The boon of leisure, the amenities of social intercourse, the sacredness and the humors of old-fashioned holidays, have found their most loving interpreter in our day, in Charles Lamb. Hear him.

"I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition and doing-away-with-altogether of those *consolatory interstices*, and *sprinklings of freedom*, through the four seasons, the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul and Stephen and Barnabas, Andrew and John, men famous in old times, — we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Basket Prayer-Book. I honored them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot, so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred: — only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon, — clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together to make up one poor gaudy-day between them, — as an economy unworthy of the dispensation. These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life, — 'far off their coming shone.' I was as good as an almanac in those days."

And who has written, like Lamb, of the forlorn pathos of the charity-boy's "objectless holiday," — of the "most touching peal which rings out the old year," — of "the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants" on All-Fools', — and of the "Immortal Go-between," Saint Valentine?

The devotion to the immediate, the thrift, the enterprise, and the material activity, which pertain to a new country, and especially to our own, distinguish American holidays from those of the Old World. Not a few of them are consecrated

to the future, many spring from the triumphs of the present, and nearly all hint progress rather than retrospection. We inaugurate civic and local improvements; glorify the achievements of mechanical skill and of social reform; pay honor, by feasts, processions, and rhetoric, to public men; give a municipal ovation to a foreign patriot, or a funeral pageant to a native statesman. Our festivals are chiefly on occasions of economical interest. Daily toil is suspended and gala assemblies convene to rejoice over the completion of an aqueduct or a railroad, or the launching of an ocean-steamer.

One of the earliest of these economical displays — memorable equally from the great principle it initiated and the felicitous auguries of the holiday itself — was the celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal, the first of a series of grand internal improvements which have since advanced our national prosperity beyond all historical precedent; and one of the last was the excursion which signalized the union by railroads of the Atlantic sea-coast and the Mississippi River. The two celebrations were but festive landmarks in one magnificent system. The enterprise commenced in Western New York in 1817 was consummated in Illinois in 1854, when the last link was riveted to the chain which binds the vast line of Eastern coast to the great river of the West, and the genius of communication, so essential to our unity and prosperity, brought permanently together the boundless harvest-fields of the interior and the mighty fleets of the seaboard. To European eyes, the sight of the thousand invited guests conveyed from New York to the Falls of St. Anthony would yield a thrilling impression of the scale of festal arrangements in this republic; and were they to scan the reports of popular anniversaries and conventions in our journals, embracing every class and vocation, representative of every art, trade, and interest, a conviction would inevitably arise that we are the most social and holiday nation in the world, — on the constant *qui vive* for any plausible excuse for public dinners, speeches, processions, songs, toasts, and other republican divertisements. One month brings round the anniversary banquet of the printers, when Franklin's memory is invoked and his story rehearsed; anoth-

er is marked by the annual symposium and contributions of the Dramatic Fund; a Temperance jubilee is announced to-day, a picnic of Spiritualists to-morrow; here we encounter a long train of Sunday scholars, and there are invited to a publishers' feast in a "Crystal Palace"; the triumph of the "Yacht America" must be celebrated this week, and the anniversary of Clay's birth, or Webster's death, the next; a clerk delivers a poem before a Mercantile Library Association, a mechanic addresses his fellows; exhibitions of fruit, of fowls, of cattle, of machines, of horses, — ploughing-matches, schools, and pictures, — lead to social gatherings and volunteer discourses, and make a holiday now for the farmer and now for the artisan, so that the programme of festivals, such as they are, is coextensive with the land and the calendar. All this proves that there is no lack of holiday instinct among us, but it also demonstrates that the spirit of utility, the pride of occupation, and the ambition of success, pervade the recreative, as they do the serious, life of America. The American enters into festivity as if it were a serious business; he cannot take pleasure naturally, like the European, and is pursued by a half-conscious remorse if he dedicates time to amusement; so that even our holidays seem rather an ordeal to be gone through with, than an occasion to be enjoyed. At many of these fêtes, too, we are painfully conscious of interested motives which are essentially opposed to genuine recreation. Capital is made of amusement, as of every other conceivable element of our national life. It is often to advertise the stock, to introduce the breed, to gain political influence, to win fashionable suffrages to a scheme or a product of art or industry, that these expensive arrangements are made, these hospitalities exercised, these guests convened. Too many of our so-called holidays are tricks of trade, too many are exclusively utilitarian, too many consecrate external success and material well-being, and too few are based on sentiment, taste, and good-fellowship. In a panorama of national holidays, therefore, — instead of a crowd of gracefully attired rustics waltzing under trees, an enthusiastic chorus breathing, as one deep voice, the popular chant, ladies veiled in *tulle* fol-

lowing an imperial infant to a cathedral altar, the garlands and maidens of Old England's May-day, or the splendid evolutions of the Continental soldiery, — we should be most aptly represented by a fleet of steamers with crowded decks and gay pennons, sweeping through the lofty and wooded bluffs of the Upper Mississippi, the procession of boats and regiment of marines disembarking in the bay of Yedo, or the old hall in whose sleeping echoes lives the patriotic eloquence of the Revolution thronged with hundreds of children invited by the city authorities to the annual school festival; for these occasions typify the enterprise at home, the exploration abroad, and the system of public instruction, which constitute our specific and absolute distinction in the family of nations. A jovial eclectic could, notwithstanding, gather traces of the partial and isolated festivals of every race and country in America; — harvest-songs among the German settlers of Pennsylvania, here a "golden wedding," there a private grape-feast; in the South a tournament, at Hoboken a cricket-match, and an archery club at Sunnyside; a Vienna lager-bier dance in New York, or a vinedressers' merry-making in Ohio.

If from those holidays which arise from temporary causes we turn to those which, from annual recurrence, aspire to the dignity of institutions, the first thing which strikes us is their essentially local character. "Pilgrim Day," wherever kept, is a New England festival; "Evacuation Day" belongs to the city of New York; the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill is celebrated only in Charlestown; and the victory on Lake Erie, at Newport, where its hero resided. The events thus commemorated deserve their eminence in our regard; and patriotic sentiment is excited and maintained by such observances. Yet, in many instances, they have dwindled to a lifeless parade, and in others have become a somewhat invidious exaggeration of local self-complacency. The latter is the case, for instance, with the New England Society's annual feast in the commercial metropolis of the Union. It occasionally tries the patience and vexes the liberal sentiment of the considerate son of New England, to hear the reiterated laudation of her schools, her clergy, her women, her

cod-fish, and her granite, at the hospitable board where sits, perhaps, a venerable Knickerbocker, conscious that the glib orators and their people have worked themselves into all places of honor and profit, where the honest burgomaster used to smoke the pipe of peace and comfort in his generous portico, — his children now superseded by the restless emigrants from the Eastern States, who thus boastfully trace all that redeems and sustains the republic to the wisdom, foresight, and moral superiority of their own peculiar ancestry. The style of the festival is often in bad taste; there is too little recognition of the hospitality of their adopted home, too little respect for Manhattan blood; an exuberance of language too conspicuously triumphant over a race which the best of comic histories illustrates by the reign of Peter the Silent; so that, at length, a jocose reproof was administered by the toast of a humorist present, who gave, with irresistible nasal emphasis, — "Plymouth Rock, — the blarney-stone of New England."

It is, however, an appropriate illustration of the cosmopolitan population of New York, that every year her English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, German, and Dutch children, after their own fashion, recall their respective national associations. In point of oratory the New England Society carries the day, inasmuch as it usually presses into its service some distinguished speaker from abroad; in geniality, revival of antique customs, and long-drawn reminiscences, the St. Nicholas excels; at St. Andrew's board, the memory of Burns is revived in song; Monsieur extols his vanished *Republique;* Welsh harps tinkle at St. David's; "God save the Queen" echoes under the banner of St. George; green sprigs and uncouth garments mark the Irish procession of St. Patrick; and the Germans multiply their festivals by summer picnics, at which lager-bier, waltzing, and fine instrumental music recall the gardens of Vienna. "Thanksgiving-Day" is of Puritan origin, and was designed to combine family reunions with a grateful recognition of the autumnal harvest. The former beautiful feature is not as salient now as when the absence of locomotive facilities made it a rare privilege for the scattered members of a house-

hold to come together around the paternal hearth. The occasion has also diminished in value as one of clerical emancipation from Sabbath themes, when the preacher could expatiate unreproved on the questions of the day and the aspects of the times, — that privilege being now exercised, at will, on the regular day of weekly religious service. "Fast-Day" has also become anomalous; its abolition or identification with Good Friday has been repeatedly advocated; strictly speaking, its title is a misnomer, and the actual observance of it is too partial and ineffective to have any true significance.

An old town on the northeastern extremity of an island, the nearest approach to which overland is from the southern shore of Cape Cod, was eagerly visited annually, until within a few years, by those who delight in primitive character and local festivals. The broad plain beyond the town was long held in common property by the inhabitants, as a sheep-pasture. It may be that the maritime occupations of the natives, their insular position, and frugal habits imparted, by contrast, a singular relish to the rural episode thus secured in their lives of hazardous toil and dreary absence, as sailors and whalemen; but it is remarkable that amid the sands of that island flourished one of the heartiest and most characteristic of New England festivals. Simplicity of manners, hardihood, frankness, the genial spirit of the mariner, and the unsophisticated energy and kindliness of the sailor's wife, gave to the Nantucket "Sheep-Shearing" a rare and wonderful freshness and charm. Unfortunately, discord, arising from the conflicting interests of these primitive islanders, at length made it desirable to restore peace by sacrificing the flocks, — innocent provocatives of this domestic feud; the sheep were sold, and the unique festival to which they gave occasion vanished with them. We must turn to that most available resource, an old newspaper, for a description of this now obsolete holiday: —

"*Sheep-Shearing.* — This patriarchal festival was celebrated on Monday and Tuesday last, in this place, with more than ordinary interest. For some days previous, the sheep-drivers had been busily employed in collecting from all quarters of the island the dispersed members of the several flocks, and committing them to the great sheepfold, about two miles from town, preparatory to the ceremonies of ablution and *devestment*.

"The principal enclosure contains three hundred acres; towards one side of this area, and near the margin of a considerable pond, are four or five circular fences, one within the other, — like Captain Symmes's concentric curves, — and about twenty feet apart, forming a sort of labyrinth. Into these circuits the sheep are gradually driven, so as to be designated by their 'ear-marks,' and secured for their proper owners in sheepcots arranged laterally, or nearly so, around the exterior circle. Contiguous to these smaller pens, each of which is calculated to contain about one hundred sheep, the respective owners had erected temporary tents, wherein the operation of shearing was usually performed. The number of hands engaged in this service may be imagined from the fact that one gentleman is the owner of about 1,000 sheep, another of 700, and numerous others of smaller flocks, varying in number from three or four hundred down to a single dozen. The business of identifying, seizing, and yarding the sheep creates a degree of bustle that adds no small amusement to the general activity of the scene. The whole number of sheep and lambs brought within the great enclosure is said to be 16,000. There are also several large flocks commonly sheared at other parts of the island.

"As these are the only important holidays which the inhabitants of Nantucket have ever been accustomed to observe, it is not to be marvelled at that all other business should on such occasions be suspended; and that the labors attendant thereon should be mingled with a due share of recreation. Accordingly, the fancies of the juvenile portion of our community are for a long time prior to the annual 'Shearing' occupied in dreams of fun and schemes of frolic. With the mind's eye, they behold the long array of tents, surmounted with motley banners flaunting in the breeze, and stored with tempting tit-bits, candidates for money and for mastication. With the mind's ear they distinguish the spirit-stirring screak of the fiddle, the gruff jangling of the drum, the somniferous *smorzando* of the jew's-harp, and the enlivening scuffle of little feet in a helter-skelter jig upon a deal platform. And their visions, unlike those of riper mortals, are always realized. For be it known, that, independent of the preparations made by persons actually concerned in the mechanical duties of the day, there are erected on a rising ground in the vicinity of the sheep-field some twenty pole and sail-cloth edifices, furnished with seats, and tables, and casks, and dishes, severally filled with jocund faces, baked pigs, punch, and cakes, and surrounded with divers savory concomitants in the premises, courteously dispensed by the changeful master of ceremonies, studious of custom and emulous of cash. For the accommodation of those merry urchins and youngsters who choose to 'trip it on the light, fantastic toe,' a floor

is laid at one corner, over which presides some African genius of melody, brandishing a cracked violin, and drawing most moving notes from its agonized intestines, by dint of griping fingers and right-angled elbows.

"We know of no parallel for this section of the entertainment, other than what the Boston boys were wont to denominate *Nigger 'Lection*, — so called in contradistinction from *Artillery Election*. At the former anniversary, which is the day on which 'who is Governor' is officially announced, the blacks and blackees are permitted to perambulate the Mall and Common, to buy gingerbread and beer with the best of folks, and to mingle in the mysteries of pawpaw. But on the latter day, when that grave and chivalrous corps known as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company parade for choice of officers, — which officers are to receive their diplomas directly from the hands of his Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in open day, and in the august presence of all sorts of civil and martial dignitaries, — why, woe to the sable imp that shall *then* adventure his woolly poll and tarnished cuticle within the hallowed neighborhood of nobility!

"On previous days the sheep had been collected from every quarter of the island, driven into the great fold at Miacomet (the site of an ancient Indian settlement, about a mile from town), selected and identified by their respective owners, placed in separate pens, and subjected to the somewhat arduous process of *washing*, in the large pond contiguous. After this preparatory ablution, they were then ready to 'throw off this muddy vesture of decay,' by the aid of some hundreds of shearers, who began to ply their vocation on Monday morning, seated in rude booths, or beneath umbrageous awnings ranged around the circular labyrinth of enclosures, wherein the panting animals awaited the devestment of their uncomfortable jackets. The space partially occupied by the unshorn and their contented lambs, and in other spots exhibiting multitudes stripped of their fleece and clamorously seeking their wandering young, presented to the eye and ear of the stranger sights and sounds somewhat rare."

We have sometimes been tempted to believe that all illustrious occasions, men, and things in this republic must inevitably be profaned, — that, as a compensatory balance to the "greatest good of the greatest number," secured by democratic institutions, there must exist a sacrifice of the hallowed, aspiring, and consecrated elements of national feeling and achievement. If there is an anniversary which should compel respect, excite eternal gratitude, and win unhackneyed

observance, it is that of the day when, for the first time in the world's history, the select intelligences of a country proclaimed to the nations, with deliberate and resolved wisdom, the principles of human equality and the right of self-government, pledged thereto their lives, fortunes, and honor, and consistently redeemed the heroically prophetic pledge. Subsequent events have only deepened the significance of that act, and extended its agency; every succeeding year has increased its moral value and its material fruits; the career of other and less happy nations has given more and more relief to its isolated grandeur; and not a day fraught with richer hope and glory lives in the calendar. Yet what is the actual observance, the average estimation, it boasts among us? In our large cities, especially in New York, "Independence" is, by universal consent, a nuisance. It is most auspicious to the Chinese, from increasing the importation of fire-crackers. The municipal authorities provide for it, as for a lawless Saturnalia; the fire department dread its approach, as indicative of conflagrations; physicians, as hazardous to such unfortunate patients as cannot be removed into the country; quiet citizens, as insufferable from incessant detonation; the prudent, as fraught with reckless tomfoolery; and the respectable, as desecrated by rowdyism. John Adams, when he prophesied that the Fourth of July would be hailed, in all after time, by the ringing of bells, the blaze of bonfires, and the roar of cannon, was far from intending, by this programme of Anglo-Saxon methods of popular rejoicing, to indicate the exclusive and ultimate style of our national holiday. On its earlier recurrence, while many of the actors in the scenes it commemorates still lived, there was an interest and a meaning in the ceremonies, which time has lessened. Yet it is difficult to account for the absence of all that high civilization presupposes in the celebration of our only holiday which can strictly be called national; and if the sympathies of the most intelligent of our citizens could be enlisted, so as to make the occasion a genuine patriotic jubilee, instead of a noisy carnival, or a time for political animosity to assert itself with special emphasis, much would be gained on the score of rational enjoyment and American fraternity. As it is, although the

"Hundred Boston Orators" nobly vindicates the talent and good taste of one city in regard to this anniversary, and is a most pleasing historical memorial of the occasion, it cannot be denied that our usual synonyme for bombast and mere rhetorical patriotism is "a Fourth of July oration," and that Pickwickian sentiment, pyrotechnic flashes, torpedos, arrests, bursting cannon, draggled flags, crowded steamboats, the disgust of the educated, and the uproar of the multitude, make up the confused and wearisome details of what should and might be a sacred feast, a pious memory, a hallowed consecration, a "Sabbath-day of Freedom." Perhaps the real zest of this holiday is felt only abroad, when, under some remote consular flag, at the board of private and munificent hospitality in London, or at an American *reunion* in the French capital, distance from home, the ties of common nativity in a foreign land, and the contrast of uneducated masses or despotic insignia around with the prosperous, free, and enlightened population of our own favored country, to say nothing of superior festal arrangements, render the occasion at once charming and memorable.

One of the most noticeable features of American life to a stranger's eye is the prevalent habit of travel; and although the incessant and huge caravans that rush along the numerous railways which make an iron network over this Confederacy are, for the most part, impelled by motives of enterprise and thrift, yet the common idea of recreation is associated with a "trip." Whether the facilities or the temperament of our country, or both, be the reason of this locomotive propensity, it is a characteristic which at once distinguishes the American from the home-tethered German, the Paris-bound Frenchman, and the locally-patriotic Italian. The schoolboy in vacation, the college graduate, the bridegroom, the overtasked professional man, — all Americans who give themselves a "holiday," are wont to dedicate it to a journey. But even this resource has lost much of its original charm from the catastrophes which have associated some of the most beautiful scenery of the land with the most agonizing of human tragedies. In the crystal waters of Lake George, by the picturesque banks of the Hudson, amid the

fertile valleys of the Connecticut, on the teaming currents of Long Island Sound, have perished, often through reckless hardihood, always by more or less reprehensible negligence, some of the fairest and the noblest of our citizens. The statistics of these melancholy events, which have so often appalled the public, have yet to be written; but their moral effect may be divined by a mere glance at the mercenary hardihood and soulless haste that mark our civilization. "Les dangers personnels," says an acute writer, "quand ils atteignent un certain limite, bouleversent tous les rapports et l'oubli de l'esperance change presque notre nature." The zest, too, of a journey in America is much diminished by the monotonous character of the people, and by the gregarious habits, the rapid transits, and the business motives of the *voyageurs*, so that it is only at the *terminus* that we enjoy our pilgrimage. There the sight of a magnificent prairie or mountain range, cataract or mammoth cave, may, indeed, vindicate our locomotive taste, and the wonders of nature make, for the imaginative and reverential, a glorious holiday.

A pleasing feature in the recreative aspect of American life is the literary festival. It is a beautiful custom of our scholars annually to meet amid the scenes of their academical education and renew youthful friendships, while they listen to the orator and poet, who dwell upon those problems of the times which challenge an intellectual solution, and identify the duties of the citizen with the offices of learning. Within the memory of almost all, there is probably at least one of these occasions when the interest of the performances or the circumstances of the hour lent a memorable charm to the collegiate holiday; when, under the shade of venerable elms, that witnessed the first outpouring of mental enthusiasm or the earliest honors of genius and attainment, they who parted as boys met as men, and the classic dreamer felt himself a recognized and practical thinker for the people; when the language of eloquent wisdom or poetic beauty came warm from lips hallowed by the chalice of fame. Who that listened ever can forget the anniversary graced by the chaste eloquence of Buckminster, that on which Bryant recited "The Ages," or Everett's musical periods welcomed

Lafayette to the oldest seat of American learning? What New England scholar, after years of professional labor in a distant State, ever found himself once more within the charmed precincts of his *alma mater*, and surrounded by the companions of his youthful studies, without a thrill of happy reminiscence? Yet even these rational opportunities for what should be a genuine holiday to mind and heart are but casually appreciated. The sultry period of their occurrence, the irregularity of attendance, and the precarious quality of the "feast of reason" provided, have caused them gradually to lose a tenacious hold upon the affections. While there are a few *habitués*, the majority — especially those who live at a distance from the scene, and whose presence is, therefore, especially desirable — are not loyal pilgrims to the shrine where their virgin distinction was earned and their intellectual armor forged. To many, our literary festivals are but technical ceremonies, — to not a few, wearisome forms, — associated rather with fans, didactics, perspiration, and cold viands, than with any social or intellectual refreshment. The "lean annuitant" who loved to visit "Oxford in vacation" and fancy himself a gourmand, and the ingenious "Opium Eater" who has recorded the enduring claims of those venerable cloisters to the scholar's gratitude, enjoyed speculatively more of the real luxury of academic repose and triumph than is often attained by those who ostensibly participate in our college festivals; and seldom do the children go up to the altars of wisdom consecrated by the pious zeal of our ancestors, with the faithful recognition of the venerable pastor, so long the statistical oracle of the surviving graduates, who, while his strength sufficed, cheerily walked from his rural parish to Old Harvard, to lead off the anniversary Psalm, with genial pride and honest self-gratulation.

Of our purely social holidays, New Year's Day, as observed in the city of New York, bears the palm. Initiated by the hospitable instinct of the Dutch colonists, neither the heterogeneous population which has succeeded them, nor the annually enlarged circuit of the metropolis, has diminished the universality or the heartiness of its observance. When the

snow is massed in the thoroughfares, and the sunshine tempers a clear frosty atmosphere, a more cheerful scene, on a large scale, it is impossible to imagine. From morning to midnight sleighs freighted with gay companions and drawn by handsome steeds dash merrily along, — the tinkle of their bells and the scarlet lining of their buffalo-robes redolent of a fête; the sidewalks are alive with hurrying pedestrians, who exchange cordial greetings as they pass one another; doors incessantly fly open; guests come and go; every one looks prosperous and happy; business is totally suspended; in warm parlors, radiant with comfort or splendid with luxury, sit the wives, daughters, sisters, or fair favorites of these innumerable visitors, the queens of the day; the neglects of the past are forgiven and forgotten in the welcome of the present; kindred, friends, and acquaintance all meet and begin the year with mutual good wishes; in every dwelling a little feast stands ready, encompassed with smiles; and all varieties of fortune, all degrees of intimacy, all tastes in dress, entertainment, and manners, on this one day, are consecrated by the liberal and kindly spirit of a social carnival.

Of associations expressly instituted for the observance of holidays, there is no lack; of days technically devoted to festivity, in the aggregate, our proportion equals that of older communities; and the legitimate occasions for pastime and ceremony, social pleasure and historical commemoration, are as numerous as is consistent with the industrious habits and the civic prosperity of the land. The traveller who should make it his specialty to discover and note the ostensible merry-makings and pageants of America, would find the list neither brief nor monotonous. In the summer he would light upon many an excursion on our beautiful lakes, many a chowder-party to the sea-side and picnic in the grove; in the winter, would catch the shrill echo of the skating frolic. Here, through pillared trunks, he would behold the smoke-wreaths of the sugar-camp; there, watch laughing groups clustered round the cider-mill or hop-field, and, in woods radiant with autumnal tints, or prairies balmy with a million flowers, would sounds of merriment announce to him the cheerful bivouac. Nor have American holidays, even in their

most primitive aspect, been devoid of use and beauty. The once renowned "musters" fostered military taste, and the cattle-shows encouraged agricultural science; with the increase of horticultural festivals, our fruits and flowers have constantly improved; regattas and yacht-clubs have indirectly promoted nautical architecture; school festivals attest the superiority of our system of popular education; family gatherings, on the large scale observed in several instances, have induced genealogical research; historical celebrations have led to the collection and preservation of local archives and memorials; the Cincinnati Society annually renews the noblest patriotic sympathies; and the genius for mechanical invention is proclaimed by the fairs which, every October, bring together so many trophies of skilful handiwork and husbandry, and recognize so emphatically the dignity and scientific amelioration of labor. Yet these facts do not invalidate the general truth, that our festivals are too much tinctured with utilitarian aims to breathe earnestness and hilarity; that they are so specific as to represent the division, rather than the social triumphs, of human toil; that they are too partial in their scope, too sectional in their objects, and too isolated in their arrangements, to meet the claims of popular and permanent interests. Our harvests are songless. Reaping-machines have diminished the zest of autumn's golden largess, as destructive inventions have lessened the miracles of chivalry. Here and there may yet convene a quilting-party; but locomotive facilities have deprived rural gatherings, in sparse neighborhoods, of their marvel and their joy, and the hilarious huskings of old chiefly survive in Barlow's neglected verse: —

> "The days grow short; but though the fallen sun
> To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
> Night's pleasant shades his various tasks prolong,
> And yield new subjects to my various song.
> For now, the corn-house filled, the harvest home,
> The invited neighbors to the *husking* come;
> A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
> Unite their charms to chase the hours away.
> Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
> The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,

Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
She walks the round and culls one favored beau,
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sports, as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day."

Progress in taste and sentiment, however, is already obvious in our recreative arrangements. There is vastly more of intellectual dignity and permanent use in the fêtes of the Lyceum, than in those of the training-days and election-jubilees which formerly were the chief holidays of our rural population; exhibitions of flowers mark a notable advance upon the coarse diversions of the ring and the race-ground; and, within a year, four statues by native artists, worthy of their illustrious subjects, have been inaugurated by public rites and noble eloquence.

A radical cause of the inefficiency, and therefore of the indifferent observance, of our holidays, may be found in our national inadequacy of expression, in the want of those modes of popular rejoicing and ceremonial that win and triumph from their intrinsic beauty. As a general truth, it may be asserted that but two methods of representing holiday sentiment are native to the average taste of our people, — military display and oral discourse. These exhaust our festal resources. Our citizens have an extraordinary facility in making occasional speeches, and the love of soldiership is so prevalent, that it is the favorite sport of children, and all classes indulge in costly uniforms and volunteer parades. But

the language of Art, which in the Old World lends such a permanent attraction to holidays, with us hardly finds voice. Had we requiems conceived with the profound pathos of Mozart, harmonious embodiments of rural pastime like that which Beethoven caught while sitting on a stile amid the subdued murmurs of a summer evening, melodious invocations to freedom such as Bellini's thrilling duo; were a symphony as readily composed in America as an oration, tableaux, costumes, and processions as artistically invented here as in France; were dance and song as spontaneously expressive as among the European peasantry; had we vast, open, magnificent temples, free gardens, statues to crown, shrines to frequent, palatial balconies, fields elysian for both rich and poor, a sensibility to music and a sense of the appropriate and beautiful as wide and as instinctive as our appreciation of the useful, the practical, and the comfortable, — it would no longer be requisite to resort exclusively to drums, fifes, powder, substantial viands, and speechifying, to give utterance to the common sentiments, which would find vent in tones, forms, hues, combinations, and sympathies that would respond to the heart, through the imagination, and conform "the show of things to the desires of the mind."

Other causes of our deficient holidays are obvious. The primary are to be found in the absorption in business and the dominion of practical habits both of thought and action. Enterprise holds carnival while Poetry keeps lent. The facts of to-day shut out of view the perspective of time, or, at best, lure the gaze forward with boundless expectancy. To rehearse the fortunate achievements of the past gratifies our national egotism; but the sensibility and meditation which consecrate historical associations find no room amid the rush and eagerness of the present. Content to point to the heroic episode of the Revolution, to the wisdom and justice of our Constitution, to the caravans that sweep on iron tracks over leagues of what a few years ago was pathless forest, to the swiftest keels and most graceful models that traverse the ocean, to the aerial viaducts that span dizzy heights and impetuous torrents, to the exquisite vignettes of a limitless paper currency, to the dignified and consistent

maintenance of usurped law in younger States of the Confederacy, and to the continually increasing resources of its older members, — we are disposed to sneer at the childish love of amusement which beguiles the inhabitants of European capitals, and to pity the superstition and idleness which retain, in this enlightened age, the melodramatic church shows of Romanism. In all this, there is doubtless a certain manly intelligence; but there is also an inauspicious moral hardihood. If, as a people, we cultivated more heartily the social instincts and humane sentiments expressed in holiday rites, life would be more valued, the whole nature would find congenial play, and our taskwork and duty, our citizenship, and our natural advantages would be adorned by gracefulness, alacrity, and repose. Quantity would not be so grossly estimated above quality, speed above security, routine above enjoyment. We need to win from time what is denied to us in material. Other nations have in Art a permanent and accessible refreshment, which prevents life from being wholly prosaic; the humblest dweller on English soil can enter a time-hallowed and beautiful cathedral; the poorest rustic in Italy can feel the honest pride of a distinctive festal attire; the veriest clodhopper in Germany can soften the rigors of poverty by music; the London apprentice may wander once a week amid the venerable beauties of Hampton Court; and the Parisian shopkeeper may kindle pride of country by reading the pictorial history of France at Versailles. It is not the expensive arrangements, but the national provision, and, above all, the personal sentiment, which makes the holiday. There was more holy rapture in the low cadence of the hymn stealing from the Roman Catacombs, where the hunted Christians of old kept holy the Sabbath day, than there is in the gorgeous display and complex melody under the magnificent dome of St. Peter's. There was more of the grace of festivity in such a dance as poor Goldsmith's flute enlivened on the banks of the Loire, than there is in the grand ball which marks the season's climax at an American watering-place. In public not less than private banquets, the Scriptural maxim holds true: "Better is a dinner of herbs *where love is*." Our national life is too diffusive to yield the best social fruits.

The extent of territory, the nomadic habits of our people, the alternations of climate, the vicissitudes of trade, the prevalence of spasmodic and superficial excitements, the boundless passion for gain, the local changes, the family separations, and the incessant fevers of opinion, scatter the holy fire of love, reverence, self-respect, contemplation, and faith. What a senseless boast, that the United States has thirty-five thousand miles of railroad, while England claims but ninety-two hundred, France forty-eight hundred, if against the American overplus are to be arrayed countless hecatombs of murdered fellow-citizens, and desolating frauds unparalleled in the history of finance! What a mockery the distinction of having accumulated a fortune in a few years, by sagacity and toil, if, to complete the record, it is added that mercenary ambition risked and lost it in as many months, or the want of self-control and mental resources made its possession a life-long curse from *ennui* or tasteless extravagance! It is as a check to the whirl of inconsiderate speculation, an antidote to the bane of material luxury, an interval in the hurried march of executive life, that holidays should "give us pause," and might prove a means of refinement and of disinterestedness. We could thus infuse a better spirit into our work-day experience, refresh and warm the nation's heart, and gradually concentrate what of higher taste and more genial sympathy underlies the restless and cold tide that hurries us onward, unmindful of the beauty and indifferent to the sanctities with which God and nature have invested our existence.

Of natal anniversaries we have on our national calendar one which it would augur well for the Republic to observe as a universal holiday. Every sentiment of gratitude, veneration, and patriotism has already consecrated it to the private heart, and every consideration of unity, good faith, and American feeling designates its celebration as the most sacred civic fête of the land. Recent demonstrations in literature, art, and oratory indicate that the obligation and importance of keeping before the eyes, minds, and affections of the people the memory of Washington are emphatically recognized by genius and popular sentiment. Within a few months, the pen of our most endeared author, the eloquence of our most fin-

ished orator, and the chisel of our best sculptor, have combined to exhibit, in the most authentic and impressive forms of literary and plastic art, the character and image of the Father of his Country. Copies of Stewart's masterly portrait have been multiplied. A monument bearing the revered name is slowly rising at the capital, the materials of which are gathered from every part of the globe. Measures are in progress for securing his ancestral domain and his modest sepulchre as national property. In his native State, a splendid memorial of enduring beauty and historical significance will soon be completed. A new and admirable biography, with all the elements of standard popularity, will soon make his peerless career familiar to every citizen, from the woods of Maine to the shores of the Pacific. One effective statue already ornaments the commercial emporium, and another is projected, with every prospect of success, for the city of Boston. These and many other signs of the times prove that the fanaticism of party strife has awakened the wise and loyal to a consciousness of the inestimable value of that great example and canonized name, as a bond of union, a conciliating memory, and a glorious watchword. The present, therefore, is a favorable moment to institute the birthday of Washington, hitherto but partially and ineffectually honored, as a solemn national festival. Around his tomb let us annually gather; let eloquence and song, leisure and remembrance, trophies of art, ceremonies of piety, and sentiments of gratitude and admiration, consecrate that day with a unanimity of feeling and of rites, which shall fuse and mould into one pervasive emotion the divided hearts of the country, until the discordant cries of faction are lost in the anthems of benediction and of love, and, before the august spirit of a people's homage, sectional animosity is awed into universal reverence.

ART. IV. — *Empirical Psychology; or, The Human Mind as given in Consciousness.* By LAURENS P. HICKOK, D. D. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1856.

OF this work, first published two years since, there has just appeared a new edition. As it is no mere compend or digest of previous knowledge, but has in it much that is bold and peculiar, it deserves and will justify more than a passing notice. There is not in it that careful and detailed discussion of particular mental powers which we find in Stewart and other authors; but there is, in its place, a general survey and classification more radical and complete than any hitherto presented.

The acquisition of particulars, however important, is always of less moment than the possession of that broad view which presents an entire subject in its fundamental characteristics and abiding distinctions, and which makes the survey of the parts yet more pleasurable and profitable, by first giving their relations in one whole. A single radical idea, in which particulars are grouped, and by which they are explained, bears us further towards true science, and gives us greater facility in acquiring and possessing the field before us, than the most laborious explorations and discussions of one or another of its detached portions. If this work has left much ground unoccupied, it has yet spread the outline of its survey over the whole. There is no elaborate and graceful completion of parts, but a strong, bold sketching of leading features.

The first division of mental phenomena is threefold, into those of the Intellect, the Susceptibility, and the Will; a triplicity which the author sustains in all his leading subdivisions. The Intellect, or the capacity of knowing, is again divided into the Sense, the Understanding, and the Reason. This division will detain us for a moment.

What a vast amount of discussion lies behind these three words, — Sense, Understanding, and Reason, — words which a single breath can utter, and which, once uttered and understood, have in them all the clearness and conviction of truth!

There are not many more apt illustrations of the axiom, that single words thoroughly understood and well defined may contain and retain for future use conceptions which it has cost the best minds, in their successive efforts, ages to realize. What caskets of wealth and of wisdom are those terms which science, from amid the struggles of opinions and the throes of the human mind, is able, from time to time, to render as its offspring to the waiting world! Gravitation, Affinity, Polarity, Reason, are each words that comprehend and measure the results of the most powerful and continuous efforts of an incalculable series of the greatest intellects.

Human knowledge is not homogeneous, — a mere accumulation of acquisitions obviously derived from the world about us. Our most simple judgments are complex, nor does the mind readily detect their parts, or the sources from which these parts are severally derived. It is not till the mind is capable of well-sustained and subtile effort, that it even finds itself prompted to resolve its thought into its elements, and to refer these elements to their appropriate faculties.

The proposition, The apple is spherical, will, in analysis, fall into three parts, each given to the mind by a distinct faculty. Considering the apple simply as made known to the eye in color, we have in the mind, as our first element, a perception. This perception, which is the subject of our proposition, is reached by the mind acting through the medium of sensation, and the mind, thus acting, constitutes the sense. The predicate of our proposition contains the idea of form, which is itself but a modification of the idea of space, being nothing more than the relations in space which the superficial particles of a body bear to one another. The idea of this special form, that of a sphere, being but a modification of the general idea of space, is our second element, and is not given to us through sensation, but on the occasion of sensation is brought forward by the reason as the appropriate idea by which the phenomenon is to be understood in its external relations in space. But these two — the perception given in the sense, the idea given in the reason — are united in a proposition, — the one being affirmed of the other. This act, by which we reach a conclusion, a judgment, is that of the understanding, and constitutes our third element.

So also in the expression, The apple is produced by the tree, we have the same phenomenal element, united in a judgment with the idea of production or causation, furnished by the reason; and by this idea, the apple, as a present existence, is explained in its causal relations as the effect of something which has gone before it.

Thus it is with all our knowledge. It pertains to the external, the phenomenal, but is not solely given by it or constituted from it. The mind, acting intuitively in the reason, furnishes on the demand of an occasion the appropriate ideas by which the phenomena are united and made coherent in their several relations of time, space, resemblance, and those others which are necessary to make the world the orderly, intelligible product of complete wisdom.

The office of the understanding, acting in memory, conception, association, abstraction, judgment, is to take all the phenomena given us in the sense, and to combine them with, and understand them by, their corresponding ideas furnished in the reason. This process is reasoning, and if it be correct reasoning, the product is knowledge. The correlation between the sensations and the grouping, explaining ideas, is like that between matter and form, — between the plan and the details of the plan, — between the thought and the vocal sounds that give utterance to the thought, — between the divine conception and the creations which made that conception external and real.

The reason is that faculty by which nature becomes a language to us, suggesting ideas, and comprehended and explained in ideas. It is to the world what the antiquarian is to the cipher: it furnishes the key by which the whole is transformed from mere appearances, resting in the sense, into knowledge, occupying and gratifying the understanding. By the animal, the carvings on an obelisk are not apprehended as aught different from the marks of time on its surface; but give him reason, and he immediately seeks something back of them by which he may unite and explain them. The sensational world is to man a cipher, and as the fundamental ideas of the solution have already been given to him, there remains, as his high mission, their complete and diverse ap-

plication. Here the understanding busies itself, and the reason struggles to furnish it that apt modification of the idea of cause or resemblance which may unlock the mystery. The animal sees all things in space, and experiences them in time, but distinguishes them not from the space in which they abide, or from the time through which they exist. But man, gifted with reason, instantly apprehends things in their obvious space and time relations, and, by a careful and mathematical application of what is given in these primary ideas, learns to understand the universe in all its multiplied forms, movements, positions, and sequences. So, too, in causation, the world is not able even to suggest an inquiry to a mind not endowed with reason; but the mind so endowed takes this fundamental idea, and goes forth to explain, with a variety of conceptions and applications, mechanical, physical, and vital phenomena. Under the suggestions of experiment, and by the proofs of experiment, it insures its progress, till gradually the idea is made to settle down into the phenomena, as a thought into the characters which give it utterance.

Early in the history of philosophy, the distinction between the two parts of knowledge furnished, the one by the reason, and the other by the sense, was apprehended, though not well understood or clearly defined. Philosophers, misled in part by the early success which attended mathematics, and by the independence of experience which belongs to investigations in that department, were willing to look for a corresponding growth of ideal sciences through the unfolding of their parts from the primitive conception which enclosed them. But mathematics, with its few and simple ideas, and these considered only in their fixed numerical relations, can never be taken as an example of the true method of progress in other departments. Every purely ideal system, possessing itself of the form rather than of the substance of knowledge, has quickly, by the remote and empty character of its formulæ, so far separated itself from things and facts as to perish in its own sterility of results. A reaction from this undue and dangerous estimate of ideas has more than once forced the mind of man, in its progress towards truth, into assigning to sensation and experience a position, as sources of knowledge,

correspondingly dangerous. We can no more fly, winged of sense alone, than winged of reason alone; the two, with answering parts and corresponding powers, must sustain the mind in its acquiring and knowing. The universality and necessity of those ideas which come to us through the reason, have ever baffled the explanation of mere experience.

Sensation, far from giving us those notions which make its phenomena orderly and comprehensible, can, as the material of knowledge, exist only by their means, and without them would be as empty of truth as the reflection in the mirror or in the eye of the animal. The hand may move for ever along the outline of an object, yet, unless there already exists in the mind the idea of direction, and of change of direction by which the movement is guided and made intelligible, no idea of form will thereby be given. Between these two extremes, philosophy has oscillated; and that classification alone is radical and valuable which assigns the two elements of knowledge to their appropriate faculties, and makes them both minister to the processes of the understanding.

The next important division of our author is that of the susceptibilities into the animal, rational, and spiritual. The first two of these classes arise naturally from the previous divisions of the intellect; — the animal emotions springing up on the occasions given by the sense and the understanding; the rational, on the occasions given by the reason; — and these two would seem to cover the whole ground, as no feeling can arise except in connection with some intellectual action, and the sources of intellectual action are now exhausted.

Man is possessed of a free will, — is able to accept or reject certain ends of action. In the permanent choice of an end, he places himself in harmony with all that is included in that end, and in hostility with all that is excluded. This voluntary disposing of the soul our author terms a spiritual disposition, and finds in it "an independent source of feeling, and thus occasion for a distinct sphere of susceptibility. The spiritual susceptibility has its source in the personal disposition, and is utterly exclusive of all that belongs to constitutional nature, whether of the animal or rational." Of these spiritual emotions, the clearest illustrations given are those of

Christian love and faith. The will having accepted in obedience the law of God, there is immediately given the occasion for new emotions, and the emotions of a heart going forth in love and faith are those termed *spiritual*.

Such, so far as we understand it, is the basis of the third division of the susceptibilities, and in it we confess ourselves unable to discover any clear or valid distinction. That the spiritual emotions are preceded by an act of the will as a condition, though not as an efficient cause or occasion of their existence, can constitute no such distinction. In the animal emotions, it is not the qualities simply that draw forth our feelings, but those qualities in their relations to ourselves, our plans, our purposes. These relations depend sometimes on our volitions, and sometimes not; sometimes on permanent, and sometimes on wayward purposes; but whatever be the occasions of the relations in which qualities present themselves to us, it is evident that these occasions constitute no valid basis for classification, since the emotions do not spring up in view of *them*, but in view of *objects* sustaining, by means of them, new relations. The bear in the forest may be an object of fear; in the cage, of curiosity. Here, there is a change, not of object, but of relation, and that not by our act, but by the act of another. This hour we propose to spend in pleasure, and the friend that comes on business is now unwelcome, while he that seeks enjoyment is welcome; the next hour we devote to business, and the emotions are reversed on the appearance of the same persons. The character of God is perfect, fitted to call forth love; but we have opposed ourselves to his law; our plans and the attributes of God are in mutual hostility; the selfish heart, clinging to its own wilful gratifications, is able, with anger and resentment, to reject all that opposes its sinful purposes, and thus, with a constitutional ability of appreciating and loving the excellence of God's character, it excludes love by the stronger and antagonistic passions kindled in view of its own ends of action. At a later period, the heart submits itself to God; the barrier of transgression being now broken down, and conflicting passions driven out, the intellect readily apprehends, and the heart cheerfully responds to, the excellences before rejected.

In these instances, the emotion is modified by the relation in which we stand to the object of emotion; yet, in all of them, the constitutional susceptibility existed previously to the relation, and was waiting to be called forth on the fitting occasion.

If, then, our classification rests in part on the character of the object of emotion, whether it be given in the sense or in the reason, it must rest wholly upon that character; we cannot suddenly forsake this criterion, and establish a third class upon a new one. Certainly this is true when the new criterion would run through and destroy our two previous divisions, since many, both of our animal and rational emotions, as already seen, are preceded and modified in their occasions by some act of the will.

Under this division of spiritual susceptibility, friendship is also given in illustration.

"Among individuals there may be kindred interests, pursuits, and constitutional temperaments; and these may render two, or any number of them, mutually congenial to each other, and the intercourse of such may be intimate and highly agreeable. But when there has been a decided commitment of soul, and a reciprocal flowing out of the spirit each to each, there is in this a union of dispositions; and at once a cordiality of feeling springs up, much deeper and sweeter than all the congenialities of common interest or similar temperament."

Separating the philosophy from the rhapsody of this passage, we yet fail to see at what point the emotion of friendship is suddenly transmuted from a rational into a spiritual emotion. So far as feeling arises from mere convenience and a calculation of advantages, it is an animal emotion, and not friendship; but when it springs from the higher qualities of beauty, truth, and virtue, given in the reason, and, by the apprehension of those qualities as existing in a living person, goes out in love to that person, it is then a rational emotion, and, if reciprocated, is the basis of what we term friendship. No act of the will, by which friends are set apart to each other, can otherwise modify this emotion than by giving to it a fuller, freer play. Animal feelings may indeed mingle with the rational, and our satisfaction may be increased by a secret sense of exclusive possession; but these are not of the essence

of the relation. This seems to us to lie solely in the emotions of admiration and love, drawn forth in view of high rational qualities, and thus, with or without a "commitment of soul," to be neither other than, nor different from, a constitutional, rational emotion.

The qualities which are the objects of emotion are given us through the sense and through the reason. In animal emotions, — setting aside that sympathy by which we are made partakers of the feelings of others, — the objects of sense, in their relations to our enjoyments and plans, are the things contemplated; and hence, as the occasions of these feelings are given wholly in our animal constitution, they are rightly termed *animal*. The qualities, on the other hand, given to us in the reason, are not only reached through this nobler mental power, but are able to kindle our emotions by what and for what they are in themselves, wholly aside from personal relations. It is an excellency that now occupies us, and not a gratification. The rational emotions, springing from qualities belonging to the reason everywhere, which are identical, necessary, and universal in all rational existence, are separated by a broad gulf from those transitory emotions which accompany our sentient existence.

As the understanding reveals no qualities to the mind, it cannot itself be the independent source of any emotion; but it may employ itself, now in unfolding the properties and relations of external objects, thus giving breadth and strength to sensuous feeling, now in unfolding the connections of truth or virtue, thus helping to kindle a higher life of feeling. But beyond these, we have no further source of emotion.

The only remaining division that invites attention is that of the Will, into Immanent Preferences, Governing Purposes, and Desultory Volitions. The term "preference" does not refer to taste or inclination, but designates a "proper election," and is termed immanent as lying in the mind "without any overt manifestation." "It was in thine heart to build an house to my name." A purpose is an election of a general end of action, and, as abiding in the mind, prompting and guiding the successive executive acts by which the end is reached, it is named the governing purpose. "Turn-

ing aside from the main end, while the governing purpose towards it is not renounced, is termed a desultory volition."

These divisions, as now explained, though marking differences, are yet open to some criticism. They seem to mark not so much kinds of volitions, as the relations in which the volitions stand to the action and character of the person putting them forth. A governing purpose and a desultory volition are equally "elections," and, as elections, differ from each other by no fixed characteristic. The number of executive acts, by which a governing purpose completes itself, can be no such characteristic, as a desultory volition must also often include subsidiary acts, and this fluctuating number can never constitute a distinction of kind, and not always even of degree. The real difference marked by these two classes seems, as we have intimated, to lie between volitions, in their relations to the disposition and character of the person whose they are. Those by which a given disposition is secured, or which are in the direction of that disposition, are governing purposes; those aside from, or opposed to, that disposition, are desultory volitions. That which is a governing purpose in one individual may, in another, be a desultory volition, and thus, with every change of relation, — with every transition from person to person, — it may shift its name backward and forward, while remaining intrinsically the same. So, also, the immanent preference of one may become the governing purpose of another. David has it in his heart, and Solomon has it in hand, to build the house of the Lord.

Aside from the fact that these divisions seem to fall short of marking real distinctions in mental acts, they are not made in reference to the same point, and hence overlap and include one another. An immanent preference relates to the manifestation or suspension of the volition, and as all volitions are either manifested or suspended, the whole field is covered by immanent and manifest preferences. Again, a governing purpose and a desultory volition have reference to the disposition of the individual, the one securing and the other thwarting the disposition; and here the whole field is a second time covered. The point of classification being thus shifted,

the divisions will blend with one another, and an immanent preference, for aught we see, may be either an incipient governing purpose or a desultory volition.

These criticisms may, at least, show that the classification, in this part of the work, is not marked with entire clearness and firmness.

The portion of the subject that seems especially to have drawn out the power of the author, to evince most clearly the strength and vigor of his thought, and to reward the reader most abundantly by the rich and suggestive character of the ideas presented, is that pertaining to the will and the freedom of its actions. In no department of knowledge is a true conception more important or more difficult to be reached. In none has the labor of the best minds so often served solely to mislead, tending to results the most intolerable and disastrous, by arguments apparently unanswerable. No conception, whether true or erroneous, so colors and modifies all our thinking, as this of the will. It stands broadly related with all departments of action, and through these relations it everywhere leaves its traces of a dreary necessity and dark fatality, or of freedom and hope.

Necessity and chance are opposites and extremes. Nature, in the flow of all her events, alike in her vital and in her mechanical processes, is necessitated. The present is but a medium, receiving its power from the past and bearing it on to the future. Each point, each force, is a point, is a force in the stream, caused and causing — first pressed and then pressing. Thought and feeling even, as they float on this current, have no power over it, and are themselves conditioned in their action by it. The stream, and the driftwood eddying, lingering, lodging, floating on its surface in sportive freedom, are yet swept on by the same irresistible causal power to ends, in all their accidents, fixed and unchangeable. Nature knows nothing beyond herself; she draws all things into her ceaseless flow, and explains all things in these, their necessitated relations. Chance, on the other hand, cuts asunder every relation, loosens every bond, and denies all certainty. Is there any ground between these two, or aside from these two? If not, then is freedom impossible, and a will in freedom a de-

lusive phantom, inviting and mocking pursuit. Our only escape from chance — from mere fortuity by which nothing is to be reached — is into the meshes of necessity, dragging us to one end, and one end only, whether of life or of death.

A free will must, in action, be at once without chance and without necessity; with all the certainty of law, and none of its indissoluble connections. The will must be able to act, at once, orderly and freely, uncontrolled and self-controlling, affected, yet unconstrained, by the pressure of motives. The links of necessity are to be broken asunder; its certainty and order are not thereby to escape us. The conception which should contain this idea of will in freedom, it is evident, can never and should never render itself up to a logical criticism, or suffer an explanation to pass through it by a purely logical process. Such a process can proceed only along the links of fixed and causal relations, — can move only in the stream of nature; and hence, all that it lays hold of, and passes over, it inevitably presses down and sinks into that stream. This would be to suffer our explanations to destroy our conceptions, and to throw away with one hand what we had just secured with the other. A free will, if the terms *free* and *freedom* are not wholly illusory, is something supernatural, — above and beyond the flow of nature; and therefore no explanation which is itself of nature, and shares the necessity of nature, can be flung, like a net, upon it, except to drag it down and destroy it. It is the very condition of our effort that we rise above nature, and hence we cannot, in that very effort, keep within her fixed logical relations.

The idea of freedom, the alternative alike of necessity and of chance, is to the human reason not an absurdity, and while, from the very nature of the case, unable to render a complete explanation of the conception, we may yet define the Will as "the capacity for electing." This definition justifies itself to the common consciousness of men. Indeed, this common consciousness has ever been the citadel of freedom, from which the most subtle devices and enginery of logicians have not been able to expel it. Men are everywhere haunted with the conviction of having been able to do better than they

have actually done, and the whole burden of guilt comes and can come to the human mind only in connection with a clear and well-defined consciousness that each step in the descent was one of choice. No reasoning has ever been able to break down in the minds of men the axiom of morals, that responsibleness is measured by ability. The strength of this common consciousness is also clearly seen in the reluctance with which the philosophy of necessity approaches its own conclusions; the subtle phraseology with which it seeks to modify or partially conceal its results; its efforts to restore, or seem to restore, with one hand, what it has destroyed with the other; the pertinacity with which it insists on a valid, vital distinction between inabilities, when it can no longer mark that distinction; and the tenacity with which it clings to those technical terms, which afford a thin haze in which to shelter the naked idea. No less is it seen in the firmness with which the opposing philosophy has held to its convictions, though sadly worsted in the argument, and utterly unable to explain its conceptions. Our definition is also justified, when we look at the objects between which man in his free action is called to elect. They are not the same in kind, and therefore admit of no comparison in degree. An object of appetite, making its appeal through the sense, and the law of right, through the reason, cannot be brought to the same scale of measurement, and thus be found the one to overlap the other. Heat, in its degrees, cannot be flung into the balance against weight and its degrees. Certainly, these are not more distinct in kind, more incommensurable, than are gratification and right. Nor can these two, gratification and right, be resolved into happiness, and thus applied to a common scale. Right can never be so resolved; and he who does right on the ground of the pleasure secured, has not yet done right. Two objects, wholly distinct, without the possibility of comparison in degree, exclude necessity as springing from the presence of motives, and leave election possible. The expression, "The strongest motive controls the will," may be either a mere truism, meaning nothing more than that the will is governed by the motive by which it actually is governed, or it may be an effort to assign a definite power to

motives, and thus, by a surreptitious introduction of the idea of force into the realm of freedom, to render a comparison in degree possible. The moment we accept the effort as legitimate, the whole field is abandoned, and all sinks back into necessity.

Comparisons drawn from the external world, having ever in them the antagonistic connections of necessity, will not only fail to enlighten, but must necessarily mislead us in our discussions upon freedom; but there are analogies drawn from a higher source, which, if they do not illustrate a free will, yet show the necessity of the conception, and prove that it shares its most perplexing difficulties with other generally admitted ideas. Man can never attribute to God any freedom higher and purer in kind than that which he first finds in himself. It is solely because the image of God is within us, that we are able to find and comprehend the substantial being of God without us. The moment that we deny freedom to ourselves on the ground of any impossibility in the conception, that moment we deny it to God, and heaven and earth at once sink into the unmeasured, uncontrolled stream of causation. There is no more any supernatural. In destroying himself, man wrecks the whole universe. It remains no longer the offspring and the theatre of self-guiding action; but a deluge of physical causes, rushing down through the infinity of the past, sweeps over and swallows up all its outposts and battlements. Freedom lost and consistency maintained, there will remain above the flood not a single mountain-top on which the temple or city of our God might rest. If this all-consuming idea of causation is to eat like a worm into the heart of our free philosophy, then we shall find in time or space no position or barrier which we may make good against it. As we travel back along the line of events, searching for some ultimate point, some first fountain from which the phenomenal universe has been poured forth, we shall have everywhere beneath our feet the same conditions that we now have, — force, pressed on and pressing onward. Cause beneath us, cause behind us, cause before us, — every point precisely analogous to every other point in the dreary waste of causa-

tion, we shall strive in vain to stop; our weariness will be our only evidence that we have reached our journey's end. To assume a first cause is both an assumption and a misnomer; — an assumption, because it is the arbitrary suspension of a process which, to be consistent with itself, ought to go on for ever; the same impulse that compels me to seek a cause for one cause, should compel me to seek a cause for every other cause; — a misnomer, since, while the term is retained, one half the idea it should cover is cast away. It is not less essential to the complete conception that it be caused, than that it be a cause, — that it receive force, than that it impart it. There is nothing of origination in the idea of causation with which Logic deals. Beginning, creation, is, to her, thin air, out of which she can make nothing, on which she can construct nothing. Put the chasm where you will on the last of her veritable causes, she will stand astonished, impotent, and angered. The whole process, then, by which we reach and retain the idea of a Creator, is in direct contravention and hostility to all merely logical methods; and the act of the mind by which we refuse to seek a cause for the one great Creator is precisely analogous to that by which we refuse to run over and destroy our idea of freedom by our idea of force. The same analogy may also be seen in some of the attributes we assign to God. We feel it no absurdity to say of him, He is ubiquitous; yet a very little explanation may make this attribute seem to the mere understanding both impossible and absurd. The truth is, our reason is able to give us ideas beyond the measurement of merely logical processes.

In the work some of whose prominent ideas have now been partially discussed, there are to be found, scattered with a liberal hand, those fresh, vigorous, and suggestive thoughts which open to the mind new fields, quicken its action, and connect and consolidate its fragmentary knowledge. In this respect, we doubt whether it has its equal. But the synthetical and originating power of the author seems to surpass his analytical capacity. Taken as a complete compend of the science of the mind designed for students, it lacks that clear and careful treatment of the parts which would make

it, not an outline, but an adequate physical chart, of the region surveyed. Thus, Association is confined to three pages, Memory and Conception each to two pages, and Abstraction to one.

The works of Dr. Hickok have not everywhere received that candid and cheerful appreciation which would naturally flow from a full insight into their merits. This is owing, we think, in great part, to the style in which they are written. He does not merely employ technical terms, — these belong to all scientific productions, and, when clearly defined and accurately employed, are very far from leading to obscurity, — but his whole form of thought and mode of expression are generally more or less, and at times extremely, technical and artificial. One needs to read his books through, before the mind is placed in such sympathy with the mind of the author, its method of operation and expression, as clearly and readily to apprehend his full idea. This is true of those accustomed to metaphysical research; much more must it be true of those undisciplined in that direction. This apparent unintelligibleness, which has withheld the meaning from the hasty, the careless, and the lazy reader, has repelled many; and none but the craving appetite has been quickened and satisfied. The newspaper criticism on the author's Rational Psychology, that it could be read as well backwards as forwards, has found many willing to shield their indolence by ridicule. In this respect, the work before us deserves, and will encounter, some criticism, especially as designed for a class of persons to whom no unnecessary and fastidious difficulty should be presented. Of the technical method, which pervades not words, but sentences, the following may be given as illustrations.

"This identification of the reciprocal modifications, of both the recipient organ and that which has been received, is precisely what is meant by sensation."

"Shape is given limit in extent, and tone is given limit in intensity; and as thus limited, we may apply to both shape and tone a common term expressive of the limitation, and call it *form*. The living feeling will thus always be expressed in some pure form."

All the passages in connection with the above require a

certain quick sympathy with the methods of the author for their ready and perfect apprehension. In no department of composition should style be so simply and solely a medium for thought, as in the productions of philosophy. Its foremost excellence, therefore, must be that transparency which interposes no obstacle, which conceals and alters nothing.

Poetry, burdened with no search, exulting in the tread of her imagery as it comes echoing forth in her metre, may seek the mystic light which half gives, half conceals her passion; but Science must ever walk straight onward with her lamp in her hand. The telescope with which we search out obscure and complicated phenomena should possess that perfect symmetry and adjustment of lenses which distorts not the object, nor converts into shades and colors the pure beam of light along which the revelation comes. All imperfection here is so much added to our labor, — so much subtracted from our success. A definite purpose inspires and quickens our efforts, and that which is not an instrument is an obstacle.

ART. V. — *Modern Painters. Of Many Things.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M. A. Vol. III. New York: Wiley and Halsted. 1856.

THERE is perhaps no writer to whom America is more indebted than to John Ruskin. We have, on the one side, a materialism which tends to check the development of our higher nature; and, on the other, a spiritualism which would cast aside all outward form. Here, more than anywhere else, is needed the mediation of beauty, by which spirit and matter are blended into a living unity; by which the material loses its grossness, and the spiritual its vagueness. Works of art are too rare among us to exert a deep influence, and we are doubly grateful, therefore, to any one who will open our eyes to the beauty of the sky above us, and of the grass which we trample under our feet. We know of no

English writer who has done so much to create a true appreciation of natural beauty, and an enthusiasm for it, as Ruskin. His faults in criticism, if he has them, are concerned with works which comparatively few among us have seen, and thus can do little to pervert the taste. The reasons for his decisions are, in general, given so honestly, that it seems scarcely possible that they should mislead any. If, for instance, he loses no opportunity to speak slightingly of the German philosophy, he is careful to explain in a note that he has never thought it worth his while to pay any attention to it; and to show by his remarks upon a quotation from Bunsen, that he has not the most primary notion of its first principles. If he says many hard things of Claude, he yet gives him the credit of being the first man who put the sun into the heavens; and those of us who have gazed at one of his sunsets, until all things seemed dissolved in its golden light, and we cared no more than Claude did whether windmills or castles filled the foreground of the picture, can admit this as sufficient praise for any man. If he selects Walter Scott as the truest poetic genius of modern times, — the representative of modern poetry as Dante is of mediæval, — he expresses the reasons of his preference so honestly and clearly, that all must admit that *upon these grounds* no other selection could have been made, and gives such an admirable criticism of Scott's poetry, that one loses all disposition to murmur. For ourselves we have a friend, one William Shakespeare, who has also written of landscape, and who, we thought, had some title to be considered the representative of modern poetry, whom Homer and Dante might admit as the third in their high companionship; but when we saw the principles that were to control the choice, we gave up his claims at once.

It would be strange if a writer occupying such a position as Ruskin does should not have faults; if, at once a theorizer and an artist, he did not sometimes allow his theory to be perverted by his taste, and his taste by his theory; if, writing, in the face of much opposition, professedly without system, upon subjects intermediate between the realm of philosophy and that of art, he were not sometimes dogmatic; if, after ten years' study in the same direction, he had not changed some-

what the stand-point from which he looks upon the world. Such faults, so far as they are faults, might mislead or confuse those who seek a leader whom they may follow blindly; but those who have discovered that all men have their limitations, and have learned to *call no man master*, will accept gratefully the truth that he utters, and find even in what they consider errors matter for profitable thought and study.

It is not, however, our intention at present to consider the position and merits of Ruskin, but to discuss the two questions which form the basis of the third volume of his "Modern Painters." These are brought forward most prominently in the chapters entitled "The Use of Pictures" and "The Novelty of Landscape." The questions stated in full are the following: first, What is the difference between the enjoyment which we derive from seeing an object represented in art, and that which we derive from seeing the same object as it actually exists in nature? and, secondly, What is the difference between the ancient and modern mind, by which the latter receives a pleasure from landscape of which the former had no conception, and what is the nature of this pleasure? These questions we shall consider in an order inverse to that in which they have been cited; for it seems appropriate to consider what the enjoyment derived from natural scenery actually is, before comparing it with that derived from the mere representation.

In discussing the beauty of landscape, Ruskin opens what may be considered almost a new field of study. There is no point in regard to which the philosophies have been so barren. The *Du Beau* of Cousin is not the strongest part of his system, and that which relates to natural beauty is the weakest part of the *Du Beau;* all that is said of it there is compressed into the compass of about a page. Kant in his *Urtheilskraft* gives the subject more importance; but what he says of it naturally partakes of the one-sidedness of his system. When we read his theory of the Sublime, our emotions are so similar to those which are excited by the presence of mountains and mighty cataracts, that we cannot doubt that he has caught something of their spirit; but we experience a feeling

of dissatisfaction in seeing beauty defined to be the pleasure of which the mind is conscious when it finds its own laws recognized by the outward world, apparently with no ulterior object. This is what he expresses in his brief formula, *Zweckmässigkeit ohne Zweck*. Hegel, who has done more than any one else for the science of æsthetics, yet places the enjoyment derived from the contemplation of nature so far below that which is caused by works of art, and proves so clearly that from his stand-point this must necessarily be the case, that we cannot acquit him of injustice to his theme. We are grateful, therefore, to Mr. Ruskin, for having done so much to bring this subject clearly and prominently before us.

In approaching the subject of landscape, however, we are met at once by a difficulty of which we should have taken no cognizance if Mr. Ruskin had not himself called our attention to it, and, in his somewhat awkward attempts to remove it from the path, left it more in the way than ever. The difficulty is nothing less than the question, whether there be any such thing as actual landscape; whether, if we may be allowed to use a word of which Mr. Ruskin has plainly expressed his abhorrence, what we consider as landscape is not wholly *subjective*. But we will let him express his difficulty and his manner of disposing of it in his own words. We quote from the admirable chapter entitled, "Of the Pathetic Fallacy."

"The word 'blue,' say certain philosophers, means the sensation of color which the human eye receives in looking at the open sky, or at a bell gentian.

"Now, say they farther, as this sensation can only be felt when the eye is turned to the object, and as, therefore, no such sensation is produced by the object when nobody looks at it, therefore the thing, when it is not looked at, is not blue; and thus (say they) there are many qualities of things which depend as much on something else as on themselves.....

"From these ingenious views the step is very easy to a farther opinion, that it does not much matter what things are in themselves, but only what they are to us; and that the only real truth of them is their appearance to, or effect upon, us. From which position, with a hearty

desire for mystification, and much egotism, selfishness, shallowness, and impertinence, a philosopher may easily go so far as to believe, and say, that everything in the world depends upon his seeing or thinking of it, and that nothing therefore exists but what he sees, or thinks of.

"Now to get rid of all these ambiguities and troublesome words at once, be it observed that the word 'blue' does *not* mean the *sensation* caused by a gentian on the human eye; but it means the *power* of producing that sensation; and this power is always there in the thing, whether we are there to experience it or not, and would remain there, though there were not left a man on the face of the earth. Precisely in the same way gunpowder has a power of exploding. It will not explode if you put no match to it. But it has always the power of so exploding, and is therefore called an explosive compound, which it very positively and assuredly is, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary.

"In like manner, a gentian does not produce the sensation of blueness, if you don't look at it. But it has always the power of doing so; its particles being everlastingly so arranged by its Maker. And, therefore, the gentian and the sky are always verily blue, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary; and if you do not see them blue when you look at them, it is not their fault, but yours."

It will be seen from the above, that all which Mr. Ruskin claims for his blue gentian is that it has the power to produce a certain sensation in us. Its blueness is therefore merely a latent energy, which is called out only by the presence of some conscious subject. It is a mere potentiality, like the gunpowder's power of explosion, which is excited into action only by the presence of the spark. As the effect of the meeting of the subject and object is felt entirely by the former, that is, as the blue gentian excites a sensation in us while our presence produces no change upon the blue gentian, it seems to us that Mr. Ruskin's comparison would hold better, if the blue gentian were compared to the spark, and ourselves to the gunpowder. As Mr. Ruskin has left the case, we can no longer say,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen";

for the blush is a mere potentiality, till the eye is present to see it. The universe of beauty, about which he is so eloquent, is

an unfilled blank, a congeries of potentialities, of undeveloped powers, of mines well laid, but perishing without effect, because no spark is applied to them. To state the difficulty in an exact formula, we say: "We cannot conceive of any object, a blue gentian for instance, except as it exists in our conception of it; this conception is made up of various sensations, which have no existence out of the subject; we cannot therefore conceive of an object without conceiving at the same time the presence of a subject." In an age less faithless than our own, this discussion would scarcely be necessary; or were it started, the mind would at once recur for its solution to the Absolute Subject, to the Divine consciousness, which embraces the universe, in which we can conceive the blue gentian equally with the arch of heaven as always beautiful, and as needing not our presence and partial partaking of this consciousness to awaken it to beauty. For the fuller discussion of this principle, and its application to the higher questions of philosophy, we refer the reader to Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysic."

This difficulty being removed, we have next to consider the difference between the classic and the modern mind, by which the latter derives a pleasure from landscape of which the former was incapable. We think that Mr. Ruskin has somewhat exaggerated this difference. We do not see the propriety of introducing Homer as the only witness in regard to the classic landscape, excluding all later writers. The imaginary individual, supposed to be familiar with all classic art, who sees for the first time a modern picture-gallery, is represented as saying, "Nobody ever cared about blue mountains before, or tried to paint the broken stones of old walls."

There are few specimens remaining, by which we can judge of ancient paintings. The most important of these are those of Pompeii, which are clearly as much entitled to be consulted on this question as the reliefs at Nineveh. We have ourselves seen among them a landscape more or less perfect, of which all that we definitely remember is, that the principal object was a ruin. It gave us, indeed, a singular feeling to look through this vista of ruins, and see older ruins beyond; to feel that, when these crumbling works were in their fresh-

ness, the world was already in its dotage. The importance of the fact for us at present is, chiefly, that, even in that day, men sometimes saw the beauty of ruins, and some even were found who did try "to paint the broken stones of old walls." It cannot, however, admit of a doubt, that the difference spoken of by Ruskin does exist to a greater or less degree. His main fault in assigning its cause appears to us to be, that he places it too much in outward and accidental circumstances, and does not see in it the necessary development of the mind itself.

Hegel, in his *Aesthetik*, considers art under three divisions, which he designates as Symbolic, Classic, and Romantic. The Symbolic Art was that which preceded the Grecian. Its object, like that of all art, was to represent the living, the spiritual, the divine. It was unable to embody these in any adequate form, and thus its whole course was a struggle, rather than an accomplishment. It sought, as among the Hindoos, to make the natural express the supernatural, by forcing it out of its ordinary form, and imposing upon it fantastic shapes and exaggerated proportions. The Egyptians endeavored to reach the same end by vastness of dimensions, and by various symbolic structures of which they themselves did not understand the full meaning. Chief among these latter was the Sphinx, which, with its human head and beastly body, expressed the riddle which the age was vainly striving to solve, the union of spirit and matter, of thought and form. With all their efforts, the two remained distinct, like the head and body of the Sphinx. The most stupendous and perfect works pointed beyond themselves to the thought which they were designed to express.

The Greeks solved this problem. In their art, spirit and matter were blended. They first saw their gods before them in worthy forms. In the presence of a perfect Grecian statue, we do not need to look beyond it to seek its meaning; we do not need to study it in the search for hidden depths of consciousness; it stands before us complete in itself; all is open, clear; spirit and body, thought and expression, are woven into one.

Leaving the terminology of the *Aesthetik*, we may perhaps

make our meaning clearer by stating that the highest point attainable by Grecian art was self-repose. This may be exhibited under three aspects. It may be the repose of inaction; repose maintained under the most severe and doubtful conflict, or even defeat; and the repose of triumph. These three forms are exhibited in the three greatest works of Grecian art that have come down to us, — the Venus de' Medici, the Laocoön, and the Vatican Apollo. In the Apollo we see exhibited the unmingled glory of triumph. The Python has just fallen by his arrow; he still holds the bow in his extended hand, which is just descending, while the drapery hanging from the arm, in a manner which this motion alone could account for, gives a marvellous grace and lightness to the whole figure. He casts upon his prostrate foe a look of divine scorn, from before which one almost shrinks; yet there is nothing earthly in it, nothing which mars the beauty of the face or disturbs its sublime serenity; he has passed through the most terrible ordeal, and henceforth he has nothing to dread. He stands thus the personification of undying youth, unfading beauty, and resistless strength.

In the Laocoön we have exhibited a similar self-repose in circumstances of suffering and conflict. The Apollo is a god, for thus only can be represented the unmingled glory of triumph; while the strength of suffering is the prerogative of man alone. The old Laocoön stands in the terrible embrace of the serpents which the gods have sent upon him; thus he has no hope from the Olympian senate, for he is their victim; none from men, for they look upon him as accursed. To such a struggle there can be but one issue. Yet there is no terror nor shrinking. He grasps the serpents firmly in his hands; the coils of one seem half unloosed; we know that they will soon close again in the embrace of death; but we see it without trouble, for we feel that his true personality is beyond their reach.

The Venus, however, is the representative of a larger class of the works of Grecian art, of forms, divine and human, of the most perfect beauty, and in comparative repose, not because above disturbance, but because removed from it. Yet even in this quietness there is often a depth and a might, as

in the awful front of Jove, the calmness of whose mighty brow we feel that all the shock of contending gods and men would not be powerful enough to ruffle. By works of this class, also, it was sought to express the peace of the departed; as in the old Etruscan tombs, where, upon urns whose sides are covered with representations of conflict, recline the images of the dead in the attitude of "revellers at a feast," while from above a Medusa's head looks coldly down upon this banqueting-hall of the shades.

We have referred to these well-known examples, to illustrate the fact, that in Classic Art every work was complete in itself. It made no apologies; it asked no favors; it returned no thanks. There was grief; but it was like that of Niobe, cold and tearless, seeking no sympathy, and needing none. There was death; but it was like that of the Gaul of the Capitol, without the reproaches of conscience, and without hope or fear for the future. There was nothing of a twofold nature about any of these works. The mind never held back, never rose above, and never outran, the body. Heart and soul were all in the act, whatever it might be. There is no appearance of a concentration of thought or look upon any outward object, by any effort of the will; there is no appearance of thought or look wandering abroad in search of any object to occupy them. There is no aspiration, no longing, no regret. There is in all, as has been said, a self-repose, a self-sufficiency. This in nearly all cases gives an air of cheerfulness to them, although, as has been well remarked, there is in them a tinge of sadness, though faint, as if it were a shadow of the overhanging fate. In Classic Art there was no contradiction between the universal and the individual. Each work represented the perfect type of the universal, unmarred by any individual fault or peculiarity. The universal thus manifested itself with a joyous freedom, conscious of no limitation, and in this sense infinite. Every work is thus not merely actual, but ideal; for the actual and the ideal are one.

Each product of Grecian art was, as we have seen, a unit. But the union thus inaugurated was to be broken. Hegel has well remarked, that in the Classic Art the divine, the human, and the material formed a perfect unity, while in the

Romantic Art each of these elements was left to develop itself separately. He has not, however, we think, brought forward with sufficient clearness the negative moment in the separation. This was, as it appears to us, the consciousness of sin. Of this, as we understand it, the Greek had no conception. He therefore stood in such joyous self-confidence, looking forward and backward without doubt or anxiety. It was thus that the divine and the human flowed naturally into the same type, and the material exhibited both in their full perfection. The consciousness of sin brought terrible discord into this harmony. Man saw himself estranged from God, and bound to the earthly. He abjured the earthly that he might become reconciled to the Divine. Thus for an instant was he an orphan and homeless.

The first struggle was for reconciliation with God. The union of the human and the divine, which in the Grecian thought and art had been a simple blending of natures, became replaced by the union of love; a love more intense because the result of reconciliation, of an atonement. The spirit which had before been so completely one with the body, now spurned the fellowship and withdrew into itself. It cared not that the body was subjected to all suffering, — that it was shrunken by hunger, that it was burned by the sun of the desert, that it was distorted and scarred by the instruments of torture. All these torments it joyfully inflicted upon the flesh, that thus it might become more free from it. The world was a scene of trial and temptation. Among the Greeks the soul had been at one with the world, but now there was a breach between the two. This was no longer the soul's home; here it was a stranger seeking for a better country, that is, a heavenly.

All of this was represented in Christian art. Its negative element was sin; its positive element, love. If we had space for a systematic study of the subject, it would be interesting to follow the arrangement adopted by Hegel in his *Aesthetik* for the exhibition of the manner in which this love was represented by the Christian painters. First, we should study the representation of the object of love itself in its simple universality, God the Father. His pure spirituality, however, can-

not be represented adequately in any bodily form. The figure of an old man, however full of love and dignity it may be, we feel at once to be unworthy of it, if not actually blasphemous, as it is apt to strike Protestants who see it for the first time. The face and form of Christ are more within the sphere of art; yet even here it is difficult, or even impossible, for the painter to represent the union of the divine and human in a manner that shall correspond at all with our conceptions. This is most easily done in the child Christ, where the lofty qualities which are demanded can be exhibited in greater distinctness, in opposition to the simplicity of childhood. In the *Ecce Homo*, also, where the negative element of suffering is strongly exhibited, the divine qualities of the spirit, and its infinite love, may be brought out in greater relief, as the painter sometimes represents the sun by darkening the surrounding sky and the landscape. This love is however more perfectly exhibited as reflected in the disciples and the saints, and especially in the Madonna. In her, the object of love is not something beyond the sensuous, and invisible, as is the case in many paintings of the saints, where the upturned eyes appear to see or to seek something unseen by us; but the love and its object are both before us.

Without following further or more minutely this arrangement, we will contemplate two or three individual works, which, in their contrast with our examples from classic art, may serve to illustrate the different spirit of the two forms of art. Instead of the Apollo of the Vatican, we will contemplate the Transfiguration by Raphael; instead of the Laocoon, the *Ecce Homo;* instead of the Venus, the Madonna of Dresden.

As the triumphant repose of the Apollo is heightened by the suggestion of the negative moment of struggle through which he has passed, the same element is introduced to heighten the triumphant joy in the Transfiguration. It is exhibited as raised above earthly struggle and pain. Below, in the foreground, surrounded by his mother and the disciples, is the demoniac boy with his wild gestures and maniac eyes. The eye, however, tarries not there, nor with the three who lie upon the hill behind, overwhelmed with the glory, knowing

not what they say; but is turned upward, where, between Moses and Elias, hovers the Christ. His robes seem woven from the clouds, yet stand out from among them, bright and glorious; a divine spirit pervades even the floating garments and hair, giving to all an ethereal lightness; while from the face beams a glory and a godlikeness which artist had never caught before; it is no longer the triumph of manly strength and self-stability, but it is the higher divinity beaming through. All that can detract from the perfection of this work is that the negative moment is not seen at once to have any vital and necessary connection with the positive. In the Apollo the conflict hinted at is the ground and occasion of the present triumph. In the Etruscan urns the conflicts represented upon the side had been passed through in order to attain to the perfect rest which is exhibited above them. Whether in the Transfiguration the symbolical connection, which can be traced by a little study, is sufficient to obviate this objection, we cannot say.

In the Laocoön there is a self-control and self-concentration for resistance, but this is all. There is no look of joy and triumph from eyes which,

> "Like angels, sing on in a separate glory."

In the *Ecce Homo*, on the contrary, while the body is suffering, the spirit seems to dwell aloft in an atmosphere of love, filled with peace and more than resignation. So we see martyrs bound to the stake, or pierced with darts, their faces filled, not with endurance, but with joy. There are in the Catacombs, on tombstones of martyrs, figures of doves, not calmly nestling, like those in the Columbarium, — a place whose very name is suggestive of peace, and of the prayer of the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest," — but with branches of palm in their mouths, like glad tidings from brighter lands.

In works less influenced by conflict, present or past, where the figure assumes its more ordinary state, this, owing to the superiority which the mind now asserts over the body, will represent the finer and deeper emotions of the soul. While the form of the Venus, of which we have spoken, is of such

marvellous beauty, its face is so weak in its expression, that some have seriously doubted whether the head was chiselled by the same artist, and was part of the same work. The connection, however, in which it was found with the other fragments, and the nicety with which it fitted them, leave little room for such doubts. But they may serve to make clearer our views of the change which has taken place in art; for where the classic artist stopped, the Christian began. The Madonna of Dresden is closely draped, even to the neck; but above is the face full of all womanly beauty. This is striking for its simple calmness; not the calmness of the early German paintings, which is like that of a being raised above the distraction of earthly feelings, but a calmness made up of the fulness and equipoise of all these feelings; for if it has not the raptured heavenward gaze of the Madonnas of Guido, nor that look of happy love which in some of Raphael's other works the mother turns upon the child, nor that of anxious, trembling affection, which Sassoferato was wont to paint, it is because it unites them all. There is love in the tender pressure of the Christ-child to her bosom; there is reverence in the depths of those dark, half-tearful eyes, which at least make those that look at them half-tearful; there is a joy that lies too deep for smiles; and all of these are united in an expression of awed and thoughtful wondering, — over the past, with its mysteries and its holy gladness, — over the future, strange and sublime, to which all things are pointing, — over the infinite love that fills her breast, and the divine child that rests on her bosom.

It will be seen from these examples, that in the Romantic Art there is no longer that beautiful harmony and equipoise between the soul and the body, the outward and the inward, the idea and its expression, which we found in the Classic Art. The soul draws back into itself out from the material. The material stands before us, not for itself merely, but in order to reveal to us something higher. It hence admits of distortion and deformity, as in the case of the demoniac boy in the Transfiguration, of martyrs flayed and otherwise tormented, of demons, and the like. All then that is required of the outward is that it shall be more or less natural; that it shall be

real enough to furnish a solid basis for the spiritual superstructure. It thus can follow its own course, undisturbed by the more inward and essential element. But the part that it plays will necessarily grow continually more important. The naturalness which was at first only a secondary consideration, being a matter in which almost infinite progress may be made, will call more and more attention to itself, in its development, until it comes to be the leading object. This we find to have been to a great degree the course of the art of painting. The material, which was at first designed merely to reveal the spiritual, at length asserts its independent existence, and challenges labor and admiration for itself alone. This is not the place to decide when the central point was reached and passed; whether Raphael stands upon the beautiful summit, or upon its downward slope; it is sufficient for us that the summit was reached and passed. Neither does it fall within our purpose to follow the development of the principle of individuality in art. The individual spirit was, as we have seen, set free from its connection with the divine, and left, like the outward nature, to develop itself according to its own laws, until, as in the drama for instance, no shade of character, sinful or holy, is considered unworthy of representation. The connection between the universal and the individual is broken, and caprice and peculiarities have free range. This point, however, is merely referred to in order to give completeness to our sketch, and we will pursue it no further.

We have seen that, in the mediæval art, landscape, or, more generally, the outward nature, existed merely as a foundation, or medium, for the spiritual; we have now to consider more particularly the relation in which the outward world stands to the more modern mind. We have already seen that, with the introduction of Christianity, the harmony between the soul and the world was broken. To understand more perfectly the nature of this breach, let us look more closely at the different points of view from which the classic and the modern mind regard nature.

In Christian philosophy mind and matter are distinct and irreconcilable. The one is eternal, connected with the invisible and the spiritual; the other is gross and transitory. The

forms of earth may ravish and exalt the soul by their beauty; the lower inhabitants of earth may exhibit instincts, which amount almost to reason; yet between them and the spirit which the former so deeply move, and the latter so plainly shadow forth, there is a gulf which speculation rarely attempts to cross. Among the early Grecian philosophers, on the other hand, matter was eternal and everlasting. They occupied themselves with seeking after the common essence of things; and whether they believed that this was water, or air, or number, or fire, mind and matter were only different forms of the same element. When Zeno, the Eleatic, looking into the blue of heaven, exclaimed, "God is one and alone," the individual of the spiritual and that of the material world were absorbed alike into the unbroken repose of this divine oneness.

In the physical sciences we find indications of the same tendency. To the ancients the laws and limits of things were loose and flowing. When they saw water becoming interchangeably solid, liquid, and gaseous; all things dissolving into flame, and thus passing into the atmosphere, and, as they believed, up to the stars; or the green trees and beautiful flowers springing from the dark earth, — no change of things was too extravagant for them to believe. Modern investigators, on the contrary, finding beneath all these mutable forms the same unvarying atoms, perceive that there is no change in the universe, all that appears such being the result of combination and counterpoise; and thus is the breach between mind and matter for ever made broader. To the ancients, too, this world was the unmoved centre of all things; and strange indeed, and sad, must it have been, when first the earth was, in the thoughts of men, loosed from its eternal moorings, and turned adrift upon the infinite space. The very foundation of things must have seemed shaken; man must have felt himself a homeless and ceaseless wanderer in the universe.

In religion this distinction is still more strongly marked. The Christian, finding this gulf between himself and the things which surround him, seeks ever to make it wider; to enter into closer communion with the Infinite Spirit whom he adores, and to prepare himself for a future of purely spirit-

ual joy. The classic divinities were, on the other hand, either heroes or the powers of nature deified, and stand the ideal of perfected manhood. With the eternal Fate, the most spiritual conception of the Greek, the moving power of both worlds, he had no sympathy nor communion; but must only resist its power as long, or yield to it as gracefully, as he might. His future was but the shadow of his present. Over the fields of asphodel he urged his steed; or there held converse with the friends whom he had most loved on earth. The ancient ascetic sought by bodily privations, not, like the Christian, to withdraw his spirit from the pleasures of the world, or to atone for sin, but, by destroying his useless desires, to fit himself for a more tranquil life upon earth. Indeed, of that burden of sin and accountability under which the Christian toils on so heavily, and which, by the continual struggle it occasions, ever widens, as it originally caused, the breach between him and the world, the ancient Greek had no conception, but walked erect and joyous on the earth. While to the modern, and especially to the early Christian, this is a place of weary pilgrimage, it was his bright and beautiful home. Gifted with a sense of the beautiful, of which others had little notion, all the forms and voices of nature thrilled him with joy. If he could not conceive of the divine, unless as embodied in the material; neither could he of the material, unless as pervaded and elevated by the divine. The earth was a goddess. Each tree and stream sheltered its divinity. The stars, with the sun and moon, were bright with the presence of the gods. The entrails of beasts and the flight of birds, no less than the courses of the stars, uttered the voice of Fate; for all were alike full of the divine life that throbbed, scarcely concealed, beneath them. The strife between the soul and the body not as yet begun, both moved on together to an equal perfection of development. Thus has Greece become the storehouse of the most perfect bodily forms, and of the highest works of intellectual achievement for all ages. Look, for instance, at the Grecian philosophers, their healthy lives stretching out to seventy, eighty, or almost one hundred years; at Pythagoras, with his almost superhuman beauty; at Æschylus, whose wounds received in battle for

his country were his honor and defence; at Sophocles, winning the prizes of the arena with the crown of his poetic triumph yet upon his brow.

It has been before stated, that, at the decline of the classic period, the harmony between God, man, and nature was broken. We have already seen how the principle of love solved the opposition between God and man, and produced a higher and more blessed union than could have existed before. We have now to consider how the principle of beauty has bridged the gulf between man and nature; for with the manner in which philosophy has closed, or has sought to close, this breach, we have at present no concern.

The Greek was, as has been said, one with nature. He was the result of the same natural workings which had produced the trees and the mountains. Certain races or families claimed, it is true, descent from the gods; but the gods themselves were hardly to be distinguished from those same natural forces. The Greek, then, not regarding nature as something utterly distinct from himself, could look upon it only as inferior to himself. The modern mind, being in general separated from it, by all the infinitude of its own nature and destiny, — seeing not so much inferiority in the same scale as total unlikeness, except as being the work of the same Creator, — can study it freely and without restraint. The modern stands ever against nature, and can enjoy its beauties, as the Greek, who stood in the very midst of it, could not.

We will illustrate this by examples. Hegel, who occupied, in the respect referred to, somewhat the same position with the Greek, proves that from his stand-point the beauty of nature is inferior to that of art, because it expresses less perfectly the idea and the unity of life. On the other hand, the Jews, who stood over against nature, somewhat as the moderns do, and regarded it as something with which they had little or no essential and vital connection, yet enjoyed its simple beauty much more than the Greeks appear to have done. This is finely illustrated by Ruskin, in his Edinburgh Lectures, by a reference to the twenty-third Psalm, in which David manifests a sympathy with nature which a

Greek would have considered as derogatory to his humanity. Nothing of the kind can be more beautiful than the fellow-feeling that is shown by the Psalmist with the simple enjoyments of his flocks: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

A more precise notion of the difference between the classic and modern enjoyment of landscape may be found in the distinction which has been exhibited between the Classic and the Romantic Art. The Classic or Plastic Art could rest contented with nothing short of a complete embodiment of the spirit; the material with which it was connected must be completely moulded by it, and made the highest and only adequate expression of it. This can be found nowhere but in the human form, and not even in this, until it has become purified from all that is accidental and lifeless. The modern mind conceives of a spiritual reality, which even the human form cannot perfectly exhibit; of an infinity which is something more than the complete and unhindered realization of an idea, or embodiment of an individual spirit, however little it may be marred by individual peculiarities. We have already seen how, even in the most perfect work of Christian art, the thought to be expressed always hovers above it, refusing to be identified completely with it, or rather overflows it, because it cannot be contained in it. This expression of the inexpressible, this bodying forth of the infinite, is what the modern mind is ever striving after, and longing for. It is this longing that has upheaved the massive dome of St. Peter's, and the roofs and towers of the mediæval churches, and which above all strove for manifestation in that miracle of Cologne, which the Middle Age left half completed, as a musician might break off in the midst of some rapturous strain in which he sought to pour forth his full soul, and dash his instrument aside, feeling how inadequate is even the loftiest form or expression to exhibit the spiritual and the formless. The modern mind sees all about it cramped and limited, and finds the truest response to its longings in the contemplation of nature. In the presence of the forest, of the far-reaching landscape, or of soaring mountains, it sees manifestations of the absolute life, which are free from all the limi-

tations that cramp it everywhere beside. The trees, the flowers, the blue sky, are all expressions of this life; they have no articulate voice, they utter no precise thought, have no determined individuality; but yet they are embodiments of this inner vitality. This sounds to us in the voices of the birds; it breathes upon us in the breeze; it glances forth upon us in the quick eyes of the squirrel, before he disappears again among the leaves; it sports about us in the insects that float in the sunlight, in the fish that ripple the shaded brook. If we take any one of these animated forms, the squirrel, for instance, to our homes, its beauty is in a great degree lost. It is no longer a manifestation of the universal life, but merely of its own little individuality. We see all its limitations; it twirls its cage for exercise; it has its fears, its petty pleasures, and its many wants. So Emerson, in his beautiful poem, "Each and All," brings home the shell whose beauty had charmed him by the sea, but finds that it

> "Had left its beauty on the shore,
> With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."

Thus, in like manner, the sparrow, whose notes, as he heard them in the forest, had seemed to him a voice from heaven,

> "sings the song, but it pleases not now,
> For I did not bring home the river and sky:
> He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye."

A bird, however, whose joyous song seems to imply an inward depth of which we can form no conception, and a plant that never comes to any distinct utterance or *outerance* of itself, excepting in its flower, which adds only more of the mystery of beauty to its being, can never become completely individualized to us. There is a striking difference, also, between the manner in which we regard our domestic animals in general, and those that still enjoy the freedom of the forest. For the former we feel a love, it may be, which is yet mingled with a tinge of pity, increasing with the love; the latter form an important element of beauty.

We can now understand better than before the difference between the Classic and the Romantic enjoyment of nature.

That the Greeks did enjoy nature, their whole mythology is a witness. It also shows how they enjoyed it. They could be content with nothing vague. They felt the power of natural beauty, but they could not rest till they had given to this power a determinate shape. Where moderns see the divine in nature, they saw divinities. Suppose that a modern artist, for instance, has to give a representation of the Nile; he will paint the river with its shores covered with the vegetation peculiar to them, while the Pyramids and the Sphinx loom up in the background. How the classic artist represented it, the noble statue in the Vatican shows us.

We understand also better than before why the nations whose art has been called Symbolical should share something of the Romantic enjoyment of landscape. It was before stated that the Symbolic art is that which preceded the Grecian. If we include literature under the term Art, then the term Symbolic must be applied also to the entire range of Oriental poetry. It is not meant that symbolism reigns exclusively there, or that it does not exist in the midst of the art of all times and nations; but in the one case it is prominent enough to be regarded as the type, in the other it is not so. In the principal nations, whose art does not, in general, go beyond the symbolic, we find traces of a view of nature very unlike that of the Greeks. We see them piling the formless masses to stupendous heights, or hewing them into gigantic or monstrous proportions, and in their poetry heaping all the riches of the world together to express that which is inexpressible. In the universe about them they discern the same struggle; that too seems pressing onward to some mighty end. Nature stands before them, the great symbol. They see, as we, all parts of it, united to form a perfect whole; but this whole, they, like us, can neither grasp nor understand. While the Greeks made marble images of rivers, and worshipped dainty water-nymphs, they find in the Ganges and the Lotus objects of reverence, and much of the later Eastern poetry is full of the fragrance of roses and the music of nightingales.

We have thus examined, so far as our limits permit us, one of the two great questions which underlie the third volume of

the "Modern Painters," and which that work has done much to bring before us in a correct light. The fault of the work is, as has been already intimated, that it makes its solution depend upon causes which are too accidental and temporary, such as the artificialness of the preceding centuries.

We now approach the second question, with which all the first ten chapters of the volume have a close connection. It is stated in general terms, the Relation of Art to Nature. Our inquiries will take of necessity a somewhat broad sweep, for it would be impossible to prove the correctness of a solution of the question in regard to one of the arts, — that of painting, for instance, — without showing at the same time its application to other arts.

It is remarked by Ruskin, in one of his earlier works, that every painting must be, in some way, open to the infinite. This he illustrates by the need felt of a radiant distance in landscapes, and of some opening into the free air in representations of apartments, by the necessity of curves and gradation in every beautiful form, and the like. The remark is true, and is applicable to the beautiful wherever found. It appears to us, however, to admit of an application broader and deeper than any that has been referred to, which underlies them all, and which furnishes the most perfect line of distinction between the several departments of art, and equally between the entire realm of art and that of nature. Every object of nature, the most delicate flower, for example, is on the one side an individual, defined in outline and color; but on the other, it is open to the universal life, — its whole being is pervaded by it. It is this that swells its petals and gives the brightness to their coloring. After we have plucked it, and while it is withering in our hand, even the slow ebbing of its life shows that it is still connected with the great ocean from which it was derived. If we now consider an artificial flower, one of wax, for instance, we shall find that outwardly it is no more an individual than the other; its form is not more sharply defined, nor its colors more distinct. But the very fact of their permanence shows that it is unconnected with the ebb and flow of the infinite sea of life. The same is equally true

of the waxen representations of human forms; they are individualized on all sides, outwardly by form and color, and inwardly by being closed to the universal life. We imagine that no person of refined and cultivated taste, even without reasoning on the subject, can look upon them without a feeling of dissatisfaction and constraint. This is independent of any want of perfectness either in material or in execution. Their form may be moulded as beautifully as that of the Medicean Venus; their coloring may be as perfect as that of the Venus of Titian; but both will be debased by the union, and the works will still stand on one of the lowest steps of art. Could we now fill it with life, or could we remove either of its individualizing limits, whether of form or color, so as to leave it undetermined in that direction, and there open to the infinite, it would at once take a much higher stand as a work of art, and our feelings of dissatisfaction and constraint in looking upon it would be superseded. This is what is done in the complemental arts of painting and sculpture. In sculpture we have the actual and material form, but the coloring is wanting, is *undetermined*. The work is thus in one direction undefined, that is, is left open to the infinitude of color, and we can gaze upon it as a work of the highest art, and an object of perfect beauty. We do not mean that this feeling of satisfaction results from our freedom to fill the vacancy with imaginary colors; should we do this, the undetermined would become for us determined, and the high beauty would be lost. In painting, on the other hand, we have the colors destitute of any actual material and rounded form. It is true, that the color, so far as it is made up of light and shade, suggests an idea of shape; but we never, in looking upon a painting, lose the feeling that the color only is there; that it is unmaterialized, not united to actual form, and thus undefined in that direction. Should we lose this feeling, the effect would not be different from that experienced in looking upon the object of which the painting is a copy. The fact, however, that a form is suggested, although not actually given and determined, by the coloring of a picture, might, perhaps, convey the impression that painting is less truly open to the infinite than sculpture, and thus stands upon a lower step of

art; but it would be incorrect to reason from this alone, without regard to the contents of the work. The mental states expressed by sculpture have relation to the outward. The highest purely subjective state which it is capable of representing is that of self-repose. Thus nothing is attempted which cannot be fully exhibited. The form is the perfect embodiment of the idea which fills it. Painting, however, by the aid of delicate shades of color, and above all by the expression of the eye, is fitted to attempt something loftier. It seeks to bring to light the hidden recesses of the soul, which can never be fully revealed. Painting, therefore, as it increases in perfection, instead of becoming, like sculpture, more and more the full manifestation of the idea which it embodies, becomes less and less so. We gaze into the dark eyes of the Dresden Madonna, and strive in vain to penetrate the full mystery of the soul which would reveal itself through them. But of this element of indeterminateness in figure-painting, and of the openings into the infinite in landscape-painting, of which Ruskin has written, it is not our intention to speak further. We merely refer to them, to prevent the drawing of any false conclusions in regard to the respective merits of the arts from the principles laid down; and especially to preclude any doubts with regard to those principles from the false conclusions to which they might appear to lead. The infinite, indeed, in art, as well as in nature, is continually looking out upon us, and often where we least expect it; but we are merely considering that form of it which each art reserves for itself, by which it is prevented from ever falling into utter materialism, and by which it is distinguished from all other arts on the one hand, and from nature on the other.

Although the principle of which we are speaking may not always be the immediate criterion by which we judge of the respective merits of the arts, yet we may often explain by it the different degrees of pleasure we receive from them. We think that the same unsatisfied feeling of which we have spoken as being experienced in the presence of wax figures, also arises, in the same class of minds, from the representations of the theatre. Charles Lamb has strongly and beautifully expressed this feeling, in speaking of the different effect

produced by reading the plays of Shakespeare, and by witnessing their representation. As we read, the characters have an undefined majesty, the palaces an unlimited splendor; when we see them upon the stage, all has become finite. There is not even the freedom and satisfaction which the life of the performers might be supposed to give, as the life of the flower gives beauty to it; for they appear as the representatives, not of their own existence, but of a borrowed and assumed being. They have cast aside as far as possible their own life, and the strange life which they have taken on is limited and soon exhausted, and that not by flowing back into the infinite sea of life, for from that it has become disconnected.

In the opera a new element is introduced, that of music, which makes from the finite drama a way of escape into the infinite. Music addresses itself to one sense alone, that of hearing; it can therefore become easily defined upon one side only, and nothing can be entirely determined by the determination of but one of its sides. The only way, then, by which music can become wholly finite, is by taking into itself a definite content, as when it merely imitates any of the voices of nature. In this last case, both, like color and actual form, become debased by the union. The sound imitated has lost its vitality; for it is no longer an utterance of nature. The music which imitates has become debased; for it has bound itself to the finite. It might appear, at first sight, that all vocal music, that of the opera for example, by becoming the expression of a definite thought or feeling, has lost, in like manner, its indeterminateness. But the harmony and melody of music are different from either thought or passion. An idea or emotion may, indeed, be conveyed by them, but it is as a ship is borne upon the sea, which yet stretches immeasurably below and around it.* The Grecian theatre

* We may thus perceive how little reason there is for ridiculing any one for professing to enjoy an opera, while he may not understand the language in which it is performed. Who would ask for the words of a symphony of Beethoven? Or of what value is a *libretto* in listening to an overture, which is merely the music of the whole opera, condensed as it were into a few moments of exquisite pleasure? And if this can be enjoyed without a translation, why not also when it is expanded into that whole?

avoided the difficulty into which that of the present day has fallen, by the introduction of this element of music. The limits of the human in stature, voice, and expression also were broken through, and the divine element was introduced in the conduct of the play. The early English theatre also avoided the same difficulty, in some measure, by leaving the scenes undetermined, or only indicated by the rudest stage furniture.

In seeking for a confirmation of the principle of indeterminateness in architecture, we shall find that this depends for its beauty upon form; that color is rendered in it as little marked as may be. It retains, in general, merely the color of its material, as the whiteness of the marble, and the brownness of the freestone, or of the oak darkened by age. But even these are found to be a hinderance to the enjoyment of an architectural work; and when they can retire still farther into the background, it gains in nobleness of expression. It is not a mere idle sentimentality which has led painters and poets, and even inartistic tourists, into such raptures over Melrose Abbey and the Colosseum, as they are seen by moonlight. Every great work of architecture, new or old, so far as the general effect of it is concerned, can be fully enjoyed by moonlight or twilight alone. Then the eye is not prevented by minute ornament from taking in the grand proportions of the whole. It stands a mighty *Form* without color, and hence in that direction undetermined and immaterial. We can thus understand also, in part, the pleasure which a building in ruins gives us, — greater sometimes than that we should have derived from its complete beauty; for this could not equal our vague imaginings. The same effect is attempted in the interior of Gothic churches by producing a continual twilight, by means of which all color recedes into the background; and even the rays which fall crimsoned and purpled by the gorgeous staining of the window through which they have passed, as they creep forward with the changing sun, serve only to make the hue of all things more unreal and shadowy. We are here however approaching the precincts of the sublime, one mode of which consists in absolute indeterminateness, as well in form as in color; as, for instance, in the snow-covered moun-

tain, which is a mighty, unfilled outline, with nothing to help the imagination in the effort to grasp it. It is obvious that a perfect indeterminateness of color can be effected only by the actual presence of all the colors, in such proportions that all are neutralized, and thus perfect whiteness produced; or by the absence of all, the result of which is blackness; or, more generally, by some neutral tint, or its equivalent, of which we have a beautiful example in the polychromatic style of decoration. A Grecian temple, therefore, or any structure built of purely white marble, will gain less by the absence of light than a building formed of a reddish freestone, for instance, and can also dispense more easily with those strivings to represent the limitless in space, and those upward soarings above the bounds of common life, by which the churches of the Middle Age are characterized.

We have thus far considered architecture as dependent for its effect upon the proportion of its grand outlines. This is by no means its only, nor perhaps its strongest, appeal to the sense of beauty. A great part, perhaps the greatest part, of its effect is produced by its ornaments. This is a branch of architecture to which, owing to lack of wealth, or more truly, it may be, of taste, little attention has as yet been paid in our own land; but in the architectural master-works of the Old World, the grand proportions of which we have spoken serve only as a background for the paintings and carvings with which they are covered. These decorations naturally separate themselves into the two great divisions which we have named above; — paintings, with which of course are included imitations of them in mosaic, and which are confined to the *interior* of churches or other buildings; and works of sculpture, from which scarcely any part, whether within or without, is free. The remarks already made in regard to these arts would be equally applicable to them as thus employed. We will simply add in relation to architecture, that its productions enter more into the circle of nature than those of any other art. This results from their massiveness, their durability, and the fact that they form, more than any other works of art, portions of the daily life of a people. It seems almost as if they partook of the vitality of Nature, as if indeed she

"Gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date,
With Andes and with Ararat."

It might seem, therefore, that there was actually less need of this indeterminateness in architecture than in any other art. We find it, however, no less strongly marked.

In our investigation we have considered beauty and art merely negatively. The undetermined, the formless, is in itself nothing, and can therefore be productive neither of pleasure nor of pain. It must, of course, be united to a definite and perfect form, the laws of which we have not attempted even to suggest.

We ourselves are made up of the same two elements, the limitless and the finite. We, more than any other earthly existences, are partakers of the universal life. The course of our lives also presents the same two great contrasts; behind, it is determined and complete; before, it stretches on into the unknown and boundless. In the common and busy hours of life, we content ourselves, with as much grace as may be, with the finite things of earth; but in the contemplation of beauty, which is the high holiday and play-time of the soul, it will, for once, breathe the free air, and see a path open for itself into the pathless. It will stand upon that line of coast where on the one side lies the firm and the actual, and on the other stretches the vague and limitless ocean. Beauty meets this longing; by the union of which we have been speaking, it satisfies the double nature of man, and becomes its counterpart. We sometimes forget that an infinite life pervades nature, and look upon it as wholly material, and destined to satisfy merely our material wants. Art awakens us from this dream, which we call reality. It presents nature to us in such a manner that we cannot degrade or materialize it, but must suffer it to address our higher nature alone.

We have thus offered a few thoughts which may assist in solving the questions which Ruskin has so well stated, but not satisfactorily answered. The particular criticisms in the book are worthy of the highest praise and the most careful study; and through the entire volume, while we do not lose

sight of the author's idiosyncrasies of opinion and sentiment, we are increasingly impressed with the large scope of his genius, the lofty earnestness of his spirit, and the nobleness of his aim and endeavor.

ART. VI. — *Essays, Biographical and Critical; or, Studies of Character.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 475.

WHEN we consider the large space which Biography necessarily occupies in literature, engrossing so many of the shelves of our libraries, its always prominent position in the reading of all nations, and of late its rapid extension and encroachment upon History itself; when we look, too, at the obvious dangers and temptations attending its composition, it certainly appears that biography, as an art, defined in its range and exhibitions by critical and moral laws, has received far less attention from the world than the importance of the subject demands. In our own day, particularly, when there are more "Lives" written in proportion to the bulk of literature than ever before, there is less deference to rule, and apparently less sense of responsibility, in their preparation than ever before. Every man fortunate or unhappy enough to come into possession of a trunk full of papers relating to some departed man or woman of eminence, — nor is it always necessary that the man or woman should have departed this life, or that the eminence be unquestionable, — thinks himself *ipso facto* qualified to set up as a biographer. In many instances, it would be quite as sufficient a justification for the work, if a simple citizen, uneducated to the calling, were, on falling into possession of a stone quarry, a plantation of timber, and a chest of carpenter's tools, at once to set about the construction, with his own hands, of a church or a state-house. Nay, there would be a much greater probability of success in the case of the extempore carpenter than in that of the unqualified biographer; since the one deals with tangible material agencies, and the

other with metaphysical, spiritual forces, and in the economy of the world a thousand may fittingly use their hands where one is permitted, in this way, profitably to employ his brains. It is time this matter should be a little looked into. More persons have an interest in it than may be at first thought imagined. Genius, talent, high position, are in hourly danger, and alas for the literature of the nineteenth century and the burdens we are imposing upon posterity! low life, mediocrity, dulness itself, — these afford no protection from the biographical assassins swarming in all directions. "There are biographers abroad!" as Sydney Smith sounded the alarm at a breakfast with Jeffrey, when Moore announced the misfortune of Sir Thomas Lawrence, "falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell." Poor Moore! it was well he did not foresee his own fate in the murderous pages of Russell.

There are two comprehensive, indispensable conditions which we should insist upon, were we laying down the conditions of valuable biographical labor. One is, that the undertaker should be an able literary workman, profoundly skilled in that department of letters; the other is, that he should be not only a good, but a wise man. Under the first requisition, we would place all that relates to the collection of materials and their adjustment. It embraces unwearied diligence, conscientious verification, skill in the disposition of parts, — all that can be done by industry and talent. These, however, can go but a very little way without the infusion of a more subtile moral and intellectual element, which includes at once sober judgment and imaginative sympathy, sitting together with consenting counsels on one throne. When we consider how perplexed and tangled is all human motive and action, how "the web of our life," as the great dramatist feelingly reminds us, "is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," how "our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them out, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues," how little the most faithful and rigid self-examination teaches us to know of ourselves, and how much less we can possibly know of others, were all that speech could tell or pen reveal communicated to us, — when, too, the reverence, the love, the commiseration, due to

human life rise before us, — we must stand abashed at the magnitude and sacredness of the biographer's work.

The chief defect in recent narratives of the kind under consideration, artistically regarded, is that they confound the province of Memoirs with that of Biography. We ask for a finished result, and are shown a collection of materials. Diaries, letters, miscellaneous writings, the reminiscences of friends, are thrown together in one heap, with editorial labor in slight proportion to the mass, and the heap is called a biography. The obvious objection to all this at first sight is, that human life is too short, and human occupations too multifarious and pressing, for the great mass of mankind to master these voluminous compositions. They are not merely long, but they are tedious. The reader's journey is to be measured, not only by the number of pages, but by the difficulties unnecessarily placed in the way of his progress. He impatiently asks, as this controversy in detail, or that bundle of confused facts, this toilsome correspondence, or that self-reproaching journal, is spread out before him, why the self-styled biographer has not digested these crudities for him. It is his work. The book has been bought under a delusive belief that this particular labor had been performed, and the sale is a deception. The reader has embarked with his author as a cabin passenger, and finds himself, before he is fairly out at sea, compelled to work his passage. We could point to numerous instances of this substitution of Memoirs, or biographical commonplace books, — "quarries," as Jean Paul called them, — for proper biographies. There has scarcely been of late an exception. Even that admirably toned work, Lockhart's Life of Scott, is encumbered by Diary and Correspondence. So, too, is it with the volumes devoted to the memory of Southey, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Haydon, Arnold, Taylor of Norwich, Francis Horner, and, last and most pitiably, Thomas Moore. It is true that these are presented as Memoirs, but they are substitutes for biography, and must for some time fill its place; for what makes the compiler of Memoirs especially accountable is, that his prior possession of the requisite material excludes the biographer. Would it not be better to publish correspondence simply as correspondence,

and diaries and miscellaneous writings by themselves, as such? If this were done, it would frequently at once appear that the author had a new claim to the admiration of posterity. Men have before now acquired a distinct reputation on the strength of a diary, and the separate publication of letters is an old custom of English literature, which we would not willingly find disused. The composition of letters worth printing at all entitles the writer to a niche — it may be, compared with that of others, a small one, yet an independent rank — in the great Valhalla of authorship. Why merge the glittering honors in the obscurity of a dull biographer's unsatisfactory labors? The American practice in this respect is better than the English. It gives us pleasure to see in three new and important publications the proper distinction preserved. The Letters of Fisher Ames, of John Adams, and of Daniel Webster have been appropriately presented to the public as independent publications.

If we are to look anywhere now-a-days for biography proper, — biography of the old school of Plutarch, of Izaak Walton, of Dr. Johnson, — we may expect to find it in the leading Reviews; and, indeed, it is frequently to be found there in perfection when such writers as Carlyle, Macaulay, Isaac Taylor, Henry Rogers, Charles Kingsley, or John Forster (of the Examiner newspaper), hold the pen. Here frequently the operose and confused labors of the memoir-writers are digested, and brought to the public in a form and style worthy of lasting fame. These writers have the rare art of combining facts with principles, instead of overlaying principles with facts. Biography, like History in the old saying of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, is Philosophy teaching by example. The mind of that ill-defined, yet none the less real existence, the "general reader," is to be held for no long time by mere abstractions; he calls aloud for the concrete, and unless you throw in fact or anecdote speedily, his "generalship" is asleep. If we are to have again a new school of biographers, worthy to associate with such masters of the art as Johnson, they will be educated, we predict, in the Reviews.

These are, so to speak, mechanical conditions of biography. We would now say a few words more particularly of certain

of its moral aspects. Here we may place ourselves at the feet of a great philosopher, whose counsels are the inspiration and solace of life, — one with the true, the supreme generosity of the poetic and the Christian mind, — a man self-denying, prudent, exacting more from himself than from others, asking little from the world, and yet pleading in that very world, which insulted his noble course by frequent contempt, for a liberality and kindness among its denizens which they grudged to one another. To William Wordsworth we are indebted for the seminal principle of genuine biography in its moral relations. The occasion which led him to write upon this subject is noticeable. When it was proposed to republish Dr. Currie's Life of Burns, which was thought to have laid bare too recklessly the poet's vices and defects, a friend of Burns applied to Wordsworth, as one well known to be of genial sympathy, kind forbearance, and just reverence towards the subject of the Memoir, to vindicate his injured reputation. Wordsworth replied in "A Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns," in which, with much sound advice on the treatment of the Scottish poet's peculiar frailties, he rises to the consideration of a general law of biography.

"You will probably agree with me in opinion," he writes, "that biography, though differing in some essentials from works of fiction, is nevertheless, like them, an *art*, — an art, the laws of which are determined by the imperfections of our nature and the constitution of society. Truth is not here, as in the sciences, and in natural philosophy, to be sought without scruple and promulgated for its own sake, upon the mere chance of its being serviceable; but only for obviously justifying purposes, moral or intellectual. Only to philosophy enlightened by the affections does it belong justly to estimate the claims of the deceased on the one hand, and of the present and future generations on the other, and to strike a balance between them."

There is thus an art in morals, in our perceptions and our charities, in the domain of feeling as in the regions of knowledge. We must feel and judge by a high æsthetic standard. If we do not, if we are willing tamely to surrender our spiritual selves to the unpractised handling of every conceited blunderer who approaches them, then is life indeed cheapened in the present, and when we come to leave it, we may be said to sneak out of it rather than to die.

This prevailing lack of reverence is especially damaging to the reputation of men of genius. Their lives should be taken as a whole, in the aggregate of their best powers and performances. Yet how often is the judgment affected, and the opportunity for the cultivation and enjoyment of the rational and moral faculties thwarted, by the prevalence of petty detraction! It is the small change — the currency of gossip, defamation, and scandal — which passes freely from hand to hand, while the solid ingots of virtue and nobility are laid up unseen in secret repositories. A man should not be condemned for minor blemishes, if his life, as a life, in the sum of its actions has for the most important part been sacred to lofty thought or deed. Take Wordsworth himself. If any man has lived a purer, nobler, better life, one entitled to more sympathy and respect, in this nineteenth century, we have yet to hear of him. But what is the tendency of the personal anecdotes afloat concerning him? For the most part, to convey the impression that he was a vain, pragmatical, conceited admirer of himself and despiser of others, jealous of any rival near his poetic throne, and an habitual contemner of the progress of his age. These are the motes placed in the object-glass of the telescope, which, magnified a thousand-fold, become spots on the sun. Very many form their opinion of the man from such personal talk, taking the most obvious interpretation of the alleged facts as the true one; while, if these stories were examined, it would probably be found that there was some noble and worthy element of thought involved in each and every one of them. A man may be a severe critic on his contemporaries for the love of truth and out of a sense of justice, as well as from a petty spite. No one should stultify himself to admire the weakness of a friend. In accordance with this canon, we think it will be found, on examination of Wordsworth's criticisms and opinions, that they are always in obedience to some high law of judgment. Again, his seclusion at the lakes, and his absorption of mind in his own poetic creations, are surely entitled to our regard, since they were sacrifices, so to speak, made for our advantage in the perfection of the verse to which they gave birth. Had the poet been less concentrated, had he watched less the

motions of his own mind, he would have been so much the less the peculiar poet that he is. Yet how many will tell you of the awkwardness, the rusticity, the egotism, or the vanity, of the man; and how few will really take to their hearts the moral grandeur behind all these exhibitions! The friends of Wordsworth seem to have been not unaware of this tendency, and the Memoirs published by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth supply abundance of material to counteract it. Perhaps they go too far in an opposite direction, in deprecating *any* life being written beyond that inscribed by the poet with his own hand on his own works. The public will not be content with this, and there is danger that the dissuasive will throw the task, when it is undertaken, into inferior hands.

To take another example of a reputation likely to be endangered by injudicious biography, — and an example as far as possible removed from the last, — there is Thomas Moore, as man and poet the opposite of William Wordsworth. What is the general character of Moore, as revealed to us by those who were best qualified to pronounce a *verdict?* — for an opinion in such a case is tantamount to a judicial *verdict*, influenced by similar laws of judgment, weighing of testimony, and balancing of probabilities. It is that he was a kind, genial, amiable man, faithful, so far as we have learned, to his friendships, proud of his wife, and devotedly attached to her. That he was an habitually industrious, painstaking, consequently, in many respects, a self-denying man, his writings show, in their aggregate, and not less when looked at in detail, being, for the most part, productions requiring an infinite deal of skill, tact, and patient elaboration. These writings, moreover, evince a delicate susceptibility of heart, an aptness for pleasurable emotions, clearly indicative, to a student of the passions, of a corresponding sense of the burdens and the sadness of life. The author died and was buried; attended through the melancholy close of his career by the sympathy of thousands throughout the world, to whom his wit and song were "household words." If there was a man, in the walks of the richly endowed literature of the nineteenth century, of whom the world thought kindly, it was Thomas Moore. Suddenly a biographer ap-

pears upon the stage, and our intelligent friend and sentimental companion is presto converted into something like a zany and a hypocrite. We would not object to the preservation, or even to the publication, of Moore's Diary, at a suitable time and in a suitable manner. Had Lord John Russell been faithful to his trust, or had he displayed the diligence and acumen demanded, at the present day, of the veriest literary hack, there were materials in the Diary which would have enriched a true biography, — a biography that might have been made one of the most satisfactory and enjoyable in the language, — one which, without departing from truth and justice, might have presented the picture of, upon the whole, an amiable life, not without weaknesses, but redeemed by many virtues. As it is, a careless, fragmentary note-book is thrown to us to make what we can of it; and as it contains little but memoranda of dinners and jokes, and jottings of preliminary studies for books, the conclusion is forced upon us that Moore was a sensualist and a trifler, habitually neglecting his home; while, as for his learning, it becomes mere desultory reading when we see how it was picked up. There are many far more solid men who could not stand these tests. If we were to peep into the privacy of our learned friend, the eloquent pastor whose praise is in all the churches, and see from what flowers and in what pastures this Attic bee extracts his honey, would he be likely to fare better with the mass of uneducated judgments? or would the grave judge, who has perhaps picked up his last scrap of sententious wisdom, which is so much admired in intelligent circles, in the desultory conversation of the omnibus, or a paragraph in some trifling newspaper? or the great statesman, — what if we had *his* candid diary?

Was there ever a better reputation of the respectable historical kind, dignified in the state and embalmed in affairs, than that of Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty to the Duke of York, a stanch business support of Old England, when that venerable personage seemed fast sinking to destruction? A wig never covered fairer pretensions; the protecting mantle of a college never enveloped more decently the shoulders of a patron. Pepys was floating gallantly down

to posterity, a stately frigate on the tide of time, till one day an inopportune discovery in the bookcase which he had bequeathed to Magdalen College, Cambridge, disclosed a diary carefully concealed in cipher. The disguise was soon penetrated, and dignified Pepys stood revealed to the world a laughing-stock, a dear companion in folly of the best of us, the sport of wits, the jest of everybody, the derision of *Punch*. The stolid, respectable, solemn elephant was suddenly converted into a chattering, wanton ape; the stately frigate, into a whiffling pinnace with ribbons for cordage. Yet, in reality, Pepys, diary and petty confessional to the contrary notwithstanding, was a highly respectable character, and deserves esteem according to his place in English history.

Such considerations as this example may suggest will thus rescue the memory of Moore from the immediate ill effects of his noble biographer's lack of judgment; but no little mischief has been done for some time to come. The patient will recover from this serious biographic attack; but a partial paralysis will cling to his memory for ever.

Happy is it that we may turn for a moment to one shining example in English literature, where the characters of the good and eminent were not sacrificed to the irreverent pursuit of scandal and gossip; but where, on the contrary, a genial, kindly spirit, observingly distilling the "soul of goodness in things evil," covers our degenerate nature with the warm mantle of Christian charity. To a linen-draper of London, English character owes this unaccustomed honor. Izaak Walton, mercer of Cornhill, the cheery, benevolent fisherman, whose memory is fragrant with the perfume of the airs and fields in which he loved to live, better yet, received a higher inspiration from the society of the good men with whom he was privileged to associate. His quiet simplicity and *good* nature — we would emphasize the word *good*, for the phrase has lost much of its force by repetition — gave him an entrance to poets, divines, philosophers, and princes. Herbert, Donne, Hooker, Sanderson, Wotton, will ever be associated with his labors. The lives of these men are sung by him in a kind of humano-seraphic strain, as if the worthy and

noble were alone worth preserving. He cared nothing for minor blemishes. It was enough for him that the sun shone; why darken its glories to detect its spots? To the honor and for the solace of human nature, there is one book of biography to which we may turn, where jealousy and detraction have no place, — where virtue appears more virtuous, — where we breathe, as it were, a balmy air of goodness. "In an ancient inscription yet extant," writes Archdeacon Zouch, in a biography which has caught the colors of the pious fisherman's own style, "it is said of a Roman citizen, that he knew not how to speak injuriously, — *nescivit maledicere*. We may observe of Izaak Walton, that he was ignorant how to write of any man with acrimony and harshness. The mild spirit of moderation breathes almost in every page." But the purest and highest compliment to Walton is from a poet who lavished no unthinking eulogy. Wordsworth has embalmed his memory in a sonnet among the Ecclesiastical Sketches: —

> "There are no colors in the fairest sky
> So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
> Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
> Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
> We read of faith and purest charity
> In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
> O could we copy their mild virtues, then
> What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
> Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
> Apart, — like glowworms on a summer night;
> Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
> A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
> Satellites burning in a lucid ring
> Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

Was there not detraction and scandal to be picked up of each and every of these "satellites"? Doubtless; for they were human and surrounded by men. The profound penitence and self-abasement of George Herbert's poems will tell you that he, at least, thought himself no saint, and the rest would give the same verdict of self-condemnation. Yet why for ever shroud the sunshine of virtue by the baleful shadow

of vice? When the body rejoices in the warmth of noonday, do we call for the chill of midnight? Why treat the soul to less curative regimen? Has not goodness, being positive, its welcome heat, while the negative, vice, repels, shrinks, dwarfs, "freezes the genial current of the soul"? Granting that Walton, judged by knowing modern biographers and critics, was partial in his love of goodness and deficient in censure, we will admit that some of his successors have a keener scent for carrion and decay.

With these illustrations of a fruitful theme, we pass to a brief notice of the Biographical Essays by Mr. Tuckerman, who will readily, for the sake of a favorite subject, forgive our so long keeping him in the antechamber after his name and "title" have been announced at the head of this article.

The "essays" which compose the volume before us are thirty in number, ranging over wide fields of history, literature, and art, including celebrities of the Old World and the New. There is, however, a principle of selection in the variety. Though the original intention does not appear of choosing these various personages peculiarly as "representative men," yet there is evidently an undercurrent of taste which has led to this result, — the mind of the writer naturally attaching itself to seminal principles of character. Thus we have Lord Chesterfield, the Man of the World; Sir Kenelm Digby, the Modern Knight; Richard Savage, the Literary Adventurer; George Berkeley, the Christian Philosopher; Joseph Addison, the Lay Preacher. In other cases, the designation has somewhat the look of an afterthought, — as if the names were supplied to fill out the table of contents on a certain plan. Thomas Campbell, the Popular Poet; John Constable, the Landscape Painter; DeWitt Clinton, the National Economist, — are well enough, but hardly distinctive enough. It has the air of "ticketing" the goods for a shop window, — one of the last charges to be brought against Mr. Tuckerman in a generation of authors tainted with the sins of advertising, puffing, and pretentiousness of all sorts. He has done his work far too well, quite too unobtrusively, to be for a moment exposed to this reproach. It is not that the epithets in question involve any assumptions, not made good

by the text. On the contrary, they fall short of the variety of motive and action exhibited in the Essays, — and this diversity of treatment includes, in many instances, a special analysis of the particular vocation of the subject. For example, under Lord Chesterfield, the relation of manners to life is considered; under Boone, we have a view of border and hunting life in its general conditions; Lafitte brings us an essay on the philosophy of finance; Pellico, a sketch of Carbonarism in Italy; and so with others. We would suggest, however, that, in any future classification of the author's writings in this department, of which the present volume, though extensive, forms but a small portion, these particular inscriptions should be dropped. It is sufficient for method and order that an arrangement be made with reference to a few general classes, simply to avoid the confusion of a helter-skelter crowd.

As several of not the least valuable of these Biographical Essays, including Sterne, De Foe, Berkeley, Sydney Smith, Franklin, and Washington, have already appeared in this Review, it is the less necessary for us to speak in detail of the author's peculiar handling. Suffice it to say, that the subjects have been well selected, and that, with a judicious combination of fact and reflection, they are handled with facility and literary ability in style, and with harmony and unity of purpose, — all properties which imply well-trained mental habits. When old topics are chosen, they are such — "nature's great stereotypes" — as are worthy of being kept in perpetually fresh remembrance; and they have often the addition of new facts, while they are always made freshly interesting by an appropriate strain of sentiment. In several cases the materials of voluminous, diffuse documentary publications are drawn together within the narrow and profitable limits of the Essay, with no little skill. In others we have valuable foreign materials, as in the sketches of Lafitte, Chateaubriand, D'Azeglio, Leopardi, Silvio Pellico, similarly concentrated, — presenting to us not unfrequently the results of personal observation and experience, as well as of extensive reading.

These are obvious conditions of sketches of this class.

There is one paramount quality, a characteristic which runs throughout the volume, which is peculiarly Mr. Tuckerman's own, — a certain sympathy, breadth, and generosity of treatment. A good subject may be safely left with him. It is the curse of much writing of this description, that it falls into the hands of literary hacks and jobbers, with more of the scandal-monger than the gentleman in their composition, — the valets of letters, to whom no worth or eminence, however well tried or exalted, is heroic. With the small revilers and detractors, the "minute philosophers" of the ridiculous, the foul cellar-rats who gnaw at the foundations of mighty edifices, Mr. Tuckerman has no sympathy. There are eulogists with the sting of satire in their very benevolence, critics whose praise has the flavor of their censorship, and whose censorship is brutality and insult. With them the composer of a book is an unconvicted felon waiting at the bar for judgment, not as he should be received, a gentleman, perhaps a stranger, to whom every law of courtesy and hospitality is to be unstintingly applied. The vice of fault-finding for the sake of fault-finding is a chronic malady in the catalogue of the ailments of men of letters. We know not, indeed, which is the more melancholy exhibition, to "wonder with a foolish face of praise," or to "hint a fault and hesitate dislike." The preference depends upon the choice between a weak head and a bad heart.

As an example of Mr. Tuckerman's mode of introducing his subjects, we may select the following preamble to his sketch of Robert Fulton. The author in this and other cases seems setting his mind in tune for his theme by a preliminary overture.

"A celebrated geographer speaks of the State of New York as an epitome or type of the whole country, — representing the grand scale of its waters, the productiveness of its soil, and the picturesque beauty of its scenery. An analogous character may be recognized in the intellectual history of the State. Without the universal mental culture and the special literary development of New England, New York has given birth to men remarkable for comprehensive minds and social efficiency, such as Hamilton, Livingston, Jay, Morris, and Clinton; with whom originated liberal schemes of polity, and a great system of internal improvements. They proved wise and eloquent advocates of our national

welfare; and justice refers us continually to their important services as the basis of much of our existent prosperity, freedom, and advancement. There was a scope, hospitality, and self-respect in their character, which betokened a noble race; and their names ever awaken sentiments of patriotic elation. It seems not less appropriate that a region of inland seas, with an ocean on one side and a vast extent of country on the other, — the state that links the eastern and western portions of the confederacy, and whose metropolis is the commercial port of the nation, — should have been the scene of triumph to the mechanician who first successfully applied steam to navigation, and thus supplied the grand desideratum to our physical resources and social unity. The interests of agriculture, commerce, and education were intimately dependent on the experiment. Facility of intercourse between the island of Manhattan and the banks of her two rivers instantly enlarged her local power, while we are only now beginning to realize the political influence and new avenues of wealth incident to the same rapid and frequent communication with Europe and the Pacific. Both the results and the origin of Fulton's inventive energy are, therefore, naturally associated with New York; and the corporation of the city did but respond to a universal public sentiment, when they gave his name to the thoroughfare extending through three sections of as many cities brought together by steam ferriage. The first steamboat voyage through Long Island Sound and up the Hudson, as well as the launch of the first steam-frigate, are among the memorable reminiscences upon which our elder citizens yet expatiate with enthusiasm, while the waters around now literally swarm with the improved and restless progeny of those comparatively recent achievements.

"'See how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, clambering o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before, and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

"'With dashing wheel and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by;
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beams she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green,
That skirts her gleaming sides.'

"The Patent Office at Washington affords an extraordinary demonstration of the predominance of mechanical talent in the country; but it is in special and limited machines, in refinements upon old inventions, and in cleverness of detail, that this aptitude is chiefly indicated; there is more evidence of ingenuity than genius. Yet this characteristic of the American mind, which reached its acme in Franklin, is not without its higher types of development; men who unite to a taste for mechanics a comprehensive view of their utility and possible results; who have combined with a knowledge of material laws a rare sagacity in their application; and possessed both the faculty to invent and the enthusiasm and strength of moral purpose to advocate inventions of a kind essentially adapted to modify society, and advance the condition of the whole world. Such mechanicians are philosophers as well as artisans, and work in the spirit of a broad and philanthropic intelligence. They illustrate most effectively the true dignity of labor, by relieving humanity of its greatest burdens, and enlisting brain as well as muscle, and nature's mysterious agency not less than man's intelligence and hardihood." — pp. 121 – 123.

We have another instance of this generalization in the body of a paper, refuting the popular fallacy.

"It is a common error to attribute mechanical invention to a happy chance; but no branch of human pursuit more directly originates in the calculating energy of the mind. It is the result of practical thinking; and the greatest inventors assure us that the intervals of their experimental toil are occupied with intense meditation upon the means and ends, the relation of matter and laws, or the process of overcoming a special difficulty. Whittemore, the inventor of the card-machine, one of the most ingenious and intricate of inventions, after having accomplished everything desired except bending the wires, was completely baffled; the subject haunted him day and night, and he declares that, while pondering upon it, he fell asleep, and the method came to him in a dream, which he instantly adopted on waking, and with entire success. Blanchard, the clever boy, who, at the age of thirteen, invented a machine for paring apples, based on observation of the graduating action of the thumb, when the process was done by hand, while riding in a wagon and musing on the obstacles to manufacturing gun-stocks by machinery, suddenly conceived the whole principle of turning irregular forms, and cried out, like Archimedes, at the idea, which he afterwards realized and patented. Watt's early practice as a mathematical-instrument maker, and his subsequent studies as an engineer, prepared him to improve so essentially the steam-engine. The naval architecture of

Eckford, the Eddystone lighthouse, — that monument of Smeaton's scientific temerity, — the bridges of Edwards and Remington, the kitchen apparatus of Count Rumford, and the momentous discoveries of Faust, Jenner, and Daguerre, are not to be regarded as accidental triumphs of mere ingenuity, but as the results of patient study, numerous experiments, and intelligent resolution. It is the same with the mills of Evans, the water machinery of Slater, the clocks and globes of Ferguson, the steam-guns of Perkins, the safety-lamp of Davy, and almost every successful application of natural laws to mechanical aptitudes, whether by self-educated or professedly scientific men. We are apt to look only at the achievement, and disregard the process, which is often gradual, complicated, and only attained through earnest study and long experience. A certain natural shrewdness is doubtless characteristic of the mechanical inventor, and to the prevalence of this trait has been reasonably ascribed the facility and productiveness of the New-Englanders in this branch of labor; but it is not less owing to their remarkable perseverance and energy. 'It is through the collation of many abortive voyages to the polar regions,' says De Quincey, 'that a man gains his first chance of entering the polar basin, or of running ahead on the true line of approach to it.'" — pp. 12 – 12 .

There is a happy instance of a number of details included in a general narrative, in a passage descriptive of Southey's literary habits.

"No man having any pretension to genius ever succeeded in reducing literature to so methodical and sustained a process. It went on with the punctuality and productiveness of a cotton-mill or a nail-factory; exactly so much rhyming, collating, and proof-reading, and so much of chronicle and correspondence, in the twenty-four hours. We see Robert Southey, as he paints himself, seated at his desk, in an old black coat, long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and a green shade; and we feel the truth of his own declaration, that this is his history. Occasionally he goes down to the river-side, behind the house, and throws stones until his arms ache, plays with the cat, or takes a mountain walk with the children. The event of his life is the publication of a book; his most delightful hour that in which he sees the handsomely printed title-page that announces his long meditated work ready, at last, to be ushered in elegant attire before the public; his most pleasing excitement to read congratulatory letters from admiring friends, or an appreciative critique in a fresh number of the 'Quarterly.' *

* "Coleridge once said, 'I can't *think* of Southey without seeing him either mending or using a pen."

"Minor pastimes he finds in devising literary castles in the air, projecting epics on suggestive and unused themes, giving here and there a finishing touch to sentence or couplet, possessing himself of a serviceable but rare tome, transcribing a preface with all the conscious dignity of authorship, or a dedication with the complacent zeal of a gifted friend. From the triple, yet harmonious and systematic life of the country, the study, and the nursery, we see him, at long intervals, depart for a visit to London, to confabulate with literary lions, greet old college friends, make new bargains with publishers, and become a temporary diner-out; or he breaks away from domestic and literary employment in his retreat among the hills, for a rapid Continental tour, during which not an incident, a natural fact, an historical reminiscence, a political conjecture, or a wayside phenomenon, is allowed to escape him. Though wearied to the last degree, at nightfall he notes his experience with care, as material for future use; and hurries back, with presents for the children and a voluminous diary, to resume his pen-craft; until the advent of summer visitors obliges him to exchange awhile the toils of authorship for the duties of hospitality." — pp. 59, 60.

The essay closes with an ingeniously expressed and moderate view of Southey's style, — in other words, of the man.

"If we were to name, in a single term, the quality for which Southey is eminent, we should call him a verbal architect. His prose works do not open to our mental gaze new and wondrous vistas of thought; they are not deeply impressive from the greatness, or strangely winsome from the beauty, of their ideas. Their rhetoric does not warm and stir the mind, nor is their scope highly philosophic or gracefully picturesque. But their style is correct, unaffected, and keeps that medium which good taste approves in manners, speech, and costume, but which we seldom see transferred to the art of writing. For pure narrative, where the object is to give the reader unalloyed facts, and leave his own reflection and fancy to shape and color them, no English author has surpassed Southey. He appears to have been quite conscious of the moderate standard to which he aspired. 'As to what is called fine writing,' he says, 'the public will get none of that article out of me: sound sense, sound philosophy, and sound English, I will give them.' There is no doubt, in so doing, he consulted the Anglo-Saxon love of regulated and useful principles and hatred of extravagance, and was thus an admirable type of the modern English mind; but such an ideal, however praiseworthy and respectable, scarcely coincides with the more noble and inspired mood in which the permanent masterpieces of literary genius are conceived and executed." — p. 74.

We close our extracts with a portion of Mr. Tuckerman's personal notices of Gouverneur Morris, a comparatively neglected hero among American statesmen: —

"With this breadth of purpose and fertility of thought, there, however, blended a peremptory manner, which sometimes led Gouverneur Morris to check garrulity with a lofty impatience, and also imparted a somewhat dictatorial tone to his intercourse. With his frankness, too, there was united a certain love of discipline and courtly dignity, that were not always pleasing to the ultra democratic among his countrymen. With the local prejudice and social conformity of New England he had no sympathy, but seems to have inherited the dislike of Yankee customs and modes of feeling, which induced his father to prohibit his children, by will, a New England education. The elements of humanity were liberally dispensed to him. He did not live exclusively in his intellect and public spirit; but was a genuine lover of ease and pleasure, had a natural taste for elegance and luxury, and knew how to enjoy as well as how to work. Throughout the most active part of his life, however, he never allowed the one function to infringe upon the other.

"It has been justly said of him that 'he never shrunk from any task, and never commenced one which he left unfinished.' Indeed, his faculty consisted mainly in a rare power of concentration. He could converge the light of his mind and the force of his emotions, at will; and, therefore, whether business or pleasure enlisted him, the result was never equivocal. His moral power was integrity; he was direct, open, sincere, a thorough, uncompromising, and zealous devotee of truth in philosophy, social relations, and life. Hence his courage, self-respect, and simplicity, rendering him altogether a fine specimen of a republican gentleman. His commanding figure, expressive features, and strong, emphatic articulation, combined as they were with superior intellectual gifts, justify Madame de Staël's remark to him: '*Monsieur, vous avez l'air tres imposant.*'

"He was equally at home when absorbed in abstruse inquiries and conviviality, amusement and study, utility and agreeableness; and possessed that completeness of nature which is essential to manhood. His generosity was evinced in numerous and unostentatious services to the unfortunate; and his letter to a Tory friend, who desired to return to America, breathes the true spirit of magnanimity. He drafted the Constitution of the United States. Never being solicitous for the credit due to his patriotic labors, many services are claimed in his behalf, by his friends, which nominally belong to those with whom he was asso-

ciated in public life. He often expressed the conviction that his own mind was more indebted for lucid and reliable principles of judgment and action to Robert H. Morris than to any other friend. Having married a niece of John Randolph, the latter was often his guest, and the keen encounters which would naturally occur between two such emphatic yet opposite characters may readily be imagined.

"The manner in which his marriage occurred is an instance of that eccentricity to which we have alluded as indicating the originality and independence which marked his private not less than his public life. He had invited a large number of his relatives to a Christmas dinner, and, having greeted them all with his usual hospitality, left the room, and soon returned with his intended bride, and a clergyman who instantly performed the marriage ceremony, to the astonishment of all the guests, and the disappointment of those among them who expected to inherit the estate.

"His behavior when the accident occurred by which he lost his leg was equally characteristic. While in attendance upon Congress, in Philadelphia, his horses having taken fright in consequence of some disturbance in the street, he was thrown from his phaeton, and so severely injured in the knee-joint, that amputation of the lower limb was deemed necessary. He conversed not only with calmness but with humor over his misfortune; and told the experienced surgeons that they had already sufficient reputation, and he preferred giving the operation to a young medical friend, that he might have the credit of it to advance his practice. When abroad he tried several very artistic substitutes for his lost member; but, naturally impatient of deception, even in costume, he continued to use a stump attached to the fractured leg, and managed to accommodate his locomotion to this inconvenience without in the least impairing the dignity of his movements. Indeed, it served him an excellent purpose on one occasion, for the cry of 'Aristocrat!' being raised against him in the streets of Paris, for appearing in his carriage, when no such vehicles were allowed by the mob, he was surrounded by a bloodthirsty crowd, who threatened his life; but he coolly thrust his wooden leg out of the window, and cried out, 'An aristocrat? Yes; who lost his limb in the cause of American liberty!' The reaction was instantaneous; he was not only allowed to proceed, but vehemently cheered on his way.

"He had an old-fashioned but impressive manner of expressing himself, which, though at this day it might be considered somewhat ostentatious, accorded with the large canes and buttons, the broad-skirted coats and stately air, in vogue when Copley's portraits truly represented the style of character and taste in dress that prevailed. A genuine

Knickerbocker, in whose now ripe memory Gouverneur Morris is the ideal of an American civilian, imitates with great effect the tone, at once significant and dignified, with which he asked a pretentious literary aspirant, who apologized for being late at dinner by stating that he had been engaged in forming a philosophical society, 'Pray, where are your philosophers?' and his reply to a friend who asked his son, then a boy of four years old, if he had yet read Robinson Crusoe and Jack the Giant-Killer, 'Tell the gentleman, no; but that you are acquainted with the lives of Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles of Sweden, — the Twelfth.'

"There was a vein of what has been called Johnsonese in the rhetoric of Gouverneur Morris; but it was underlaid by so much strong natural sense, and, in his deliberate efforts, vivified by such true enthusiasm, that it seemed quite appropriate to the man. He had all the requisites to sustain daring oratory. With a taste formed chiefly upon the French pulpit eloquence in its palmy days, his indulgence in personification, as when he invoked the shade of Penn in a speech in Philadelphia, and especially in the apostrophes of his funeral orations, in a man of less natural dignity and impressiveness would have been in imminent danger of gliding from the sublime to the ridiculous; but there was a singular unity of effect in the elocution of Gouverneur Morris. Intelligent crowds hung in silent admiration upon his eloquence; and servants stopped open-mouthed, dish in hand, to catch his table-talk. His social privileges were not less rich than various; and he enjoyed the signal advantages of that companionship with superior natures which is quickened and sustained by mutual duties and genuine intellectual sympathy. It was his rare fortune to be intimate with the leading spirits of two nations, at epochs of social and political convulsions which brought to the surface and into action the gifts and graces, as well as the passions, of humanity. At home the esteemed associate of Schuyler, Greene, and the other brave chiefs of the army; of Hamilton, Clinton, and all the eminent civic leaders of his time; the correspondent of public characters, embracing every species of distinction, from that of Paul Jones to that of Thomas Jefferson; and abroad, on terms of the frankest intercourse with Necker and his gifted daughter, Marmontel and the family of Orleans, — he had the best opportunity to estimate the comparative benefits of fortune, rank, genius, society, form of government, modes of life, and principles of nature." — pp. 422 – 425.

ART. VII. — *The Puritan Commonwealth. An Historical Review of the Puritan Government in Massachusetts, in its Civil and Ecclesiastical Relations from its Rise to the Abrogation of the First Charter. Together with some General Reflections on the English Colonial Policy, and on the Character of Puritanism.* By the late PETER OLIVER, of the Suffolk Bar. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 502.

THIS book is designed to tell "the other side of the story" of the fathers of Massachusetts. It contains an unfavorable, an unfriendly, an excessively severe disquisition upon their policy. It subjects to a most unsparing freedom of criticism their motives, principles, and conduct, as well as all their peculiar institutions in church and state. Heretofore we have been accustomed to listen to the favorable, the laudatory side of their story. With the exception of an occasional apologetic essay or discourse, designed to soften or nullify some especial assault or criticism, we have been wont to read only confident boasts and high eulogiums of all that our fathers planned or perfected. Bancroft, idealizing his theme with the splendors of a rich and glowing fancy, and setting it forth in the most captivating rhetoric, is held by all competent judges as having overwrought his work. His brilliancy, erudition, and fervor of style, while they captivate the reader, are not always made tributary to the sober and homely truth of his subject. A double anachronism runs through his pages. He has ascribed to the Puritans a philosophical theory of democracy of which they never dreamed, and he has assumed for that theory a vitality, a maturity of development, and an honored acceptance two hundred years ago, such as it can hardly be said to have secured for itself until quite recently, as the result of modern thought and conflict. Grahame threw the whole sympathy of his creed and heart into his History. His pleadings are often too strong; his assertions are very frequently too positive and unqualified; his zeal occasionally is unwisely spent; and, whether it be to its praise or its reproach, we must say that his History has no philosophy. Hildreth is an exception in spirit and method to our histo-

rians. Utterly destitute of sympathy with the Puritans, he is also too well read in their annals, and too honest to his own sense of right, to allow his fancy to transfigure them or any of their doings. In his treatment of them he is cold, rather than calm; contemptuous and cynical, rather than appreciative or judicial.

It is not, however, in our formal and elaborate histories that we find the materials for our prevailing views and the reiteration of the glory of our Puritan fathers. Our Plymouth Rock and Fourth of July orations, our town and church centennials, and our New England festivals, now observed in the chief cities of the land, draw forth every year so many utterances, that those who do not read history are kept in constant remembrance of the renown of their ancestors. It would be strange if the mythical element which has confounded the annals of mercurial Rome, as well as the finer traditions of Greece, had not passed at least into the rhetoric of our frequent declaimers. We will not say that they have exhausted their subject; for rather have they invented, or enriched and intensified, their subject, — the stock and staple of their discourse, — which is the praise of the Puritans. The matter has been carried so far as to become a grievance. All men of sense acknowledge this, nor will any bugbear reproach of ingratitude, or of inability to appreciate stern virtues and rigid principles, avail for the future to repress the utterance of disgust at this over-doing of a theme the glory of which is human and imperfect. It may be well that this blatant rhetoric, this stilted exaggeration, should be checked before it has really made the theme itself ridiculous; for some of us have already begun to ridicule our own excesses, and it is not to be marvelled at, if, while friends are ashamed, enemies and scoffers should triumph. The extravagant praise which has been so lavishly bestowed on the Puritans, as holding opinions and advancing principles utterly inconsistent with their most cherished convictions as well as with their limitations of view and their prejudices, has provoked rebuke. Patience has been exhausted, and hostility, which was never subdued, has been roused to some bold manifestations. This hostility, however, is too boastful; it is overshooting its mark, and will feel the

recoil of its own weapons. But it is no wonder that some, even among the descendants of the Puritans, are asking if there is not another side to the story usually told of them.

In one very important respect the festivities of the ball and the dance connected with recent celebrations of Forefathers' Day at Plymouth, are not more inconsistent with the practices of the Puritans, than was an assertion made there by Senator Seward in his Oration, with their principles. We refer to his assertion, that they were thoroughly loyal to the great principles of religious liberty, and that "they had adopted one true, singular, and sublime principle of civil conduct, namely, that the subject in every state has a natural right to religious liberty of conscience." Now it would be difficult to define the exact limitations which the Plymouth fathers put upon the lawful exercise of this liberty; but it is positively certain that they did not honor nor allow its legitimate workings. The mischief has been chiefly in the exaggeration and in the transformation by modern lights of certain facts, which fidelity to the truth of Puritan history must present in a manner quite different from that in which they are related in our demonstrative orations. Another manifest error is that of ascribing to the principles of the Puritans the honor of some noble results from the workings of those principles. Some of these results the Puritans did not recognize, nor aim after; others of them they would have dreaded and withstood if proposed to them. These results from the workings of Puritan principles may even have been wrought out in actual collision with the principles themselves, and in deadliest opposition to them, while nevertheless they may be honestly assumed as the fruits from a Puritan tillage. There was a Puritan spirit, as well as a Puritan commonwealth. That spirit raised some other spirits, which it could not conjure back into the deep. Besides the recognized motives and objects which the exiles pursued, we must make allowance for the impulse which had taken possession of them, and was driving them they knew not whither. They were themselves the subjects of an inspiration, as well as the obedient servants of the truth which the world had then reached. Irresistibly, and in spite of their convictions and prejudices, they wrought out the results in

which we glory. Their eulogists must be careful to draw these distinctions; for there are those who will tell the other side of the story, if they do not tell their own side candidly.

Now Mr. Oliver's book designs, as we have said, to tell "the other side of the story" touching the Massachusetts fathers, who, with some especial liabilities of their own, must share all the reproach that can be visited on their Plymouth brethren. We trust that in what we have thus far written we have sufficiently assured our readers that we are not going to be angry with Mr. Oliver, while we attempt to deal with him. We have discharged ourselves of all indignation of a wicked or malignant character, by admitting to ourselves that he is right in matters which do not tell against anything that we care to defend, while we are calmly sure that he is wrong, clearly and demonstrably wrong, where we should be at issue with him. We have been well aware for some years that such a book as his could be written. We knew that there were facts enough for its basis; that there was a spirit abroad which could deal with these facts, and array them, and argue from them as he has done; and that they admitted of just that coloring and setting which he has given them, as helping, with the aid of false lights, misconstructions, and strong antagonistic prejudices, to tell the other side of a story told too often recklessly, fancifully, and in a manner to provoke indignant criticism and ridicule. We have therefore been expecting such a book as this before us. But we did not look for it in the quarter from which it has come. We had not supposed that a descendant of the Puritans was to be the author of it. There is an old Scripture story of the filial piety of two sons, who, throwing a mantle over their own shoulders, walked backward to cover with it the nakedness and shame of their father. There is also an old proverb as to the sort of bird which defiles its own nest. But we will not press the moral of Scripture or proverb. Perhaps we should rather commend the candor and magnanimity of one, who, with a Puritan lineage which identifies him with the very foremost of those whose fair fame he questions, could divest himself of the affection which covers, that he might exercise the severity which exposes, errors. Our author also says that we must be tolerant.

And we must be so. We are daily practising, we feel that we are daily advancing in, that hard virtue. Mr. Oliver has aided our own efforts for its attainment in both the ways in which we learn it from others, — by their practice and by their neglect of it. A descendant of the Puritans, who is their champion only in so far as he resolves that they shall have fair play, is sure of his ground. Bitterness or abuse in dealing with their assailants, especially with so serene and gentlemanly a one as Mr. Oliver, will not help us. Life, social, literary, and religious, is presenting to us on all sides tokens of the instability and the easy revulsion of feelings and judgments. There are daily conversions to and from all the old parties and all the new parties about everything. When the late excellent Dr. Wainwright, of New York, gratified his own feelings by gathering up the copies of the fine engraving of his eminent grandfather, Jonathan Mayhew, the liberal-minded and patriotic-souled minister of Boston, he saw the broken crosier and the dishonored mitre, the very emblems of his own episcopal dignity, turned into the trophies of his grandsire's victory over prelacy and despotic power. The Bishop never repudiated his Christian name, and we can believe that he recognized the nobility of soul which made it honorable, though he could help to undo the work from which it received its fame. There is a nobler loyalty, too, than that to ancestry. We can afford to hear *the truth* about *our* ancestry, seeing that the only claim which they made upon us is that we should judge them, not by their attainments in it, but by their sacrifices for it, and their fidelity to their own views of it. Every word that is to condemn them comes from their own pens. How would Mr. Oliver have learned his tactics except through their magnanimous self-exposure?

The author of this book is not among the living to read or to answer what we may write about him or it. But we will write nothing about him or his book which in temper or in assertion we should be unwilling to defend at the only tribunal where we can expect to meet him. The work, left in manuscript by the deceased author, was edited for publication, with evident pains and devotion, by a brother. We must say a few words touching the family history. Perhaps

our readers may find in the genealogy of the author, which presents one painful interruption in its course to the transmission of the spirit with the lineage of a Massachusetts Puritan, an explanation of the backward cast of the writer's heart and love, at least in one direction.

Thomas Oliver, as Winthrop tells us, was "ordained by imposition of hands," as the first ruling elder of the First Church of Boston, in 1632. He was a Puritan among Puritans, and would doubtless have held high civil offices save for the feeling which forbade the union of secular and sacred functions. From this honored man descended a line of honored and useful and thriving men, for the service of church and state, till the troubled times of the Revolution embittered the feelings of former friends. The elder, with many of the foremost members of his church, sided for a while with Mrs. Hutchinson in her dismal controversy, and he appears on the list of those "ordered to bee disarmed." It would seem, however, from the famous Captain Keayne's manuscript, in the archives of our Historical Society, that his son, John, was soon after sent in behalf of the church to confer and remonstrate with Mrs. Hutchinson and her exiled friends in Rhode Island.

Andrew Oliver, a great-grandson of the elder, was Secretary of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, when, in 1771, he became successor to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hutchinson, as Lieutenant-Governor. He willingly accepted the odious office of Stamp-Distributor, when the tyrannical act which made the office necessary was passed by the British Parliament. The popular indignation, which led to sharp insults and to the mobbing of his dwelling, compelled him to resign that trust, and the people petitioned the king that he might be removed from his higher office. He was brother to the Chief Justice of the Province, who, equally honored before, was equally hated after, he received the dignities and emoluments purchased by disloyalty to "liberty." The Lieutenant-Governor "was then," says Dr. Eliot, "in very ill health, and soon after descended to the grave with all his imperfections upon his head," in March, 1774. Our author was the great-great-grandson of this unhappy gentleman, through a lineage highly distinguished in literary, legal, clerical, and medical offices and

services. Whether the strong monarchical predilections which Mr. Oliver displays in this volume are to be accounted to any warping of sympathy for a cause in which an ancestor suffered severely while looking for profit and power, our readers can judge for themselves. As to the other proclivity of our author, more amazing still in the descendant of such a lineage, — a proclivity which exhibits itself in an admiration of High-Church principles to a degree reaching, as we shall see, to fanaticism, — it is no business of ours in these pages to propound an explanation or to institute criticism.

The book appears in the most elegant and attractive form in which type-founders, paper-makers, and printers have learned to present their joint skill and taste. It is issued by our most distinguished publishing firm, who have poured over our community a stream of good literature. Strange to say, we have seen in a newspaper criticism of the work a censorious reflection cast upon the publishers for being instrumental in the circulation of a volume the contents of which are so wounding to our ancestral and local pride. This is but a poor stroke, where manly blows and searching criticism may find such abounding material for their exercise. The book is written in a style of unsurpassed beauty. It has every grace of facile and attractive composition. Uniformly correct and chaste in diction, pointed and terse in its emphatic passages, exact and chastened in its rhetoric, it occasionally presents sentences and paragraphs in which the cast of the language and the fitness of the imagery compel our admiration. In defining the spirit, the *animus* of the work, we must remember our own pledge, of keeping a good temper. We do not forget the pledge when we affirm that the spirit of the book is a very bad one, — almost as bad as can possess a man who is writing of the motives and deeds of those whose sincerity of purpose and whose sufferings for a cause which they esteemed the holiest ought at least to soften the censure visited upon their delusions, their prejudices, and their errors. Pages of this book we have read with utter amazement; other pages have afforded us almost unqualified amusement. We have been confounded at noticing the heterogeneous elements which enter into the author's standard and principles

of criticism for judging men and times two centuries ago. His diseases of fancy mark him almost as a monomaniac. When he most widely wanders from the path of fair truth and charity, it is by losing himself in a cloud of his own raising. He does deal largely in facts; there is no denying that he has a basis of good, substantial evidence for very many of his assertions. His inferences and arguments, too, are often perfectly unassailable. It would be idle for any one to attempt to answer him in detail. Often it must be only by an admission of the truth of his statements, and of the deductions which he draws from them, followed by the suggestion of other and larger facts which override them, that he can be dealt with to any good purpose. Should his work provoke much hostile criticism, or many rejoinders, the risk will be, either that the critics will fall short of, or will outrun, their mark. The Puritans cannot be defended by a simple answer to his specific charges against them. Most unwisely would a champion of theirs consent to argue their cause within the terms which Mr. Oliver defines for their trial. The ideas which filled their thoughts and quickened their activity are obsolete. They have left descendants, but no inheritors of their policy. Their generation was cut off. For the most part, those who rail at them, and those who patronize and extol them in fustian orations, would have fared equally hard in personal converse with them, or under their spiritual or civil dominancy.

Mr. Oliver utterly misconstrues the Puritans, from the beginning to the end of his elaborate and most richly-wrought essay. He starts with a bias which perverts his judgment. With an inconsistency that is amusing where it is not amazing, he confounds principles and sentiments which mark separated centuries of time and express reconciled feelings where once there was the sharpest hostility. He transfers to the angry strifes of the seventeenth century the humane and generous views of the nineteenth century. The wise tolerance which is the growth and flower of all the hard husbandry that matured it from the dread conflicts of many ages, is turned by him into a condemnation of the very men who both suffered the most in their own persons through the intolerance of others, and were the providential instruments for proving, through their

conscientious fidelity to a wrong principle, that it is wrong, forbidden, and accursed. Nor is this all. Our author, who applies to the Puritans a standard far in advance of their own times, goes back to another class of men in those times to find a standard of judgment for himself. He is under the bewitching spell of an antiquated and now ideal fancy, which charms him with loyalty to an anointed sovereign as head of state and church, and with an admiration for prelacy and hierarchical sway. He subordinates the Bible to the ecclesiastical system which confessedly grew up outside of its influence, and in defiance of the liberty of soul of which it is the Magna Charta. We have read many of the pages of the Puseyite school, but in none of them have we found so much of the fond weakness which is captivated by the romance of idealized and obsolete fancies, as in those of Mr. Oliver's book. The gray hue which softens, and the ivy which beautifies, the old crumbling battlements of tyranny, win him from the manlier delight of rejoicing over their ruins. It is beyond measure marvellous to find a man of a New England stock and training thus bowing in adoration before the dishonored shrines of ancient pagods. It is but another illustration of the cunning skill of fancy in idealizing and transfiguring old delusions. Scattered over the pages of this volume are sentences which the sycophantic drivellers about the divine right of anointed kings would have been glad to quote, if they had had the opportunity, two hundred years ago. Cromwell, beyond comparison the wisest and most patriotic sovereign that ever ruled England, the most of a man, ay, and the most of a saint, among all her monarchs, is characterized by Mr. Oliver as "that hero of hypocrisy and treason, defying God and man." The "royal martyr," Charles, is presented as a paragon of all the virtues, though our author could hardly have failed in his wide reading to meet with the pithy questions of our own Mayhew, touching the claim of saintship for the king, — "Is there any such thing as grace without goodness? Or as saintship without sanctity?" The noble Russell bears in these pages the scornful epithet of "traitor." Even William of Orange is called a "usurper." Mr. Oliver enlarges upon the mischief wrought by the circulation of the

Scriptures, in the spirit of one who should rail at the showers from heaven, as they fall upon "the just and the unjust," because a freshet sometimes works mischief. The English patriots who were withstanding the tyranny of Charles, are stigmatized as a "miserable rabble." More truly did Mayhew again say of that earthly monarch, "that he acted in defiance of laws which the Almighty King regards, — the eternal laws of truth, wisdom, and equity."

We must now present in a summary way the specific accusations which Mr. Oliver brings against the fathers of Massachusetts. We will state them rather within, than in any way beyond, the terms of severity in which he repeatedly announces them. We must premise that he claims credit for courage, candor, high service to the cause of sacred truth, and for painstaking research and judicial fairness, in his thankless task of questioning the fair fame of the dead. He alleges that the Puritans of Massachusetts practised a most deceitful game of overreaching and hypocrisy in securing their Charter from Charles I.; that the patent which in his royal benignity and piety he graciously bestowed, with the intent of furthering a Christian missionary design under the auspices of the Church of England, was grossly perverted, first, to a worldly end of gain, and then to wicked ends of sedition, conspiracy, treason, and schism; that the Puritans sneakingly stole away from England, surreptitiously transferring hither a Charter which had been intended solely as an instrument for a corporation resident at home, and that they used it here as the basis of a constitution of government, — a disloyal and illegal government, — thus perverting it from its purpose, thwarting its provisions, and forfeiting its privileges; that when they had established themselves here under a Charter never designed for such a use, and utterly unsuited to serve the necessities of the legislative, judicial, and executive offices of government, they were compelled to do all manner of violence to it, claiming immunity from it, and yet trifling with it, straining it, and supplementing it at their pleasure; that this violation of their Charter involved the most outrageous oppression of their fellow-exiles in property, happiness, and civil and religious rights, brought in an arbitrary rule, high-handed

tyranny, and cruelty, even to the length of maiming and capital punishment; that, instead of devoting themselves to the work of Christianizing the Indians, they demoralized and exterminated them, after receiving benefits inflicting injuries, being heartless, pitiless, and extortionate towards them, forming treaties with them by guile, and violating these treaties without scruple, visiting upon them the curses of civilization, scorning them as children of the Devil, and slaughtering them with the boast that they were serving God and his saints, the saints being themselves; that for half a century they kept up an artful, evasive, and wicked strife of intrigue, duplicity, and falsehood with the King and his Council, or with Parliament, to retain their Charter when summoned to surrender it, to defend themselves against just charges brought against them at the throne by those whom they had wronged, and to secure their ill-gotten power; that though the unsettled state of affairs in England, where rebellion and disorder kindred to that of the Puritan Commonwealth prevailed, enabled them to protract the issue, the first establishment of authority there compelled them to surrender their Charter, while the fruits of their fraudulent legislation visited long and bitter penalties upon themselves and their posterity; and, finally, that the principles of the Puritan Commonwealth were absurd and self-destructive, hostile to true liberty and pure religion, as was made evident by their trial, which resulted in multiplying all forms of heresy and rebellion, in fostering the most fierce and malignant spirit of intolerance, and in covering Puritanism with discomfiture and reproach, to yield place to a better system — which it is to be observed our author does not define — that shall rise upon its ruins.

Here certainly is a most formidable array of counts in a most comprehensive indictment. Those who are well read in our history have doubtless admitted to themselves the element of fact which may be worked into the support of these sweeping charges. There is either a semblance or a substance of truth in a part of them, and much as our author has made of the facts upon which he wrought, we are willing to grant that he might have made even more of them. The elders and magistrates are the prime offenders in his view, and of course

he traces the instigation and the chief agency of all this wickedness to the ministers.

He has made a most diligent and exhaustive use of the original sources of information on all matters pertaining to our history. A world of labor must he have spent in his task. We commend his diligence; we will endeavor to think highly of his motives; we are sure that at least some of the results of his work will be of signal service to the truth. It may be asked whether he has cited and quoted his authorities fairly. We may answer, in general, that he has, under the abatement, however, of this marked qualification, — that he might have found passages in the writings which he has quoted, the tenor of which is directly inconsistent in spirit or assertion with those he has cited, or with the uses for which he employs them. It will be well for a careful reader to test and follow his citations; for our own experience has satisfied us that the results will repay the labor. Mr. Oliver has a way of quoting a part when the whole would not serve him. He is also apt to add glosses of his own. Thus, in his sketch of the measures and dealings of the Puritans with the Indians, he quotes from Governor Winthrop the assertion, that the Pequods, who had been so fearfully exterminated, "had done Massachusetts no injury." But the Governor says also that his Colony had engaged in that war "in point of conscience, on others' behalfe," from motives of humanity, as of necessity, with trust in Providence, and without counting the cost of risk and injury to themselves. Again, Mr. Oliver says that friends at court wrote to the Puritans here when their Charter was in peril, "that it would be unsafe to attract notice by neglecting the prayers for the King, *or differing widely from the ritual of the Church of England.*" For the part of this quotation which we have italicized, Mr. Oliver was indebted to his imagination. The letter which he cites, reads: "And I desire that you differ no more from us in church government, than you shall find that we differ from the prescript rule of God's word, and further I meddle not." He repeats from D'Israeli the silly and apocryphal story of the Independents having bribed "one Field, who printed the Pearl Bibles," to corrupt the text in Acts vi. 3. He says that, "had Puritanism

been certain of a Divine mission," it would never have recorded such an incident as that related by Governor Winthrop, of a mouse having gnawed the leaves of the Common Prayer and spared the Psalms and Greek Testament bound up with it. Now the good Governor tells the story as an *evidence* of this very "Divine mission of Puritanism."

Not without profit to ourselves have we devoted many hours to the perusal of the elaborate and beautifully written pages of this work. We confess that we have derived from its spirit and method a very vivid idea of what our ancestors signified by the term "malignant," as applied to an enemy of theirs. We think, however, that we have a tolerably just conception of what we are bound to plead and suggest in their vindication against Mr. Oliver. We are no unqualified admirers of the Puritans. We could not have lived with them. Our words for them might have been little, if any, less tolerable with them, than Mr. Oliver's against them. But we shall essay something on their side.

In dealing, so far as our space will permit, with the more prominent and emphatic charges adduced by Mr. Oliver in condemnation of the planters of the Bay Colony, we must begin, as he does, with the matter of the Charter. It is necessary to his purpose that he should warp some facts, and misstate others, at the very start. The first sentences of his book advance the fundamental assumption on which all its argument on his main point proceeds, and that assumption is a figment of his own brain. He refers the Charter of Massachusetts to a suggestion originating in the mind of Charles I., and prompted by his royal zeal in the cause of Christian missions. The adventurers obtained their Charter by pretending an interest in that missionary enterprise. So far, then, as they made trade or any secular object paramount to the work of spreading the Gospel among the Indians, they were guilty of a breach of contract, of a perversion of a kingly favor. If the weight of censure justly to be visited on them upon this score would condemn the fathers of Massachusetts, how much more then do they deserve reproach for having abused the King's favor so outrageously in making their Charter the constitution of a disloyal and schismatical commonwealth!

Thus Mr. Oliver says, "The franchise was mercantile in character, but missionary in design." When the patentees decided to transfer the Charter and the government of their Company under it to these shores, our author expresses intense indignation that in "this fraud upon the King and the Church" the spirit of trade should have triumphed over a Gospel work. It was "to rob the Indians" of a blessing intended for them by Charles. When the fleet of exiles started on the voyage, he says that they "departed with all the stealth of guilt from the kingdom, bearing with them a franchise which belonged to the Church." This marvellous assumption runs through and perverts all Mr. Oliver's argument. The monarch is said by him to have beheld "with the favor of a truly catholic mind the project that was then forming in the English Church to extend her borders over his dominions in the West," and "he willingly added the weight of his prerogative to an enterprise which, it seemed, must draw down a benediction from Heaven." This is pure fiction. Not a jot of evidence is there that King or Church was then intent upon any missionary project, or had any inceptive interest in a design which from first to last began, and was confined, within the motives of the patentees themselves.* Not with the King nor with the Church were the first negotiations transacted. The royal approval was but the formal recognition of a bargain made between other parties. By what right could the monarch have looked to a company of merchant adventurers, at their own charges, and without motion or help from a single church dignitary, to undertake a work, which in instigation at least, if not in its cost and conduct, belonged to the established authorities in things spiritual? There is an absurdity at the very bottom of this plea. The victims of an oppressive and odious hierarchy from whose despotism they wished to escape are represented by our author as drawn into a project for transplanting it into the New World by the zeal of a distrusted King! It is difficult to believe that prejudice and an intense hatred of Puri-

* The Rev. Joseph Kingsmill, a minister, and an historian of the Missions of the English Church, in his work on the subject (p. 249), says: "To the usurper, Cromwell, belongs the credit of having first planned a mission from the Reformed Churches to the less favored parts of the world."

tanism did not help Mr. Oliver to the exaggeration of the only, the very slender grounds on which he bases his plea. There are two sentences in the Charter cast in the style of a formal piety in their phraseology. Had he run through any collection of charters and patents, beginning with the Bull of Donation of Pope Alexander VI., in 1493, investing Ferdinand and Isabella with the title to these western regions, he would have put a more moderate construction on these formulas of piety. The first two Virginia Charters are large and ardent in the use of such language, and a precious fulfilment did it meet in the first English doings there! The Massachusetts Charter was derived from the original patent of the Council of Plymouth. How far that patent provided for a missionary work among our Indians may be inferred from the fact that one reason alleged for bestowing upon Englishmen a title to these regions was the following: "That within these late yeares there hath by God's visitation raigned a wonderfull Plague, together with many horrible slaughthers and murthers, committed amongst the Savages and bruitish people there heertofore inhabiting, in a manner to the utter destruction, devastacion, and depopulacion of that whole Territorye, so that there is not left for many leagues together, in a manner, any that doe claime or challenge any kind of interest therein." Thankfulness is then expressed, that the "Divine Majestie" has laid these regions open to Englishmen. "We may with boldness goe on to the settling of soe hopefull a work, which tendeth to the reducing and conversion of such Savages as remaine wandering in desolacion and distresse to civil societie and Christian religion, to the inlargement of our own dominions, and the advancement of the fortunes of such of our good subjects as shall willingly intresse themselves in the said imployment." It needs Mr. Oliver's admiration of royal religious zeal to find a missionary project here. We have no doubt that the Massachusetts adventurers had and avowed a missionary purpose. But it was one of their own conception, not suggested to them by the King or the Church, and, as we shall see, it was one of a very peculiar character.

In keeping with his interpolation of an ecclesiastical enterprise in the Charter for the purpose of extending the Church

of England among the Indians, Mr. Oliver insists upon representing those "godly pastors" whom the exiles brought with them for their own edification as "missionaries." His readers are thus blinded to the truth as to the errand, the relations, and the contract made with these ministers, and might even infer that they were sent originally as stipendiaries of the English Church. He says, "They were required to minister to the savages." So, in precisely the same way, and in no other way, are the successors of those ministers required to serve the poor and neglected outside of their own congregations. Fortunately we have copies of the agreement made with those very men, specifying their service and its terms, just as such contracts do at the present day. Not a hint is given in the agreement, that these ministers were to strike off as missionaries into the woods. They were to remain in fixed dwellings, to be provided for them as the pastors of the exiles. Though the Bishop of London was constructively their spiritual overseer, they never applied to him for help; but they left the wilderness and its red wanderers free to the zeal which he might feel in their behalf. The English Church did afterwards send missionaries hither. But it was to settle among churches already provided with pastors, and not to go into the wilderness. And incidentally we may add, while referring to this agreement between the exiles and their pastors, that the facts of the case abate very much from the pertinency and smartness of a remark for which Roger Williams has been highly applauded. When questioned for withstanding the compulsory tax for the support of the ministers with the plain query, "Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?" "Yes," was his boasted reply, "from those that hire them." Now the difficulty is, the patentees *had hired* the ministers, and all occupants of land within their patent, who held by grant or sale from them, subjected themselves to all the contracts made by the Company. The seventh of the "General Considerations" advanced in England by Higginson of Salem to persuade to the enterprise, offers as a motive the raising and supporting of "a particular church" here.

We come now to the matter of the transfer of the Charter, which Mr. Oliver represents as a fraud of unrelieved turpi-

tude, knavery, and hypocrisy. We frankly admit that there is a cloud about it, yet not so dark by any means as he makes it. We wish we had more light on this point, not because we are ready to believe that Winthrop and his advisers require to have their characters cleared up, but because our curiosity is lively where it is especially mystified. This was the most emphatic incident or crisis in the old Colonial affairs of Massachusetts. The getting away from England with a Charter never intended for an ocean voyage, still less for a local residence and administration on another hemisphere, must at some stage of the proceedings have required adroit management. Whether the abettors of the movement, under their grim severity of aspect, had a sly consciousness that it was a sort of spoiling of the Egyptians, or a reprisal on the Philistines, it is impossible to say. They kept their own counsel well, at any rate; for not a line is known to be extant from their pens which betrays them as conscience-stricken, or as apprehensive of an arrest in their undertaking. Mr. Oliver would say, that they had taken good care that their secret should not transpire, and so felt safe, at least, awaiting discovery or security. Perhaps so, perhaps not. The affair, however, is in singular consistency with the whole train of events as subsequently developed, which culminated in the war of the Revolution. A curious inquirer, who should be zealously bent on indicating the first buddings of the full fair flower of Independence, would be compelled to trace it to a graft severed from a wild republican stock in Old England, and inserted upon a wilder and freer growth of our native forests. At what hour from the first settlement of the Bay Colony was not the spirit of those who guided its destiny virtually independent of control from the mother country? The design of leaving their home for good, and of identifying the remnant of their life and its toils with a foreign plantation, was the result in the minds of the patentees of long struggles and a deep-seated discontent in their own land. They were positively unhappy under the distractions and iniquities there prevailing. They foreboded even more disastrous times; — as the event proved, their forebodings were more than justified. The kindling ideal which burned within their

devout hearts presented itself to them in the form of a Christian commonwealth, planted by fair omens, and cherished with fostering piety, in the freedom of the wilderness. Here, in these feelings and purposes, we find the instigating motives which led them to seek a charter for their enterprise. Even saints, while they are in the body, must live on earthly food, and be clothed and sheltered. To secure these moderate supplies, and not to win wealth, was the sole ground for all such sublunary arrangements in their plan as have been seized upon for fixing on them the charge of a mercenary and a mercantile spirit.

The early Virginia Charter provided for two councils to administer the government of each of the two plantations: one council for each plantation was to exercise its functions in England, the other was invested with all necessary powers on the soil of the Colony. But all previous attempts at colonization, whether led by individual enterprise or patronized by huge monopoly companies, had failed. It was evident that, if such an enterprise was ever destined to succeed, it must be under other auspices, and especially by the aid of an authority administered with a high hand and a severe rule, on the very soil itself. The famous Captain John Smith — all whose unnumbered namesakes should thank him for having done so much to keep their vague appellation within the rule of grammar which distinguishes between *common* and *proper* names — had given words of warning, which, if we mistake not, were of controlling weight with the leaders of the Bay Colony. Within the year after their departure with their Charter, he published his "Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England." In this document he wrote what he must substantially have spoken years before to those who consulted his rich experience. He refers to the scandal, shame, and disgrace wrought in with the failure of all previous undertakings, and he holds up the Massachusetts Company to approval for their course, in which he finds full promise of success. He says: "They take not that course the Virginia Company did for the Planters there. Their purses and lives were subject to some few here in London, who were never there, that consumed all in arguments, projects, and their own conceits;

every yeare trying new conclusions, altering everything yearely as they altered opinions, till they had consumed more than two hundred thousand pounds, and neere eight thousand men's lives."

Under a grant from the Plymouth Council, confirmed by a Charter from the King, the Bay Company was incorporated in March, 1628. This Charter recognized a residentiary administration in England of all its pecuniary affairs, and of its official processes, and provided for a delegated administration in the plantation. The "Agreement" made and signed at Cambridge, England, by those purposing to come hither, requires, as a condition of their emigration, "that the Patent may be legally transferred and established to remain with us." At a meeting of the Court of the Company, held three days afterward, the question as to a transfer of the government to New England was put to vote, "soe as it may be done legally." The records say, it appeared to be "the general consent." They also "consulted counsel" on the subject. But on this we will not lay stress; for we neither assume nor defend the strict legality of the transfer. The best vindication of the act which we know of is to say, that it seemed to be in accordance with the leadings and the purposes of Providence. The "counsel" consulted was a man whose spirit and opinions were puritanical, and if the incipient rebels had really wished for adequate authority in the case, they would have gone to a higher source for advice. Not a hint, however, is dropped in the record of their debates, or in the pursuit of their subsequent plans, of their having feared a surprise as discovered culprits. In the month preceding their final vote, those members of the Company who were present at their Court were directed to set down with much care and deliberation the reasons for and against the transfer; "and in the meantime they are desired to carry this business secretly, that the same bee not divulged." Those who challenge the moral integrity of the proceeding must make the utmost of this sentence as indicating intrigue and an uneasy conscience. It is all they will find from the pen of any one concerned in it. Perhaps, too, the sentence covers merely a desire to keep their plans to themselves till they were matured, and to secure

themselves against malicious enemies and mercantile speculators.

But hither they came, bringing their Charter, which has never since crossed the ocean. If a British fleet should ever bombard this city and get possession, let their forces try to seize the venerable instrument, fairly written on its ample parchments. It would be the proudest trophy which Britain could carry from our shores; for it was the ringleader in all her American quarrels. Here, too, the patentees established a government, ay, a commonwealth; and they ruled with an iron sway, and with an unswerving and unrelenting loyalty to the laws, which they obeyed themselves after they had made them, and which they were resolved that all within their jurisdiction should obey. Mr. Oliver has an easy task in exposing the severity, the harshness, and the despotism of Puritan legislation, first in civil, then in spiritual matters. It is a task which many others, whose regard for the Puritans is much higher than his, have performed as faithfully, but more candidly, more considerately. He is entirely oblivious of all the parallelisms which English legislation at the same period affords of equally oppressive burdens upon conscience, property, and life.

"Fraud, violence, and cunning" were the vices, "enterprise, daring, and self-sacrifice" were the virtues, of the Puritans, according to Mr. Oliver's judgment of them. His severity is excessive; his concessions are not generous. He says that they changed the charter of a mercantile company into the constitution of a Puritan state. So far as this allegation is true, — and in great part it is true, — the legislative policy of the Puritans is to be vindicated either by the necessities of their position, or by the predilections which their English training had wrought in them, or by the risks of anarchy and ruin to which their enterprise and property would have been subjected, had they been slack instead of rigid in their course. The Charter provided for some sort of government among the agents and servants here, sent over by the Company. Would that government, provided for abroad, without exact knowledge of emergencies as they arose, and administered here by delegated authority, have had in it less of the ele-

ments of absolutism, and have been at the same time equally efficient for its ends? It is always to be remembered that the founders of Massachusetts were not only Puritans, and so far embryo republicans as well as anti-prelatists, but that they also had many of the stiff and dogged notions of Englishmen. They brought with them from home two essentially English prejudices, under which they had been reared, and from which they had personally suffered much; namely, a fixed belief in the necessity of an aristocratic prerogative in legislation,* and an unquestioned conviction that the civil power had a right to control the free exercise of religion. The blinding influence of these two obstinate English notions will go as far towards accounting for what was objectionable in their policy, as will an exposition or a caricature of their peculiar characteristics as Puritans. Mr. Oliver seems to be amazed that the passage of the ocean did not divest them of prejudices which entered then into the composition of all Englishmen, and which still characterize the prevailing institutions of that realm. He makes no allowance whatever for the unsettled and distracted state of affairs in their native land when they left it. The darkest apprehensions, the most appalling calamities, changing their form only to deepen in dismay and dread, were oppressing the hearts of the best men and women in the land. A perfidious king, whose tyranny and hypocrisy find fuller attestation as busy explorers from time to time bring to light the secret intrigues of those sad years, had forfeited his claim to the loyal love of his subjects. Ecclesiastical power exercised as oppressive a sway through the prelates and their iniquitous courts, as could have gone out from a Roman legate and an inquisition. From ill-governed England, her tyrant king, her persecuting Church, — persecuting not to uphold Christ's truth, but to sustain a shattered ceremonial and a simoniacal system, — the Puritans came hither to put to trial a system of their own, — to develop certainly the most origi-

* In their answer to proposals from certain "persons of quality" relative to an intended removal to New England, they say: "Two distinct ranks we willingly acknowledge, from the light of nature and Scripture: the one of them called Princes, or Nobles, or Elders (amongst whom gentlemen have their place); the other, the People."

nal and sublime conception which has ever formed the basis of a state. Whether their conception was purely one of fancy, impracticable and impossible considering that human nature is what it is, or whether the men who attempted to realize it were not wise or good enough to vindicate its operation, are questions which we do not open. The Puritans at any rate were led by a great idea, too great indeed for their full apprehension of it, and they were trying to work it out.

Their Charter did not provide for such a government as they established here. They had to construe it sometimes quite rigidly, sometimes quite loosely, and often to strain, interpolate, and supplement it, to make it serve as the nominal basis and the sufficient warrant of their legislative and judicial proceedings. There was a great deal of *extempore* legislation, called out by emergencies, connected with, and only to be explained by, circumstances of which we are not fully informed, and designed to avert risks or to guard against evils which came to them as warnings from the failure of every similar enterprise that had preceded theirs. Their historian, Hubbard, gives us with quaint force a good sentence on this point: "It being commonly found that men gotten from under the reins of government are but like cattle without a fence, which are thereby apt to run wild and grow unruly without good laws." No one of course, at the present day, even with a more tolerant and considerate spirit than Mr. Oliver brings to his work, can examine the legislative code of the Puritans, or follow the contest between the magistrates upheld by the elders, and the people at large, without finding many tokens of an arbitrary rule, as well as of a determination on the part of those in power to retain it, and of those who were only subject to it to gain a share of it. The Charter was violated from the first. The magistrates grasped an arbitrary power. The deputies of the people were right in pressing their demands. Our liberties and our noble institutions, the glory of our Commonwealth, were won at first by compromises with, then by assaults upon, and finally by a triumph over, the rigid rule of "magistrates and elders." All this is true. But does it tell solely to the discomfiture of Puritanism? By no means. Arbitrary power was not the outgrowth of Puritanism. That

old English idea of the absolute necessity of an aristocratic prerogative extended its influence over these wilderness legislators, as it did over their Parliament at home. Nor is it ever to be forgotten, that these hard-handed magistrates were the patentees of the Company, the responsible undertakers in the enterprise, whose property and worldly interests were all committed to it. With them came servants and supernumeraries, interlopers and fortune-hunters, and, from time to time, specimens of all the freaks of human nature in working itself up into every sort of strange, "exorbitant, unprofitable, and scandalous" character. The swarms of unsettled and obnoxious persons who followed the exiles from disaffected and revolutionary England had great influence in sowing here a wild radicalism. It was not always from pride or self-righteousness that the rulers stiffly asserted their prerogatives against "the common sort." The powers exercised by these magistrates, which, as Mr. Oliver says, the king had not committed to them, were the very powers which they did not believe that the king had any right to give, nor certainly any right to withhold. Cæsar and Tacitus both appear to have been struck with a peculiarity of the ancestors of our colonists, as a people *jealous of their liberties*. Upon these liberties, which first grew up in an old wilderness, the colonists fell back when they found themselves in a new wilderness. The contest for power between the magistrates and the people was in the main a struggle towards the working out and settling of untried principles. Were Mr. Oliver here to answer, we should be glad to put to him this question, — How much more tyrannical was the aim of the magistrates to retain their proprietary and legislative power above the freemen, than was the bold announcement of their own king that "he would call no more Parliaments"? Strangely, too, does Mr. Oliver wink out of sight the fact, that the freemen who finally broke the power of the magistrates were themselves also Puritans. He says: "We have shown that the Puritan Commonwealth was saved from absolute despotism only by the determined opposition of the freemen, and that the elders and magistrates were alike the enemies of popular freedom. The republican cast, into which the body politic was moulded, was forced upon it

by the freemen, *in spite* of the elders and magistrates." Of course, then, there was as much of the spirit of Puritanism in the popular resistance as in the patrician oppression. When these freemen thus obtained their rights, they imposed a fine on the magistrates. Yet it was these identical freemen who enacted the law excluding all but church-members from the franchise.

The laws of the Puritan Commonwealth, and the sentences inflicted under them in civil matters, have to us often a most arbitrary aspect. But the range which they cover, and the evident impartiality of their operation, give them for the most part a claim to our respect, as being conformed to the rigid rules of righteousness. Legislation then extended here and in Europe to matters which are now wholly omitted from our statute-books. If any one curious to gather such facts will run his eye over our recently published Court Records, we think the variety and the impartiality of the Puritan legislation will redeem its severity, in his fair judgment. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that no class of the colonists, from the highest to the lowest, and scarce even a single individual in the higher ranks of magistrates or elders, escaped trial and sentence during the first fifty years of the settlement. There are all sorts of cases on those records, and all sorts of victims, from the Governor downward. Saltonstall, Endicott, Winthrop, Vane, Pynchon, yes, even "holy Mr. Cotton," had to plead as challenged offenders. Magistrates were fined for not coming to Court, and one of them was fined for inflicting a deserved whipping without the presence of one of his colleagues. The careless firing of an Indian wigwam, the use of a man's tongue in reviling speeches, and of a woman's in inordinate scolding, drew down each its penalty. "Nich. Knopp is fyned £5 for takeing vpon him to cure the scurvey by a water of noe worth nor value, which he solde att a very deare rate, to be imprisoned till hee pay his fine, or giue securitye for it, or els to bee whipped," &c. "Tho. Knower was sett in the bilbowes for threateing the Court, that, if hee should be punist, hee would haue it tried in England whither hee was lawfully punished or not." It would not have answered at all to allow a tongue like that to wag freely. Law-

yer Lechford, "of Clement's Inn, Gent.," found a four years' residence here enough for him, and though no admirer of our Commonwealth, he was yet so candid as to write in his "Plain Dealing," and to publish on his return home, the following sentence: "I think that wiser men than they, going into a wildernesse to set up another strange government differing from the settled government here, might have fallen into greater errors than they have done." Triumphantly did the Court urge in proof of the wisdom of their legislation, — in replying to the seditious petition of Child, Maverick, and others, — "Let the petitioners produce any colonie or commonwealth in the world, where more hath been done in sixteen yeares."

Meanwhile, Mr. Oliver constantly reminds us that these sturdy Puritans seemed to forget their duty of allegiance to the king. Here we set up no defence. The charge is true. Very grudgingly and very coldly do the records recognize the existence of that august personage. The Puritans knew him better than did Mr. Oliver, and had less respect for him. As they wanted nothing from him, they well-nigh forgot him. We have no intention of following Mr. Oliver with a searching examination of his specific statements, often of unmitigated bitterness and severity, as he relates the protracted struggle of half a century about the Charter. Kings tried in vain to recall it. A royal commission headed by Archbishop Laud, and a Parliamentary commission, to say nothing of a *quo warranto* from the King's Bench, brought their arbitrary and their legal measures to bear on the same futile effort, — futile, that is, till the commonwealth had planted itself on safe foundations. The Great Council of Plymouth, being called to account for the rebellious conduct of those whose charter was derived from them, surrendered their patent, and pleaded innocence of all trespass. But we have our Charter. We grant that nothing but the distracted state of England enabled our fathers to hold their ground. We grant that there was a good deal of sly management, and adroit intrigue, and original Yankee ingenuity exercised in the necessary playing fast and loose in those times. But the paramount necessity was to hold on to the Charter. It would have been a fatal and a suicidal act to surrender it too soon. As cogently as shrewdly

did our fathers return in answer to the demand for its transmission from the Lords Commissioners, that if they gave it up they would "be looked upon as runnigadoes and outlawed." A sly hint that they might also be compelled to put themselves under another government, and a further suggestion as to the sort of government likely to be "set up" here if the Charter was vacated, seemed admirably suited to the emergency. Now let the curious reader peruse the royal instrument defining the powers of the Commission headed by that hated prelate, Archbishop Laud, and ask what would have been gained if the outrageous, tyrannical, and arbitrary powers which that conferred, had been substituted here for the institutions of the Puritan Commonwealth. When at a later date that pestilent Andros bearded the Court, they found grace to tell him that they held their lands "by the grand charter of God."

But more especially does Mr. Oliver's zeal kindle while he traces the development of the Puritan Church. He draws out at length the story of the strifes and alienations which attended it. He tells us of its chaotic theology leading to incessant schisms, of its heresies about communion and baptism, resulting in the growth of a pagan generation, and in the exclusion of five sixths of the population from Christian ordinances. He tries hard to discredit with us the right of private judgment, and he gives us an essay on the apostolical character, origin, and authority of the Church of England. He has far more of fact than we wish he had to turn to his account in proof of the severe and bigoted character of the system which was here put on trial. We grant that the scheme was an impracticable one, and that the attempt to set it up involved injustice, cruelty, and failure. But we part company with him when he charges malice and hypocrisy on the elders and magistrates. They were as sincere and honest men as ever lived. Mr. Oliver begins by copying at length that beautiful farewell address, as breathed in the name of the exiles when they were leaving English waters, to their brethren in and of the Church of England. It is a sweet and affectionate parting outburst of yearning and struggling hearts. Mr. Oliver is horrified that those who could utter such kindly

words and prayers, as in communion with the Church of England, could so soon prove disloyal to its anointed king, and spitefully hostile to its order, its ritual, its authority, and its members. But he is inconsiderate here as elsewhere. That "Humble Request" was probably written by White of Dorchester, himself not one of the exiles. Though it did speak for all who signed it, the circumstances connected with it will not allow us to regard it as a profession on the part of all the company of a love for those distinctive features of the Church which caused them so soon to forego her communion. Why, indeed, may we not fairly interpret the document as referring rather in general to the whole Reformed Church of England? But they were schismatics as soon as they touched foreign soil. Yes, and so they were, virtually, when they left their own soil. Of all the centuries of recorded English history, that was the time when wise and good men were most anxious to leave the realm, and when no other motive could induce such men to remain than the motive of trying to help their country through the dark waves which were breaking upon it. Those who left England then were least likely to take with them any ardent love for royalty or a hierarchy.

How were the Puritans to transplant to a wilderness soil a system based on the English ecclesiastical and parochial system, with its traditionary usages, its tithes, advowsons, and inductions? Mr. Oliver seems to have forgotten that the gray churches of his ancestral land were but spoils of another creed and ritual. It is not by an ecclesiastical transmission, but by a Parliamentary statute, that the English Church holds every cathedral in the realm, with the exception of St. Paul's in London, every parish church built before the time of Elizabeth, and innumerable endowed schools and charities. The intruder Randolph, whom Mr. Oliver highly applauds, proposed to assess the support of his Episcopal minister upon the three Congregational churches in Boston. The silly story that even Roman Catholic Maryland gave Massachusetts an example of free toleration, is disallowed now by her recent Catholic historians, De Courcy and Shea. Our historian Hubbard very pertinently says of our fathers at their coming, that "they had not as yet waded so far into the controversy of

church discipline as to be very positive in any of those points wherein the main hinge of the controversy lay between them and others." He adds, that their aim was to follow the Scripture ideal in their church method, and "if they have missed of their aim, they are not to be blamed for levelling at the right mark." It was the personal influence of Cotton and Hooker, and a literal construction and reapplication of Scripture texts and authorities, that moulded their system.

In Winthrop's Reply to Vane's Answer to his Defence of an Order of Court, 1637, forbidding habitation without allowance of the magistrates, occurs a most remarkable sentence, giving us the key to the singular ecclesiastical policy of the Puritans. The sentence would appear to have been incidentally written, but it is of emphatic importance. "Whereas the way of God hath alwayes beene to gather his churches out of the world, now the world, or civill state, must be raised out of the churches." This explains everything to us in the religious institutions of our ancestors. The English Magna Charta restricted the right of suffrage in the choice of their own representatives in the Commons to *freeholders*. Puritanism restricted the right of suffrage to *Christians*. It tried to evolve a state out of a church. There have been many more fanciful, many less inspiring aims than this, proposed in the great schemes of men. Mr. Oliver misses the point of truth when he says, "The principle was asserted, that the people were the source of spiritual, before it was even dreamed that they were of political authority." It was not "the people," but the Scriptures, which had overruling sway here. Again, Mr. Oliver, in one of his most bitter passages, speaks of the Congregational *pulpit* as "a democratic toy," when "not sheltered by the altar," and in danger of becoming "the stand of an auctioneer, or the throne of a caucus." But when is it not thus sheltered? Has not the English pulpit been often a burrow for stupidity, laziness, and impiety? Our risks of that sort are slight compared with those of an Establishment.

Except for the sake of a systematic treatment of the parts of his fruitful subject, it was hardly necessary for Mr. Oliver to devote a distinct division of his work to "the intolerant spirit of the Puritan Church." The facts and inci-

dents which come under relation on this head, though abundant and most significant, are substantially of the same character, and are to be referred to the same fundamental principles for their explanation, with any other class of particulars that entered into the policy of Massachusetts Puritanism. Be it again remembered, that the court before which these stern and consistent opposers of toleration are to be tried, is not a court recognizing the principles of the nineteenth century. Rich and tempting are the materials furnished by the pens of our fathers, from which their children may draw high lessons of saddened wisdom upon the exalted theme of religious liberty. Whether those old records, — so frank in the statement of painful and deplorable facts, bearing such evidence of sincerity in the doing of the very deeds which we now pronounce the most disgraceful, and never entering into apology or plea of self-justification, — whether those records are turned to the best uses of wisdom and charity in the method pursued by Mr. Oliver, is a question to be decided solely by the spirit of the reader. No descendant of the Puritans would now undertake to vindicate either the policy or the righteousness of their intolerant proceedings in church or state. But there is no good end to be answered by an embittered or a sarcastic rehearsal of the melancholy strifes through which they learned the precious wisdom, not a single lesson of whose treasured counsels has been ratified to the world otherwise than at a fearful cost to brain and body, heart and spirit. An appreciative and grateful sentiment, caught from a survey of the fruits of all such conflicts, will cast back upon them a softening and forgiving tone, even when stern epithets must be used in relating them. During the first fifty years of Puritan rule on this soil, there were outrages committed in the name of law, and with the sanction of religion, which it would be folly now to attempt to palliate. We think it no less foolish to lavish invectives upon them. The faithful historian will always be pained at the necessity of renewing the record of them; but he will be sure of this, that the more closely he keeps to the exact truth in detail and specification, the better will the case stand for those whom it is his object to set forth in the light of their own true purposes as in conflict with the prevailing

darkness of their time. Mr. Oliver himself reminds us, though with a taunt, that "they did not sacrifice their comfortable [?] livings in England for the purpose of acknowledging fellowship with separatists, or of sharing their newly-acquired spoils with churchmen." No, they did not. The honored Winthrop wrote to better purpose. "All amounts to this summe, the Lord hath brought us hither, through the swelling seas, through perills of pyrates, tempests, leaks, fires, rocks, sands, diseases, starvings, and hath here preserved us these many yeares, from the displeasure of princes, the envy and rage of prelates, the malignant plots of Jesuits, the mutinous contentions of discontented persons, the open and secret attempts of barbarous Indians, the seditions and undermining practices of hereticall false brethren." * Truly here is a grievous list of troubles and trials.

Now we have to allege against Mr. Oliver, in the treatment of this as of each of the other divisions of his subject, an error which warped his own judgment, and has led to a perversion of the truth of history by his pen. We will not question in detail the accuracy of his statements in exhibiting the intolerance of the Massachusetts rulers and elders. Though he uses the utmost sharpness of severity and invective in heightening his censures upon the persecutors, and though he softens by epithets of commiseration and patronizing apologies the conduct and course of their victims, his facts are facts. But he misrepresents the leading motive and purpose of the exiles in coming hither, and he deprives them of the benefit of an explanation which essentially relieves the intolerance of their proceedings, as against certain individuals and within certain limits. Mr. Oliver's erroneous bias on this part of his subject comes from his misapprehension of the idea, the purpose, which prompted the planting of the Bay Colony. He says, "It was the so-called intolerance of the English Church which led to the establishment of sectarianism in the New World." Then he asks if the exiles were consistent with their purpose, if they showed their consistency and sincerity by raising a purer altar in the wilderness. He admits that they

* Answer to the Ipswich Letter, in the Hutchinson Papers.

did not come to avoid persecution; for they might have hoped to become the persecuting party at home. The plea set up for them, says Mr. Oliver, is, that they did not like to conform to superstitions and ceremonies, and sought the right to think and worship as they pleased. "Alas for the infirmity of human purpose! There was some color for the proceedings of the courts of the Star-Chamber and High Commission. These were at least performing a great and important duty to the church and state. Both prescriptive and statute laws required the unqualified obedience of the subject. It was not the fact, but the manner of presenting the fact, that rendered these high tribunals odious. But what plea could Puritanism offer in defence of persecution?" Passing unchallenged this dismal plea in behalf of those atrocious spiritual courts of England, — only asking the reader to mark the plea as indicating very significantly the mind of the writer as the defender of prelatical tyranny, — we come to a more important point. Mr. Oliver has misstated the fundamental idea, the leading purpose, of the exiles. They did not come hither for toleration. They did not believe in toleration. Not a line can be quoted from the pen of any one of them, which admits the wisdom or the abstract right of toleration. On the contrary, they spurned it, they used the utmost sharpness of rebuke and disclaimer whenever they spoke of it. At the close of a quarter of a century after the settlement of the Plymouth Colony, one of its magistrates did indeed move in its Court for a general toleration. The gentle Winslow wrote to the gentle Winthrop, "You would have admired to have seen how sweet this carrion relished to the pallate of most of the deputies." But the Plymouth Governor refused even to put the motion to vote, "as being that, indeed, which would eat out the power of godliness."

But, it will be insisted, the leaders of the Bay Colony aimed at least to secure toleration for themselves, for their own consciences, including their whims and scruples. No, we answer. The spirit which drove them was not so secular or selfish as that. They did not look for toleration from one another, they would not tolerate one another, except in subordination to a higher and nobler ideal, from the pursuit of which they derived

the whole impulse and inspiration of their work. Their positive, unselfish, and entirely ideal aim was to establish a Christian commonwealth in the wilderness, and to make themselves the subjects of it. They did not care to weigh the cost nor to estimate the endurance required, if so be they could realize that ideal. They expected to be taxed, to be fettered, to be trammelled, and to be ruled by a more rigid and exacting code than had ever before been imposed upon any race or society of men. They knew the terms and the constitution of the old Jewish theocracy, how burdensome and oppressive was its yoke, how omnipresent in house, temple, and field was its ritual sway, and how it ruled the liberty of the freemen of a divine kingdom with an iron sceptre, whose unrelenting rigor would have been called tyranny if it had not been in the hand of God. The Puritan conceived of a new theocracy in the wilderness, which should receive its statute law from the Gospel, while its common law rested upon the older revelation. Not for a more relaxed and easier submission, softened by the milder spirit of the Gospel, but for even a severer and more constraining subjection to a rule established in his will and in his thoughts, did the citizen of this new Christian commonwealth go forth with his little band into the wilderness. The Puritan believed that a holy nation might grow out of a pure church. He was bent on trying the experiment of subjecting his citizenship to a Gospel rule, and it seemed to him but a fair condition for the recognition of the right of fellow-citizenship in another, that he should give in his allegiance to Christ. We may say or think what we will of this ideal conception which floated before the believing vision of the Puritan. We may call it a chimera, or a sublime fancy, or an aim reasonable in itself, yet impracticable because of temporary or permanent obstacles in the way of its fulfilment. But we cannot do justice to the intent, we certainly cannot give a fair account of the "intolerance," of the Puritans, and, what is more than either of these things, we cannot explain the process by which our own noble institutions have been developed from Puritanism, without recognizing their leading and paramount aim in coming hither. It was not to escape fines and prisons, it was not to find a safe shelter for their own

freedom of thought and worship. They came to the wilderness to set up a Christian commonwealth, to establish a civil, social, and political order conformed to the Gospel, the citizens of which should be saints. They did not come to rid themselves of a tyrant on an earthly throne, but to subject themselves in allegiance to a Divine King. To every burden which they laid upon others they had bowed their own shoulders. They transferred their loyalty to Heaven.

The easy sentence of condemnation passed upon these exiled Puritans by some of their lighter critics, suggests that their own sufferings by persecution at home should have effectually secured them against the practice of it here. The lessons that are taught only in the passage of centuries cannot thus be forestalled by the transit over an ocean. The experience of the Puritans at home worked in fact toward a result directly opposite to that which this shallow criticism indicates for it. The English Church had trained the Puritans in the practice of persecution for opinion, and they brought the fruits of their training hither. Instead of having learned from their own perils and sufferings that intolerance was foolish and unjust, they had been made to believe that perfect tolerance was unsafe and ruinous. The whole effect of their religious nurture in England had prevailed to fix in them a conviction that religion could not and ought not to be left free from all oversight of human law. They had been taught that perfect liberty was not allowable, that persecution for opinion was allowable. They never disputed the truth of these assumptions, even when suffering under them; they but maintained that the liberty which *they* exercised was safe, and that *their own* suffering by persecution was unjust. The lesson that abstract liberty in opinion and worship must be restrained, had been indelibly stamped in their convictions by their own severe experience from it. The freest air of the wilderness could not at once dispel the effect of the vapors from their prison-life at home.

What can be more preposterous, what more false to history, than the following assertions advanced by Mr. Oliver? "The question whether the civil magistrate may lawfully punish for heresy, first [!] arose when Calvin burnt Servetus. Beza, the

associate of Calvin, maintained the affirmative; and the English exiles, who fled their country in dread of the persecuting Mary, learned from the master-spirits of the Reformation that the axe and fagot are lawful arguments in spiritual controversies. They carried these notions back to England, and from England they were brought to the New World." Passing by the reckless partisanship of this trifling with truth, — in which Mr. Oliver witlessly confounds himself by connecting the epithet *persecuting* with Mary, unless he means to represent her as a Puritan, — we find a very significant sentence on the next page. Our author, uttering a taunt, indorses the very truth which we have been pressing, in asserting that the Puritan had learned from his own mother Church that perfect tolerance was not allowable. He says: "His own vagaries had not been suffered in the land of his birth; was he to tolerate the vagaries of others in the land of his choice, in the home of his liberty?" No! we answer. It would have been expecting too much of the victims of the Star-Chamber and the High Commission to suppose that suffering for opinion's sake would make them tolerant of any notion, doctrine, or practice for which they could not find warrant in the Bible. After his unsparing detail of every case of severity here against heresy, Mr. Oliver says: "There were no laws in England for hanging or mutilating or flogging the king's subjects, because they did not profess the Puritan faith." Very true. The laws operated just the other way. The hangings, mutilatings, and floggings were for those who *did* profess the Puritan faith; the burnings, disembowellings, and quarterings, being confined to the land of their origin, among the former fellow-subjects of the Puritans, were never practised here.

With this training in the supposed necessity of violent means for repressing vagaries and heresies of religious opinion and practice, and guided by the vision of a Christian commonwealth to be established here, the Puritans began their wilderness work. Mr. Oliver, by his silence on a very important point, and the blinding stress which he lays on some other very subsidiary facts, deprives these exiles of the benefit of what they would have advanced as their main justification for their treatment of heretics. They acted under the persua-

sion that they had the absolute and exclusive ownership of the soil within the limits of their charter, saving only the rights of the red-men. From the moment in which they took possession, they had full power to keep out all whom they did not wish to have near them. Of this power they were entirely conscious. They were well aware what a degree of security it gave them, and it will be found that, in all their proceedings against obnoxious persons, they limited the sentence of banishment to the external bounds of the jurisdiction, and to that extent they exercised their prerogative with a confidence that no authority on the earth could question it. In all the previous attempts at colonization, the enterprise of the most patient and faithful had been defrauded of its reward by the disaffection or malice of individuals, generally such as filled subordinate positions. These disaffected persons would either remain to breed discord, or go home to England bearing ill-reports or scandals. The Massachusetts Company had had experience of such enemies, and knew how they had perilled or withstood the success of former undertakings. Probably we have no means of estimating the amount of mischief actually suffered from this cause, or the anxiety and apprehension which it brought with it for those who embarked their all of substance and of heart in these enterprises. In the original Plymouth Council Charter we find an emphatic reference to the case of mutinous and misbehaving persons as a possible source of harm to the projected colony. It was provided, that if any such offenders, after causing trouble in the plantation, should steal away, or be sent back to England, and should there "by insolent and contemptuous carriage divulge vile and scandalous reports of the country of New England, or of the government or estate of the said plantation or colony, to bring the said voyages and plantation into disgrace and contempt," they should be summarily dealt with by the Council of the Company in England, or else be remanded to New England, "to be proceeded against and punished" by the authorities here.

The Massachusetts Charter likewise granted full power to the Governor and Company "to encounter, expulse, repell, and resist by force of Armes, all such person and persons as

shall at any time hereafter attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion, detriment, or *annoyance* to the said plantation or inhabitants." The adventurers in this enterprise embarked their substance while they threw their zeal into the undertaking. All that came under the auspices of Winthrop and the Charter were either shareholders or their servants. The servants were subject by written contract to those who assumed the cost and risk of the enterprise. Now Mr. Oliver and other severe assailants of the Puritan leaders seem to wink all these facts out of sight, and to take for granted that the colonists opened here a free asylum for all sorts of vagabonds and fortune-hunters, somewhat like that which Romulus offered in his marauding citadel. The religious restriction upon the franchise is looked at by such censorious judges as simply an unrighteous denial of the rights of citizens. But it is to be remembered that a vote in any of the affairs of the Colony was a vote touching the security, the use, and the improvement of the private property and the corporate interests committed to it. By what rule of reason or of equity could the patentees have been held bound to allow to any chance comer among them the privilege of interfering in their affairs? They believed that their proprietary powers were absolute, that within the limits of their patent they could exercise an unfettered jurisdiction, and that they could fix the terms upon which they would receive new partners. A voter became a partner in territorial and proprietary rights. If the colonists had desired to live in social fellowship with all sorts of persons, holding all sorts of opinions, they would doubtless have remained at home; for about the time of their emigration England afforded a rare and rich variety of heretics and heresies. Their aim in leaving England was to get rid of certain things and persons, and their aim here was to keep rid of them. In nearly every case, the disturbers of their peace and the victims of their intolerance were offered the opportunity of leaving the jurisdiction unharmed. The land that lay within their bounds was theirs, — they would allow no nuisances here; there was no lack of space on the continent to harbor all intruders and malecontents: such could not stay here, — they might go where they pleased, provided they would

go off. One Philip Ratcliff, a servant of Governor Cradock, "spake boldly and wickedly against the government and governors here." He was whipped, and had his ears cut off. It was a barbarous punishment; but it was the same that Mr. Oliver's amiable Star-Chamber court, by the sentence of "that holy martyr, Archbishop Laud," visited upon Messrs. Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick. Poor Mr. Prynne was the victim of this sentence a second time, and so it was provided, that, having already lost his ears, "the remainder of his stumps should be cut off." Besse's "Sufferings of the Quakers" covers cases of outrage and violence on both sides of the ocean. Let Mr. Oliver's readers remember that Baxter and Bunyan were tried in England, not here.

A zealous champion of the stern magistrates and elders of Massachusetts might not shrink from the task of following the lead of Mr. Oliver in his detail of all their severities against heretics, with the purpose of clearing some of the darkness of the record. We attempt nothing of the kind. We have no palliation to offer, no plea to set up for their justification. Knowing how hard we ourselves should have fared at their hands, we discharge ourselves of the duty of their championship. And it is simply for the reason that we cannot justify them by our principles, that we insist upon their right to be judged by their own principles. With due commiseration for all the sufferers by their intolerance, we must remember that they never went out of their way nor out of their bounds to inflict it. Their victims came to them, and provoked punishment by their obstinacy, or offered stoutly to meet the consequences of their heresy, — with the single exception of the followers of Mrs. Hutchinson, and then the issue was a strife between parties nearly equal in strength, and fully equal in mutual intolerance. We cannot, with Mr. Oliver, single out the fathers of Massachusetts for especial condemnation as persecutors, nor can we emphasize their intolerance as standing forth in peculiarly dark colors upon the pages of ecclesiastical history, which has the same sad tale to tell of every age and every party in the Christian Church. When Mr. Oliver's friend, Mr. Randolph, set up his commission here, he commenced the same practice of intolerance.

To one who can yield to the more genial spirit which kindles over the fantastic and humorous points presented here and there in an otherwise most sombre record, there is material for pleasanter meditation even on this theme. There is something almost provocative of smiles in looking upon all the annoying, irritating, and vexatious discipline to which a most motley succession of heretics subjected those grim elders and magistrates. They seemed to be the mark and butt for all sorts of exorbitant and teasing men and women. Look at the matter as a trial of wits, an arraying of notions and scruples and extravagances often very equally matched against each other, and as an ingeniously devised and most effective process for working out some of the problems as to the fertility and the safety of free speculation. The poor Puritans were set upon by a series of the most provoking tormentors. The very gates of Pandemonium seem to have been opened upon them. Had they remained at home, they could hardly have encountered, by seeking after them, such a rare assortment of vagaries and offensive tenets as came to force themselves upon their notice in their wilderness retreat. Every headland in the Bay they found on their coming to be occupied by some mysterious and unaccountable characters, afterwards spoken of as a class by the designation of "the old planters." Each of these lonely residents had an old-world history behind him. How they came here, and when, and why, were of course matters of exceeding interest, as well as of misgiving and suspicion to the band of adventurers. Every one of them had to be "dealt with" sooner or later. Walford, the smith, with his wife, who resided at Charlestown, and who tinkered up arms for the Indians; Maverick, the man of pleasure, and "the only hospitable man in the Bay," of whose treatment of "the negro wench who had been a queen in Africa" we have so sad, though quaintly told, a tale; Blackstone, who rode over the otherwise tenantless peninsula of Boston "on a tame bull," — were all of them characters to exercise the curiosity and the patience of the Puritans. Thomas Morton, with his scandalous May-pole and other wild doings on his "Merry Mount," and Sir Christopher Gardiner, "an ecclesiastical person under Popish orders," and that pretty female cousin

of his, with whom he was suspected of living "after the Italian method," soon found a resolute hand laid upon them. Roger Williams, "the conscientious contentious person," having "a windmill in his head"; Samuel Gorton, that wild forerunner of our modern transcendentalists, who had a vast deal of method in his madness; Ann Hutchinson, with "her nimble tongue" and her odious enlistment of the "good wives" of the country in the sharp debates of unintelligible controversy, — succeeded one another just rapidly enough to prove to the Puritans how many angles there were in the problem they had undertaken to solve. What a rich and manifold experience it was! Scruples of conscience, and transcendental mystifications, and all sorts of premature intuitions, seem to have been called into being then for the special purpose of trying the tempers of our poor elders and magistrates. As soon as they had escorted a heretic out of the jurisdiction, he tried to pick up a companion, and, failing in that, faced about and got back here as soon as his conductors. As soon as one heresy was disposed of, another a little more exorbitant turned up in its place. They furnished our fathers the horn-books and the birch rods for whipping into full-grown pupils the master science of toleration. And the Puritans learned the lesson. Yes, they learned it thoroughly in the only way in which it could be taught or learned. The tuition was as difficult as would be the study of entomology beneath the full sun of the tropics, when all manner of gnats, sand-flies, centipedes, and other vermin, were strugglingly intruding themselves upon notice, and asking to have their species classified. When Mrs. Hutchinson was "convented" for heresy, Rev. Zechariah Symmes testified as a fellow-passenger with her hither a few years before, that he heard her "broach her revelations" then. Those long passages with their discussions and dreams, a constant reading of the Old Testament, the wilderness solitude, and free converse about all the shapings of mysteries and realities, were marvellous generators of heretical stuff. As soon as the material was out of the loom, sometimes before, it was brought to the notice of the men of Massachusetts, who were the constituted triers of such products, as they have since been the manufac-

turers of them for this whole continent. The Dutchmen at Manhattan, the rollicking Cavaliers in Virginia, never undertook such offices, and never were solicited to do so. Massachusetts set up for the business, and had enough of it. Mr. Oliver reads the history, finding one moral in it; we read it, finding another. The fires are out of those ashes of ancient strife, and their heat is cooled. We will grieve over the pages where we cannot help it; but we are determined at times to have our quiet smile over them. We think the heretics and their persecutors were often well matched in drawn games. What is the need of using vinegar for writing about those times now?

We have not space to reckon with Mr. Oliver at any length for his most perverse and embittered way of representing the course of the founders of Massachusetts towards the Indians. So grossly unjust is he in this part of his work, that cautious readers will find a spirit in his pages which will warn them against accepting his statements. It is indeed a sad record, even when most strictly conformed to truth, and relieved by every possible suggestion that will explain its darkest incidents and soften its most painful details. We do not undertake to show that our fathers behaved like wise, humane, and Christian persons toward the natives of this soil; for we are persuaded that they did not. And here again, as we cannot vindicate them by our principles, we must insist upon their being judged by their own. The melancholy story is too complicated to be despatched as it is by Mr. Oliver. He is not content with severity, but has recourse to misrepresentation. By quoting from Puritan writers disconnected lines, half-lines, or phrases, he appears to convict them of the most drivelling cant and of the blankest hypocrisy, as well as of the basest treachery in regard to their own treaties. If Mr. Oliver had read one tenth part of the voluminous publications printed either here or in England for the sake of exciting or of displaying the results of a Christian and humane zeal in the work of converting the Indians, he could not but have stood self-convicted by the thought that he was wronging the dead of his own lineage while pleading for the poor barbarians. There is proof, however, that he had read enough to know

that the Puritans did try devotedly and arduously, though not wisely, to be the means of civilizing and converting the savages. They engaged in the work, blindly perhaps, but earnestly and heroically, at the cost of much self-sacrifice. And they deserve the more credit for this, because of their superstitious notions and their English pride, which greatly embarrassed their measures. The savages were to them a mysterious race, unaccounted for, but of a most dark and suspicious generation. Some few of the Puritans tried to regard them as descended from a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel; but more were inclined to view them as lineal heirs and servants of the kingdom of the Evil One. Their barbarous names seemed to befit only a generation of imps and infernals. Hubbard says, that, when the Indians made their first overtures of friendship, the planters hardly knew whether to refuse or to accept, "not much unlike them who hold a wolf by the ears." The Puritans got the dark natives with their devil-worship mixed up in their minds, in some unaccountable way, with the vials and the plagues in the Apocalypse. Lechford says that none were sent out by any church to learn the natives' language, or to instruct them in religion: "First, because they say they have not to do with them without, unlesse they come to heare and learn English. Secondly, some say out of *Revela.* 15. *last*, it is not probable that any nation more can be converted, til the calling of the Jews: til the seven plagues are finished, and the seventh viall," &c.

The treaties made with these dreaded neighbors were but discreditable specimens of the science of diplomacy. Fear, policy, and perhaps cunning, influenced both parties to them, equally. That our fathers were intentionally treacherous towards the Indians in any instance, we cannot admit. The intrigues and rivalries in which the natives were constantly engaged with one another in tribes and parties, their mutual jealousies, and their sudden freaks, occasioned incessant alarm to the settlers, and at the same time made it impossible to hold peaceful relations with all of them. When the dread of midnight burnings and of the fiendish war-whoop passed through the straggling habitations of the whites, it was difficult for them to philosophize as Mr. Oliver does. While

men, women, and children, cowering in their pallets, were trying to distinguish the howl of the wolf from the screech of the human tiger, Mr. Oliver refers their fear to "guilty apprehensions," because in their dealings with the Indians they had proved recreant to all the claims of humanity and integrity. He tells us that that "master-spirit, King Philip" of Mount Hope, in his revenge, after exciting the red-men to arms from the Atlantic to the Hudson, destroyed twelve towns and greatly injured many more, slew six hundred of the very flower of the country, embracing members of every family in New England, and caused a loss of nearly a million of dollars. True. But is it strange that the Puritans feared all this beforehand from men who proved themselves able to accomplish it? In fifty years, says our author, the Puritans "swept from New England one hundred thousand human beings." But why should he have added to that appalling statement the following assertion, to which we will attach no epithet, though it deserves the worst: "For these unhappy heathen souls, no Puritan historian, magistrate, or elder, then or since, has expressed a word of pity, or breathed a penitential prayer"? Our author even complains that "the coloring of romance, which might so easily have been given to the Indian wars, and which would have served to disguise, partially at least, their amazing atrocity, is not to be found on the pages of the stern annalists of Plymouth or Massachusetts." True, again. We have observed that those who have had to meet the realities of barbarian massacres are generally quite neglectful of the romance that may be in them. That element they leave for subsequent writers. The author ungenerously conceals the painful efforts made to confine many young sons of the forest to the irksome tasks of the school-room and College at Cambridge, only one of whom escaped the fangs of consumption long enough to take a degree. He makes but an ungracious acknowledgment of the heroic consecration of Eliot and the Mayhews to their toils, while he says nothing about a host of their contemporaries and successors who labored till hope died in a most thankless undertaking. Yet he can write most gracefully and lovingly of the Jesuit missionaries, as they scoured the wilderness, bearing with them a doll dressed in

flaring bright calico petticoats as the Virgin Mary, and occasionally exciting their wild converts to sack and burn our border settlements. Most gingerly, too, can he write about the utter failure of the efforts of the Virginia Company, "proceeding on wrong, yet generous principles." He accounts for "the failure of the Anglican Church" missions in a way which we have not time to criticise.

But we must find a close. Yet we must not omit a reference to the most original and startling of all the incidental contents of Mr. Oliver's volume. If the assertion we are about to quote from him were only true, it would indeed carry with it a mortal stab at the hearts of many of our Fourth of July orators. The assertion is even this, that the rulers of Massachusetts in 1643 admitted that they were represented in the British Parliament by the knights and burgesses of the royal manor of East Greenwich, whence the tenure of their patent derived certain immunities from all feudal exactions. Yes, these rebels in the grain when they left England, these fathers of fully developed rebels, — who from the beginning omitted the King's name and inserted their own higher authority in their writs and other legal processes, who were slow to proclaim any new succession to the English throne, who bearded the commissioners of King and Parliament, who coined their own money in their own mint, and who sheltered hunted regicides, — these ever unloyal exiles, the date of whose first real declaration of independence it is utterly impossible to fix, — acknowledged that they had *bona fide* representatives among the Commons of England! Mr. Oliver is positive, and he reiterates his assertion. The reader who is curious to know what ground he has for this startling novelty must consult Winthrop (II. 182), and find it in a sly and guarded suggestion, dropped in a meeting of magistrates and elders, for the sake of getting round a weather-point.

We will part from the book before us in good temper. The author relentingly tells us, that if good King Charles — whose pious missionary zeal our fathers so hypocritically imposed upon — "could have looked further into futurity, and beheld the rising England of the New World perpetuating the glories

of the mother country, doubtless the pious monarch would have furthered the schemes of the uneasy Puritans, and rendered their secret intrigues unnecessary." We fear they would have dreaded his furtherance more than they did his opposition. He admits that "the institutions" developed from Massachusetts Puritanism "have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose." His intimation, however, is, that these institutions sprang from the discomfiture of Puritanism. Still they were reared without the slightest help, except in the way of warning, from the two principles which Mr. Oliver most adores, — Monarchy and Prelacy. England's first rebel colony has reflected back upon the mother country more honor than all her loyal colonies.

ART. VIII. — *Annals of the American Pulpit; or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of Various Denominations, from the Early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Five. With Historical Introductions.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Vols. I. and II. *Trinitarian Congregationalists*, New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 723, 778.

WE wish the poet had put the same thought into a statelier or more eloquent form than the perpetually quoted line,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

It tells a truth which needs repeating so often, that no one phrase, unless very nicely worded, can safely sustain the reiteration. Such a royal text-book as a Lexicon of Biographical Annals supplies for this study, can of course accept so readily no less comprehensive sentiment as a just introduction to public notice.

Man, even taken miscellaneously and without classification, claims and rewards study as no other subject but his Creator can. But man, perused in historic developments, in his gen-

erations, — those of special vitality in themselves, or those most influential in their effects upon other generations, — man preparing for eras, evolving eras, or as evolved by eras, — man in the great classifications which religious, political, and social life requires and creates, — offers superlative attractions to every intellect studious of its kind. A subdivision of one section of one class of men, whose names are gathered and arranged on the line of the few generations composing our national life, is introduced to the reading world in the volumes named above.

Few treatises ever solicited public notice with fuller and richer material for *study of character*, than these. They summon our interest by unusual qualities. Ten thousand families, and twice ten thousand persons, search such annals for matters more or less personal. Dim shadows of ancestors are sought there; glimpses of forces or beauties of character, coveted or thought to be perpetuated in living descendants; links for the impaired or broken chains of family histories and pedigrees, — are looked for in such books. And when personal incentives cease, that deep instinctive interest, common to all men in the story of any human career, prolongs the charm and power of the record.

These volumes have an incidental advantage of no little force in addition to those named. Ten years' work is in them. An industry that divides our surprise and admiration, a kind of coral-insect diligence, has reared these piles. It is a law greatly creditable to human nature, that true labor is invariably respected. That which costs time-consuming toil, be it an ivory crucifix almost pulsing with life, or a cathedral needing centuries in which to grow to completion, or a poem, chronicle, or history, in which years of unwearied study have hidden their treasures, — whatever the work produced, to know that it embodies long-protracted diligence adds an interest and merit to whatever intrinsic worth it else might claim. Both the structure of these Annals and the recorded fact testify to the long and patient toil they cost. The dignity lent by enduring purpose and by manly labor, and, yet more, the true pledge of faithful endeavor involved in such labor, give a noble rank to this work.

Until we reflect upon the force of quality in a product, the worth of this element of toil is not fully felt. But let accredited scholarship, for instance, conclude, and convince the world, that the Æneid was the product of twenty weeks, instead of as many years, how would its hold upon the esteem of scholars be loosened! The confident plaudit of the cultured and learned would subside into hesitating admiration and critical scepticism. Its merit as a model would at once be denied. Truth, the child of time, would not own it as now. Build a St. Peter's by the job, and put into its history the boast of vain contractors, that the great temple was merely a six years' task, how would its stately fame dwindle! The years spent on such creations are taken in part as testimonials of the genuine merits to be looked for in them. So we are glad that these massive Annals were not a piece of vacation pastime, nor a gush from a four weeks' impulse, — a kind of flippant pretence which this hurrying and impatient age is very fond of setting up about anything it performs. We revere the work as a growth, a thing of time; it can be better trusted. The roots strike deeper, we think; and the branches stand the firmer for it.

These, too, are accounts of men held in repute in their own day. The prime and controlling incidents of any life that has come to renown, strongly and fitly engage our interest; for incidents in themselves attract us, and when they bear the lustre of a success to which they visibly contributed, when they are seen to be the necessary accessories to a final fame, they draw us by a vastly heightened force.

No department of American public life — except perhaps that of the transition career of the Revolutionary fathers — has been so fully recorded as the clerical. But the records have been among the most fragmentary elements of our literature; each life a sphere by itself, and the memorial of it designed either for local use or for the interests of local friendship. A state church or a clergy in any such connection as would have required a legal registration of names, dates, inductions, and removals, would have produced a much more accessible, though less truthful and faithful, record of the men whose names are not willingly left to die.

The structure of Dr. Sprague's work is hence quite largely compilation, — the gathering into consecutive chronicle of the vastly diffused memorials which his research through the land has found and acquired. His plan constrained him to become to a great extent a friendly editor, and the courtesy on which he was compelled to rely in collecting his materials must have sometimes precluded his careful taste and discrimination from their wonted office. But generally there is little to offend, even where much would be looked for.

Such a promiscuous authorship can hardly be found in so small a space. "About five hundred and forty contributors" in the fifteen hundred pages produce a diversity which none but a master could combine into an agreeable unity. The biographies are, some of them, sketches traced in former generations; many of them by aged persons who had survived the executive vigor of mind; and among the writers are persons with all varieties of culture, taste, and acquirement. To adjust and *adjoint* these with a tolerable harmony was a task which a feeble or inexpert hand might better have left alone. The admirable management — we want to say *manœuvring* — by which these troops are got into marching order, is a charm of the work, and a marked proof of excelling authorship, or generalship.

The reader is sometimes perplexed to say which interests him most, the writers or the men written about. Indeed, we found ourselves amused once or twice in noticing how the mind unconsciously crept away from the portrait, and gazed at the painter, as the more engaging of the two; just as dull schoolboys will sometimes show exceeding interest in the explanation of a theorem on the wall, while the interest is wholly in the master's vivacity or grace of manner, not at all in the theorem. We imagine that Dr. Sprague must often have found rich relief in his unexampled labors from this source, — a choice, excellent letter, arriving now and then, refreshing his spirit, much as the aroma from parcels of spices does the tired merchant who has brought them in his ship. This, moreover, is one of the useful services these Annals may render, — elicit[illegible] and preserving specimens of skilful biography. It will be in part a book

of models to this memoir-craving and memoir-scribbling generation. A genuine service — we hope it may be taken for — is this, of setting an example of that comprehensive, discriminating biography which is alone of real value to the living. How little a third or fourth generation care to retain of those famed in their own times, may here be learned.

We care so much to enforce this suggestion, that we resort to a few selections to illustrate, and we hope impress it. Professor Felton, of Cambridge, gives this admirable picture of Dr. Popkin: —

"My personal acquaintance with Dr. Popkin commenced in 1823. I knew him more as a teacher and Professor of Greek than as a preacher, though he still continued to supply the pulpit, occasionally, in the College Chapel, and the neighboring churches, for a considerable number of years after that time. He was a man of singular modesty, and during his connection with the Federal Street Society was constantly oppressed with a nervous apprehension that he was not qualified to discharge the responsible duties of a clergyman in such a community. His discourses, however, according to the traditions of the Society, and as appears from his published works, were able, pious, and often eloquent; and parishioners by no means shared in the opinion of his qualifications entertained by himself. In the Society of Newbury he felt better satisfied with the sphere of his labors and duties. . . . . He could not, I believe, have found a congregation of people better suited to his habits and turn of mind, or more disposed to a just appreciation of his worth. Assured, as he soon was, of their entire confidence and affection, he felt no restraint among them from the peculiarities of temperament which he was so conscious of possessing, but enjoyed the utmost freedom in his social and parochial visits. Dr. Popkin was in truth a model minister, as he had been a model scholar. His pastoral duties, in season and out of season, were performed with a most hearty fidelity. The sick and the poor were never forgotten by him. His darling studies could not detain him a moment from any call to them. In all his parochial intercourse he was so kind, sympathizing, and generous, — so frank, pleasant, and apt in his remarks and interchange of good feeling and good humor, — that he was a most welcome guest with every class of people, and made to feel that he was welcome, not only as their minister, but as a friend and companion.

"In a technical sense, Dr. Popkin was not an orator. His nervous susceptibility, amounting at times to intellectual timidity, prevented him from doing justice in public to the great powers which he unquestionably

possessed. He always preached from written discourses. His manner, though sometimes agitated, and never conforming to the rules of polished delivery, was solemn, impressive, and well suited to command the attention of an audience. His devotional exercises were fervent and earnest in the highest degree. His voice was naturally rich and powerful, and, with the training to which a man ambitious of public distinctions would have subjected himself, might have become the organ of most effective oratory. In person, Dr. Popkin was tall, well-proportioned, and commanding. His head was large, his features massive, and his brain capacious. His walk was upright, and his step firm and vigorous, until, as he approached the age of fourscore, his figure bowed under the load of years, and he supported his yielding limbs by a staff. There was a singular power in the antique grandeur and simplicity of his presence; and his conversation, notwithstanding his melancholy temperament, was rich with racy wit, quaint expression, solid sense, and comprehensive scholarship; and his character in general was strongly marked with 'that simplicity, wherein' — to borrow the striking words of Thucydides — 'nobleness of nature most largely shares.' His religious views were what are called Evangelical, as distinguished from Unitarian and Rationalistic; but he never took part in theological controversy, and refused to be called after the leader of any particular sect. Being once asked by an anxious lady of his parish if he was a Hopkinsian, — a sectarian designation formerly much in vogue in the religious circles, — he replied, 'Madam, I am a *Popkinsian*.' A short time before his resignation, he withdrew from the College Chapel, and joined the Orthodox Congregational Society. Finally he sought rest in the Episcopal Church, finding much to approve in its quiet and moderation, and having become satisfied by the study of the early ecclesiastical writers that liturgies were used by the primitive Christians. Here, as elsewhere, his singleness of heart, integrity of life, consistent piety, modesty, and self-distrust, were daily exhibited. The confessions of sin in the offices of the Church express deep and earnest humility; but he was accustomed to say, 'I would fain have them more and deeper.' . . . . .

"Dr. Popkin was never married. In his youth and early manhood he is said to have been not deficient in a taste for social life; but many amusing stories used to be told of his shyness in the presence of women, and of his aversion to the thought of marriage. It was jokingly asserted, that the only fault he ever found with his favorite language, the Greek, was that it had a dual number. Yet there was a tradition long current in College, that, in the circle which Mr. Popkin occasionally frequented in his youth, there was an amiable and accomplished person

to whose attractions he was not insensible. But whatever feeling warmer than friendship may have found place in his breast, it probably remained a secret to all but himself, and was only a matter of inference with the spectators. Half a century afterwards, on the death of an estimable and venerable lady, Dr. Popkin, contrary to the long fixed habits of his life, attended her funeral, and followed her in his carriage to the grave. Perhaps some lingering memory of an early dream of romance, untold at the time, but unforgotten afterwards, may still have dwelt in that lonely heart." — Vol. II. pp. 436 – 438.

As an example of condensed description, we offer a part of the account of Professor Eliphalet Pearson, LL. D., given by Rev. Daniel Waldo, the nonagenarian Chaplain of the last Congress.

"Everything about Dr. Pearson was in admirable keeping. He had a noble, commanding person, which looked like a tower of strength. His face was indicative at once of strong thought and strong feeling. If you had met him casually, without knowing who he was, and he had not opened his lips, you would have been impelled to the conclusion that he was an extraordinary man. His mind was a great storehouse of knowledge, and it was not easy to introduce a subject, especially one connected with literature or science, on which he was not perfectly at home. He seemed familiar with the whole history of learning, and his conversation was enlivened by pertinent and endlessly varied illustrations. His taste was most exact; and I have understood from those who have been his pupils, that, as a critic, he was well-nigh without a rival. In all my intercourse with him, I uniformly found him courteous and kind, and, I may say, a very model of politeness; and yet I always knew that he had at his command a fearfully stern manner; if occasion required, he could wrap himself in a thunder-cloud and make every look a dagger; but I believe he never did this, except in what he considered cases of flagrant delinquency. He was quick to discover an overbearing spirit in others, and had as little patience with it, I believe, as most other people. A young man was sent to the Seminary at Andover, who not only made no profession of religion, but was said to have doubts in regard to the truth of Christianity, and withal had a severe and ungovernable temper. He became a member of the institution by his father's particular request, in the hope that he might be spiritually benefited by living in such an atmosphere, and the result was that he was really hopefully converted, and has since made a useful and somewhat distinguished minister. After he professed to hope that he had experienced a change of character, Dr.

Pearson undertook to examine him in regard to his Christian evidences, and one of the first questions he asked him was, whether he was able to keep in subjection that hitherto ungovernable temper. It was said that the answer he received was such as to show at least that grace had not had its perfect work." — Vol. II. pp. 128, 129.

Another example of comprehensive summary is found in the sketch of Seth Payson, D. D., of Rindge, N. H., by Isaac Robinson, D. D., of Stoddard.

"He was a son of the Rev. Phillips Payson, who was a native of Dorchester; was graduated at Harvard College in 1724; was ordained at Walpole, Mass., September 16, 1730, and died January 22, 1778, at the age of seventy-four. He was a highly respectable and excellent minister. He published two Fast Sermons, occasioned by the war with Spain, 1741. The son was born in September, 1758. Little is now known respecting his early youth, except that he had a feeble constitution, and was subject to epilepsy, which threatened him with loss of reason, and premature death. He was, however, free from that malady during the greater part of his life, and enjoyed vigorous health till within less than a year of his death. In 1773, he entered Harvard College, ... and when he graduated, in 1777, he received one of the highest honors in his class.

"It was universally conceded that Dr. Payson possessed much more than common abilities. His intellect was sharp and vigorous, his imagination lively, and his memory highly retentive. His acquisitions were extensive and varied; and there were few subjects on which he could not converse with intelligence, and no class of men that were not interested in listening to him. He was known as a distinguished civilian in New Hampshire, and for two years successively held a seat in the Senate of that State, and was regarded as one of the ablest of its members. But though he paid considerable attention to political economy and was somewhat in political life, yet theology was his favorite study and the ministry his favorite work. As his ideas were admirably arranged in his own mind, so he was able to communicate them to others with great clearness and force. His brethren in the ministry were always gratified and edified by his conversation. As a preacher, his reputation was deservedly high. His sermons were plain, luminous expositions of Divine truth, fitted at once to secure attention, to awaken the conscience, and impress the heart. He excelled especially in devotional exercises. Free alike from affectation, uniformity, and tedious repetition, his prayers were appropriate and impressive to a degree rarely surpassed." — Vol. II. pp. 209, 210.

A specimen of mingled eulogy and history occurs in the sketch attached to a familiar name among the elders.

"Cotton Mather's character was a strange mixture of strength and weakness, of desirable and undesirable qualities. It cannot be doubted that the ruling passion of his life was for doing good..... His learning was probably more varied and extensive than that of any other person in America. Dr. Chauncy, who knew him well, pronounces him the greatest reader he ever knew; and he seems to have remembered everything he read. He could despatch a folio of many hundred pages in the course of a morning; and he wrote as well as read with almost unexampled rapidity. His library was larger than any other private library in America in his day. In order to save himself from unnecessary intrusions upon his time, he wrote over his study door in capital letters, — 'BE SHORT.' He was accustomed every morning to read a chapter of the Old Testament in Hebrew, and another in French, and a chapter of the New Testament in Greek. He was familiar with the Spanish and Iroquois languages, and published treatises in both. There were two books in which he wrote something every day; one was his *Quotidiana*, in which he transcribed striking passages from the works that he read; the other was his diary, in which he noted passing events, and especially his religious frames and feelings.

"His publications amounted to three hundred and eighty-two. A large part of them were single sermons and other tracts; but others were of considerable magnitude. The largest and most celebrated is his 'Magnalia Christi Americana, or the Ecclesiastical History of New England from its first Planting in 1625, to the Year 1698.'.....

"His habits of devotion and self-discipline were truly remarkable. The principle of association he turned to good account in the cultivation of a devotional spirit. When he heard a clock strike, he would pray that he might so number his days as to apply his heart to wisdom. When he mended his fire, it was with a prayer that his love and zeal might be kindled into a flame. When at the table, looking on the gentlewoman that carved for the guests, he said to himself, 'Lord, carve a rich portion of thy comforts and graces to that person.' Looking on a gentlewoman stricken in years, 'Lord, adorn that person with the virtues which thou prescribest for aged women.' So when he walked in the streets, he implored blessings upon those who passed by him. At the sight of a tall man, he said, 'Lord, give that man high attainments in Christianity.' For a lame man, 'Lord, help that man to walk uprightly.' For a negro, 'Lord, wash that poor soul;

make him white by the washing of thy Spirit.' For a very little man, 'Lord, bestow great blessings on that man.' For a very old man, 'Lord, make him an old disciple,' &c., &c., &c. It appears from his diary that in one year he kept sixty fasts and twenty vigils; and the whole number of days of fasting that he observed, as stated by his son in his funeral sermon, was four hundred and fifty." — Vol. I. pp. 193, 194.

These volumes are rich indeed in finished specimens of that difficult art which chooses the really elemental and constituent forces of character, and so portrays what culture has added to the gifts of nature, as not to confound the two or wrong either. The jumble of qualities which many modern biographies display shows that the authors do not understand their own work.

We cannot forbear transferring one picture of the death of a good man, partly to extend the acquaintance with so sweet a scene, and partly as a specimen of simple, impressive detail. It is that of Thomas Hooker, 1633–1647, a fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, a minister at Chelmsford in Essex, silenced by the "Spiritual Court" in 1630, an exile in Holland three years. He fled from England in 1633, and arrived at Boston in the autumn of that year. With admirable courage and enterprise, after two years and a half, he and a part of his flock — the Church in Cambridge — set out for the Connecticut, and reached Hartford in about a month. After eleven years' service, "while he was yet in the midst of his usefulness," he fell a victim to a violent epidemic. The death-scene, as drawn by Cotton Mather, is as follows: —

"In the time of his sickness, he did not say much to the standers-by; but being asked that he would utter his apprehensions about some important things, especially about the state of New England, he answered, 'I have not that work now to do; I have already declared the counsel of the Lord.' And when one that stood weeping by his bedside said to him, 'Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labors,' he replied, '*Brother, I am going to receive mercy.*' At last he closed his eyes with his own hands, and gently stroking his own forehead, with a smile in his countenance, he gave a little groan, and so expired his blessed soul into the arms of his fellow-servants, the holy angels, on July 7, 1647. In which last hours, the glorious peace of soul which

he had enjoyed without any interruption for near thirty years together so gloriously accompanied him, that a worthy spectator, writing to Mr. Cotton a relation thereof, made this reflection: 'Truly, Sir, the sight of his death will make me have more pleasant thoughts of death than ever I yet had in my life.'" — Vol. I. pp. 34, 35.

With much approval we mention the notes, or the sub-sketches of persons incidentally named in the text. They contribute greatly to the completeness of the work, and alone would form a volume worthy the endeavor of an ordinary ambition; and they are priceless here, as the elements of future extended annals. This toil was assumed wholly by the author; and, as a mere supplement, impresses the reader with the immense range of inquiry, personal knowledge, and tireless care he has expended on the work. We have been tempted to call this feature a specimen of that not uncommon afterthought of authorship which is sometimes found to be the master-thought in the real worth of a book. We have known a foot-note, of very harmless intentions, to raise a tempest of popular concern, while the discourse or treatise to which it was appended would have gone to speedy oblivion, had not the note held it back to serve as a finger-post to its own locality. Not that in any such sense Dr. Sprague's notes hold the vitality of this work; but so far as his skill and assiduity are at stake, they are rather his best pledges. We beg that the next edition may have a special index-table of the names in these notes. Some invaluable keys to fuller biography are contained in them, and there is now no special guide to them.

Another eminent merit of the Annals is the lists of publications left by the persons they commemorate. These lists bring to us the themes of thought, and outline for us the grand thought-work of the generations along which they lie. The titles of the pamphlets and books of any period are a forcible record of what the men of that period were meditating, — of what subjects and interests engaged the mind and study of their times. These now too Sibylline leaves hold the wisdom, faith, and spiritual portraiture of those gone before us. They are a species of transcript from the life-journal of their respective spheres of duty. If these

lists were gathered out of the Annals into a special catalogue, they would form a priceless *index temporum*, a choice portfolio of the minds and hearts producing them, and also of the opinions, dogmas, studies, and acquirements of the days in which they were written. The extent and apparent accuracy of these lists are remarkable, and much enhance the honors of this masterly labor.

Another quality to be spoken of is the incessant glimpses of forgotten literature and biography found here. Books long ago passed from the knowledge of most men are continually reappearing by extracts or references; not only reminding the reader of their existence, but, by the often striking selections from them, inviting him to seek them out for further perusal. It was a characteristic saying of Chalmers, that "a great part of learning is to know where learning can be found." Preeminently is it so, in relation to such learning as these Annals are filled with. It is a praiseworthy service to this class of letters, to point us to the chambers, closets, and garrets in which so much of the knowledge vital to a just judgment of our ecclesiastical past is hidden.

More difficult than in most books we have dealt with have we here found it to keep the author fully in sight. He is but a man, and though of special interest to us while reading, yet because he is continually bringing before us persons attractive from all the diversity of traits which men admire in one another, we continually forget the one living man in the multitude of famous and revered dead to whom he introduces us. And this has put us upon picturing the subjects of his pious toil as a long gallery, — all living, — in all their characteristic activities, busy in their sacred spheres. What a company! When had the world, in the same space, such a group of men? What other generations ever wore such jewels as these? Name a characteristic which the Christian world accounts as deserving fame, and number the examples which illustrate it, from among these. What style of heroism, of moral and manly courage, has not been exemplified, — what dignity not adorned, — what devotion, what self-denial and self-sacrifice, not equalled? What genius, scholarship, eloquence, power in argument, force in appeal, felicity in persua-

sion, charm in private virtues and personal excellences, finds not in these Annals eminent instances, yea, cherished models?

Survey the royal procession: the feet of the earliest ranks bathed by the surf of Massachusetts Bay, the footprints of the later ones midway across the Continent. Is not all their way radiant, — the path that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day"? Consider the forces proceeding from this noble line of men, outward upon society. What examples of the faith that overcomes; of singleness of heart and fervor of hope, which no temptations or trials could pervert or quench; of perception and power in philosophy, waiting yet to be matched by any school or master; of a love of learning which patiently planted the lands with schools; of a warmth of religious zeal which tamed the rude Indian, and made him a pupil of the Divine Word in his own almost unconquerable speech, and which devised plans by which missionaries of the Gospel have been sent into almost every tribe of the race? Where, we ask, were such forces of character ever shown by any equal number of men?

With reverence we contemplate the saintly throng; stopping a moment now and then, as some striking eminence or winning grace comes to view, — the masterly Robinson, the apostolic Eliot, the learned Hooker, the erudite Mathers, the seraphic Shepard, the eccentric Moodys, the subtile Edwards, the classic Stiles, the dialectic Emmons, the serenely philosophic Woods, the scholar-Christian, Bela B. Edwards; and, of youthful fame, the laborious John King Lord, ending his glowing life at thirty years, and the cultured, engaging William Bradford Homer, gaining in his twenty-four years of Christian loveliness a rank among scholars, a hold upon hearts which twice his lifetime will not loosen, and the tribute of one of the choicest memoirs extant from the pen of his revered teacher and fervent friend, Professor Park. In a letter near the close of the last volume, from Professor Huntington, concerning this gifted youth, there is another name mentioned, which, though not found in the index, claims a word from our personal affection, Henry J. Bancroft, an almost daily intimate with Homer, and like him gifted in mind, — touched with fervors of sensibility, a Christian-poet flame, before which his

life fell an early prey. "His soul was all *quick*," says the friendly letter which introduces him to this volume. The sentence is a true epitome of the character. These beloved and precious young men fitly close this remarkable group. The world, we think, will be slow to turn their eyes from them. Strong persuasions draw us to bear them in reverent and affectionate remembrance.

One of our most eminent scholars has written, "If we cut ourselves off from the past, we shall be disowned in the future." Such annals as these, beyond any work short of elaborate history, join us to the past, and teach us how to win a remembrance from the future. The powers of our life are too frail, its day too short, to complete any career so as to be worthy of remembrance, unless we bring from the past wisdom, impulse, and such portions of a finished life as can be transferred from one generation to another. This neglected, there inevitably results a barren, unshapen existence, lacking the friendly fruitage of a reverent, generous knowledge of men, and sympathy with them. These defects justly diminish our merit in the eye of our contemporaries, and provoke the future to judge, that, as we made no account of those who were ancestors to us, we can have little claim on those to whom we in turn are ancestors. Moreover, we justly owe the future a debt for the past. The services of those who went before us are a claim on us payable to those who shall succeed us. Yet further, unless we carefully gather the rills and streams descending from events of earlier times, they soon will be choked and buried by the digging and piling of this age of pickaxes and spades; and so our neglect will not only rob us of the benefits of such recollections, but will also preclude our wiser posterity from reaching them. Each generation must be a channel between those before it and those coming after, or the stream of history can have no sure and even flow. We are bound by historic gratitude to gather with care the *res gestæ* of ancestors, and to leave them within the reach of those to whom we shall yield place.

We mentioned it gratefully, that no department of American public life, excepting perhaps that of the early fathers of the Revolution, has more faithful record than the clerical; and

perhaps in point of influence and of positive public efficiency, through the earlier periods at least, this was the foremost profession. We are persuaded, however, that a similar service to this of Dr. Sprague would be a memorable benefit to the other commonly styled "professions." We should fervently welcome "annals" of the lawyers and of the physicians of our country. We think that a substantial and friendly buttress of the merited reputation and influence of these professions would be built up by such works. Scores of the *incidents in practice*, which attach public confidence and interest to the educated classes, would thus be put within the range of the current conversation, and gradually grow into impressive traditions. Vastly better for preserving the lawful but criminally abused reputation of classes of men exposed to a certain kind and measure of popular prejudice would such a mode be, than the style of indignant and retaliatory vindication now so often resorted to. Are there not members of these professions fitted by a devout love to their calling, by generous care for the honors of it, and by position and acquirement, to bestow such a fundamental and permanent benefit upon their brethren? Would it not be as truly a professional service, thus to rescue the excellent names, once adorning each of these walks of public duty, in much of their living lustre, from the oblivion which is speedily hiding them, as it would be to push a little further the boundaries of mere technical learning? But what can be done in this behalf should be done at once; for forgetfulness of what is good and great seems often to come on men, as night between the tropics, quickly and with little warning.

We lay down these volumes thankfully. We are thankful to that Divine Providence which endowed our earliest and latter periods with such men. There is pledge and prophecy in such a favor to any nation. They were a "royal generation." Theirs was a character which must more or less perpetuate itself. A good man is, in a sense, self-multiplying. An inherent vitality belongs to him, reproducing his image in descendants.

We are thankful to the author. The literature of the country has in these Annals, and will have in their completion, an

original treasury of the very elements of national growth and permanence. It is not a piece of work on a pattern set by older and abler communities; not in any sense a specimen of the imitation literature of which we have sometimes the malcredit. It is an original, unique, and purely national book of Annals, which cannot fail to bear the author's name in affectionate honors to a distant posterity.

Art. IX. — *Hesperides: or the Works both Humane and Divine of* Robert Herrick, Esq. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 2 vols.

The poet to whom this recent imprint of his works among us may draw some attention is almost unknown to the great body of the readers of poetry in this country, though he is cherished with a peculiar fondness by the few who are familiar with his writings. When he is spoken of at all, it is commonly as of the second or third rank, or even lower, among the wooers of the Muses; and this critical estimate, with the justness of which we are not disposed to quarrel, tends to insure neglect of him, in the case of the most of those whose poetical studies are guided by the opinion of others. There are those, however, and we confess ourselves to be of their number, who have an especial liking for Herrick, and for divers others also, who are often contemptuously dismissed because those who like them most will not claim for them the highest order of merit. Yet among these *dii minores* are surely many who deserve much reverence from us. Lesser lights are they, indeed, yet of a brilliancy that is all their own, and shining with a steady, pure, untroubled splendor, comparatively feeble though it be, in their far-off glorious firmament.

For our own part, we have no faith in that common opinion, which bids us set a peculiar value on "the man of one book." There is indeed *one Book* which has no likeness, and which by its transcendent virtues is raised far above

even contrast with any other; and he who drinks its spirit, and walks in its light, shall be, in like manner, lifted above his fellow-men, transformed, cleansed, transfigured by its influence to that pureness of heart, of which comes clearness of vision also, and "the knowledge of the holy" which it gives, while it confers "the assurance of incorruption," shall empower him to judge men and things here, as it will lift him where he may "judge angels" hereafter. But of books which men make, and which mainly — alas that we must say it! — men read, and which are designed to instruct us in science, or to teach us the lessons of experience, or to entertain us by an exhibition of genius and creative skill, we affirm it were sheer folly for any to confine himself to one, or to those of one kind. We are many-sided, as the Germans phrase it, all of us creatures of many capacities, and a simple regard to our own development, the culture of true manhood in ourselves, demands that we use all fit appliances to fill every capacity, and so far as such appliances are found in books, that we read or study all the varieties of them that such uses call for. How would he make his way through the world, what a figure, rather, would he present in it, who should devote his studious days and nights to so excellent a work even as Euclid's Elements? We have heard of one man, and of one only, — we are not quite sure that it was Bishop Watson, — who ascribed his success in life, and, we suppose, honestly believed it to be due, to the diligent and often-repeated perusal of a single book. The book, in his case, was "Cicero de Officiis," from which it is possible, so admirable do we too think it, that such magical effects might flow. But we have little doubt that the clever Bishop — if he it was — was as much mistaken in stating the grounds of his success, as men commonly are in giving the reasons of their longevity. One will tell you he is an octogenarian, because he has always left his bed before sunrise; another will impute his no fewer years to his having always outslept the fogs and damps of the morning. We cannot understand why the mitre should not have found its way to Watson's head, if he had as carefully conned "Seneca's Morals" also. He was, moreover, as is well known, a man of very various learning.

We choose our books very much as we choose our acquaintance and friends; some, perhaps, because they are thrust upon us, and we are forced by our professional needs, or some exigencies of our daily life, to associate with them, but chiefly because we like them. We have our private preferences, and these preferences we freely indulge. We seek the acquaintance of a man who, we judge, may be useful to us; and so we study history or metaphysics for its promise of advantage. We read magazines and newspapers, as we fall in with men in the chance in and out goings of society. But all of us have our favorite authors, and favorite books, which are ours, and not those of other men, because we like them, and there is some especial thing in them that draws out our liking; just as we have each his peculiar friend, made so by some quality of service, or genuine sympathy with us, and not with our neighbor. Now we confess — humiliating as the acknowledgment may seem — to a very strong appetency for a few second and third rate poets, and we are not sure that we do not like them the more — apart from any critical judgment of their merits — because they are rated, and because we too rate them, second and third. We would not care to have a great philosopher, or statesman, as such, and who in all hours and companies would be such, for our friend. We might like well enough to hear his wisdom now and then, but not to be vexed every day with discussions of the laws of consciousness, or planetary motions, or the perplexities of nations. We cannot bear to have our admiration always on the stretch. The great man must unbend sometimes, and come down to our sphere, or he is not fit for the companionship of ordinary mortals. Our neck aches too soon to let us enjoy a long looking upwards. We should have been glad to be sometimes present at the wit-encounters of such combatants as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; but with all our fondness for Boswell, we could not long have endured the ponderosities of his master. A friend is for every-day endurance, and our books for every day's use and enjoyment. We demand in our friend common sense, sympathy, a pleasant humor, and some nearness to our own level that there may be a mutual appreciation. We do not care to have

him always wise or always witty. We should choose, of all things, to have been present that day when Johnson was constrained, by his own yearning after simple human fellowship, to lay aside for once the lexicographer and the moralist, and invite Boz to a hearty "talk." So it is with our books. We would not be strangers to Plato and Sophocles, Bacon and Milton. We would reserve our choicest hours for them. We would visit them on high festivals, in solemn state, with our souls girded up, in grave and earnest expectation. We resort to them for sage counsels, and lofty inspirations, for the encouragement and sustaining of heroic purposes, that our feeble manliness may be replenished by an infusion of the highest temper of humanity. We would not profane such presence by our careless and familiar intrusion. But we need companionship also; and must have in our books companions whom we can visit in undress, whom we can call upon for good advice, or pleasantry, or cheerful, gentle, graceful chat, just as our mood inclines us. And as no one suits all these purposes, we must have a variety of books; and we would call Burton to our aid when we are in a melancholy or fantastic humor; Fuller, when we are disposed to enjoy quaintness and jest; Sir Thomas Browne, when fibres of the brain are twisted beyond their usual tension; or, if we are in the mood to laugh and weep, to be wise and silly, all at once, — to hear from the same lips, in the same outpouring, the gravest severity of truth, and merriment the most uproarious, — then Shakespeare. In our confessed preference of fellowship with those whom the world has not yet called great, we have simply owned what we believe all men feel. For one who reads Milton with a sincere appreciation, and returns to him, year after year, with the unabated relish of true love for his grand and supreme magnificence, how many thousands there are among us who read and re-read, quote and remember the more intelligible and familiar Cowper! Multitudes are they, who claim too some measure of poetic taste and insight, to whom Spenser is tedious or a mystery, and Herbert crabbed and harsh, who yet know Byron and Scott by heart, or keep Pope under their pillow. We need no further argument to justify our fondness for many who have

stopped far short of the summit of the Aonian mount, and our complete dissent from the popular interpretation of the famous dictum of Horace about "gods and columns." We too, like the bard of Venusia, would have everything excellent of its kind; but we do not wish to have all we read of the highest kind. And now for him of the Hesperides.

What a silvery ring there is, as of a clear, far-sounding bell, in the very title of his book! Who but a true poet would have baptized the child of his fancy with so magical a name? What glowing and glorious visions the very word conjures up! We are transported, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, to that renowned garden, richer and fairer than Tasso fancied for the pleasance of Armida, or Milton for the haunt of Comus, and of which only an austere image rose to the remembering imagination of the sightless painter who portrayed the Paradise where our first parents dwelt in their innocence, — that garden where abode in unimagined luxury of attendance on their divinely appointed watch, the beauteous daughters of Atlas, the rare melody of whose voices, like the music of the spheres, was too fine and spiritual to be caught, even in wandering strains, by gross human sense; where sprang towards the skies those mysterious trees of golden fruitage, whose branches bore, in perpetual observance from the beginning, the bridal gift which the dread mother of all offered, when Hera, in that far-off eternity, became the wife of the most high Jove; where Nature's best and noblest works were gathered, her most fragrant odors, her dreamiest and most delicious sounds, her brightest airs and warm impurpled clouds, gems from her deepest caverns, clusters from vines that inspire and never cloy, the purest light and swiftest motion of her stars, collected, blended, harmonized, in one sole purpose fitly to keep that earliest symbol of nuptial faith and fondness, — a symbol, dragon-guarded too, that its safe seclusion from mortal eyes might consecrate for ever its mystic meaning to human imagination. How high thoughts of the poet's mission were his, who could venture to associate with his works this dream of ancient fancy! From such heights the fall is sad and pitiful to the conceit, bald and prosaic, of some of Herrick's commentators, that he gave this title to his

collected works, because, having migrated from Devonshire to London, he had been long a resident in the West, which, with a simple recollection of his classics, he called, as they had done, Hesperia.

He did, indeed, reside in Devonshire. If the reader has travelled the high road which leads from Ashburton towards Plymouth, he may have noticed, soon after crossing the river Dart, — and if he be a lover of the picturesque, or reveres the spot where genius lived and sleeps, he has turned aside to examine more at leisure, — the vale of Dean Bourn, and the parish of Dean Prior. Here in the midst of a scenery of mingled wildness and beauty, of cultivated fields, and glens, and waterfalls, with the wooded highlands of Dartmoor in the background, was passed a large part of the life of Robert Herrick. He was descended from an ancient and honorable family, and born in Cheapside, London, A. D. 1591. His early years seem to have been spent in that city, and his early education to have been received at Westminster School. In 1615 he was entered as a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. Having taken holy orders, he was presented by King Charles I., in 1629, to the vicarage of Dean Prior, his predecessor having been promoted to the see of Carlisle. Here he resided nineteen years, and here, as we learn from Anthony Wood, "he exercised his muse, as well in poetry as in other learning, and became much beloved of the gentry in those parts for his florid and witty discourses." Here also the larger portion of his poetry was written; and beyond this, and his presumed attention to his clerical duties, we have little knowledge of his habits and doings during his residence in Devonshire. We know, as he often tells us in his verses, that he was fond of sack, — a taste not so much censured in a parson in his day as in ours. From the same source, we learn that no wife cheered the loneliness of his vicarage, and that the faithful Prudence Baldwin, his housekeeper, did not, by careless service, belie her name. There is a tradition at Dean Bourn, that he kept a pet pig also, "which he taught to drink out of a tankard," — an eccentricity which only a solitary life would be likely to lead one into, unless there was more natural coarseness of taste in him

than his poems indicate. The same authority adds, that on one occasion, becoming wroth with his congregation, who were sleeping while he was preaching, he flung his sermon in their faces, and cursed them for their inattention, — no very usual way, we believe, of securing a hearing, or of administering a rebuke, and which would hardly be tolerated, except, perhaps, in one who had already a reputation for oddity. Bating the cursing, which we venture to consider utterly apocryphal, — "a purple patch," which tradition has attached to original fact, — we rather like that puff of sacred anger, and hold him fully excused, by its prompt boldness, for the seeming irreverence of the act. Indeed, we confess a partiality for men who can do so original things as this. Whether it was the dulness of his hearers, or, more probably, his own fondness for social life of a style different from what could readily be found in the quietness of an obscure provincial town, or whatever the cause was, he had a strong dislike to Devonshire, "the dull confines," as he calls it, "of the drooping west," and of which, in his farewell to Dean Bourn, he says,

> "With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when
> Rockes turn to rivers, rivers turn to men."

In common with many others of the beneficed clergy, he was ejected from his living by the Cromwellian party, in 1648; and the feelings with which he left the spot where he had sojourned so long may be well imagined from the following verses in his invocation to London, whither he returned: —

> "London my home is; though by hard fate sent
> Into a long and irksome banishment;
> Yet since cal'd back: henceforward let me be,
> O native countrey, repossest by thee!
> For rather than I'le to the west return,
> I'le beg of thee here first to have mine urn."

On his arrival at London, he put off his clerical habit, and as his livelihood had depended on the income of his parish, he published a volume of poems, the same year, to keep himself from want. The volume appeared as the work of Robert

Herrick, Esq. (or Hearick, as he seems to have written his name), a change of title on his part, due not more, we imagine, to the recent change in his circumstances, than to the fact that the book contained some things which would not look so well, and would perhaps meet with a less gracious reception, if they were announced as the production of a sacerdotal pen. We may here remark, that, favorite as he was with many of his contemporaries, his works passed into a forgetfulness so general in later days, that the earliest reprint of the whole was made after the lapse of nearly two centuries, in 1826. A later edition, almost a fac-simile of the original one, retaining the antique spelling, capitals, &c., was issued in London by Pickering, in 1846. In the edition the title of which is placed at the head of this article, and which forms a part of the excellent collection of British Poets now in course of publication by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., the orthography has been modernized. We are by no means sure that this change is an improvement. The ancient form, the peculiar cut even of the types, seems to befit the character of the poet, and is to many readers, ourselves among them, not without its attraction.

The social relations which Herrick fell in with in London must have proved very grateful to him, after his long exile from them; though they could not have had much influence on the character of his poetry, for it appears that he wrote but few pieces after his return. The quality, however, of the selections which he printed may have been determined, in some degree, by the circumstances of his residence there. He was an ardent loyalist, and, of course, was brought into closer intercourse with those who embraced the same cause; and as both parties were then running to extremes, affecting in all points an unlikeness with each other, it is not improbable that some of his poems, inviting to loose and careless habits of thought and life, and tainted with impure sentiment, may owe their place in his volume to the free speech and licentious practices of his cavalier associates, and to his own aversion to all the forms and colors of Puritanism. His poems certainly show that he was on terms of friendship, or intimate acquaintance, with Ben Jonson, and a sharer with

him in those tavern frolics which "Saint Ben," as he once calls him, loved to indulge in, and in which, still, the wit seems to have been more than the wine; or, as Herrick himself describes it, —

> "Where we such clusters had
> As made us nobly wild, not mad;
> And yet each verse of thine
> Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine."

In many other passages he exhibits a strong affection, as well as a high admiration, for the already famous dramatist. John Selden, so celebrated for his unequalled learning and antiquarian tastes, did not scorn to call Herrick his friend. Cotton and Denham, whom the sympathies of a kindred poetic inspiration attached to him, were on the list of his intimates, and Endymion Porter, and Sir John Berkeley, judicious patrons of poets if not successful wooers of the Muses, seem to be the representatives of a large number who esteemed and admired him. Eminent musical composers, whom the peculiar melody of his lyrics may have drawn to him, were proud to be counted among his friends; and many of his pieces, which flow so sweetly that they seem almost ready to sing themselves, were set to music by such distinguished masters in that art as Laniere, Ramsay, Wilson, and Henry Lawes. Herrick's residence in London was extended to 1660, — to the restoration of the monarchy, and the recall of Charles II. Then, the old ecclesiastical order being revived, many of those who had been put out of their livings by the Puritan party returned to them. Herrick was of this number, and passed the residue of his life in the scene of his early labors and enjoyments. He died at Dean Bourn, and was buried there in October, 1674.

The number of Herrick's poetical compositions is quite large, though all of them are short, and many of them extremely short. Very many also are hardly worth reading a second time, and of others — not a few — we can only say, it were better had they never been written. We are sometimes tempted, — when we have read a vast mass of rubbish, or what is worse than rubbish, verses stained by low and

unworthy sentiment, and unredeemed by scattered gleams of genius, — to wish that some of our older poets might undergo a careful expurgation, a cleansing by the rules of morals and decency, if not by the canons of tasteful criticism; and that the residue only — the pure in sentiment, and the excellent in poetical qualities — might be allowed to represent to posterity the sum and the worthiness of their achievement. For the greater number of the readers of poetry, we are persuaded that such selections would be far more acceptable, and of a far higher value, than a reprint of all which the diligence of antiquarian research can gather, and the partiality of fond editors will approve. The main difficulty in the execution of such a task lies in the use of a proper criticism. What is offensive to the moral feelings is offensive to all. But in regard to questions of poetical excellence, we all have our peculiar notions, it may be our caprices, which we are unwilling to deny, or to intrust the gratification of them to another. And in the case of our favorite authors, their defects even, and failures, disclose characteristic features, which are not without interest to us, just as the faults of our friend give us an insight into the man, which furnishes new grounds of sympathy and liking, if not of a loftier appreciation.

None of Herrick's pieces are attempted in the higher styles of poetry. There seems to have been nothing of epic loftiness, and but little of the dramatic element, in his character. He has given us some very graceful poetical epistles; but we think his finest efforts are among his lyrics. In these even — and the same characteristics are to be met with in all his writings — his chief merits consist in a play of fancy that is often remarkably delicate, and the expression of very apt sentiment in the choicest language. He had certainly the poetic eye, and a rare skill in conveying a picture in a well-selected phrase or epithet. His phraseology, though it sometimes runs into that luscious sensuousness in the use of words which distinguishes Keats and Tennyson, is rather marked by a rich simplicity, which presents his figures to us in perfect clearness as well as fulness, and yet does not overlay them with verbal ornament, however seducing it may be. A

couple of instances may illustrate what we have said. The first is from an amplification of a passage in Esdras, "Weigh me the weight of the fire," &c.:—

> "Or fetch me back that cloud againe,
> *Beshiver'd into seeds of raine.*"

The second is from "The Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter," and is worthy of a place in Cymbeline:—

> "Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
> And make this place all paradise.
> May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
> Fat frankincense:
> Let balme and cassia send their scent
> From out thy maiden-monument!
>
> "May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
> A wing about thy sepulcher!
> No boysterous winds or stormes come hither
> To starve or wither
> Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a spring,
> Love keep it ever flourishing."

There is much also of a classical quality in him, which not only betrays itself by terse forms of expression, and a close regard to unity of conception, as in Cowper, or in the richness of antique allusion, which is a peculiarity of Spenser and Milton; but often the entire shape of his thought, be it of epigram, or of gnomic sentiment, or Anacreontic, shows his familiarity with especially the Latin poets; and the reader of Horace and Tibullus will meet with stanzas, and verses, and turns of phraseology, evidently adapted or translated from them. The following, for example, he will readily trace to Horace, Herrick's translations from whom, we may remark, will well bear a comparison with those made by any other English writer.

> "The pleasing wife, the house, the ground,
> Must all be left, no one plant found
> To follow thee,
> Save only the curst cipresse tree."

And again:—

"But on we must, and thither tend,
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend
Their sacred seed.
Thus has infernall Jove decreed,
We must be made,
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade."

He has been sometimes compared with Catullus; and in the entire range of English literature no one, we think, can be found, who in the variety of his productions, and in their general tone and temper, so fitly represents the bard of Verona. And this is no slight commendation; for Catullus is certainly the chief among the Latin lyric poets; inferior to Horace in elaborate finish and felicities of language, but in fervor of feeling, in poetic sentiment and genuine inspiration, far above him. Herrick, though his best poems are not of so high merit, possesses all the original geniality of style which Catullus has, and very much also of the free, jovial, out-speaking, generous temper, which is so charming in him. There is another point in which Herrick resembles the classical poets generally, and in which he is unlike most of the moderns. The occasions of his poetry were real. Some event occurring in his own experience, or under his own observation, — some actual circumstance, — because it interested his feelings, found expression in his poetry. Hence its freshness and life. Because the feeling was real, — sympathy with an actual occurrence, — and the utterance of it sincere, his verses affect us as the subjects of them affected him. The same is true, in like degree, of Horace and Catullus. But when Tennyson sings to us of Ulysses or of the Lady of Shalott, exquisite as is the art of the poet, we feel that the subject exists only in his fancy, and we are affected as by an image, not as by the reality. The truth — in this sense of the word — of Herrick's poetry touches every reader, and interests him, as we all are interested when a man says what he really means.

A large number of his pieces are epigrams. In this kind we do not think him particularly successful. Many of them are extremely coarse and indelicate, and few of them have a keen point. They are generally constructed very closely after the Latin model, but he is no rival of Martial, as

these examples, though they are among the best, will show.

"UPON PARSON BEANES.

"Old Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,
And on the seventh he has his notes to seek.
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seventh he can nor preach or pray."

"UPON SIBB.

"Sibb, when she saw her face, how hard it was,
For anger spat on thee, her looking-glasse.
But weep not, christall; for the shame was meant
Not unto thee, but that thou didst present."

He seems to have put more of his heart into the utterance of graver sentiments, and so those pieces which, for the want of a better epithet, we may call gnomic, exhibit a far more skilful treatment. The two which we subjoin are fair specimens.

"PRAY AND PROSPER.

"First offer incense; then thy field and meads
Shall smile and swell the better by thy beads.
The spangling dew dredg'd o're the grasse shall be
Turn'd all to mell and manna there for thee.
Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil
Shall run as rivers, all throughout the soyl.
Wod'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mold?
Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to gold."

"MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

"When with the virgin morning thou do'st rise,
Crossing thy selfe, come thus to sacrifice:
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.
Next to the altar humbly kneele, and thence
Give up thy soule in clouds of frankincense.
Thy golden censors, fill'd with odours sweet,
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet."

A large part of Herrick's life having been passed in the

country, amid rural sights and sounds, we might naturally expect to find in his writings frequent descriptions of rustic scenes and occupations. While he gives no evidence of a poetic eye for the picturesque in landscape, as Price and Ruskin might understand that phrase, and seems to have known nothing of that communion with Nature which enters so largely into the poetry of Wordsworth, he certainly had a quick perception of minute and particular beauties in the woods and fields around him, and a genial appreciation of rich colors and sweet sounds. He knew well enough how to treat such things as symbols of the passions, of love especially, and very often does so treat them; yet he usually presents them in a manner purely objective, and is, for this reason, as a writer, far more picturesque than many who may have had a keener sense of the graceful and the grotesque. His painting of rural objects is not seldom elaborately minute and accurate, and however full of fancy or sentiment he may be, he always retains this rare faithfulness to reality in the appearance of outward things. The fancy and sentiment are made to blend with and enhance, never to disguise them. He has also a peculiar antiquarian value, as a sketcher of rustic usages and enjoyments of his day, which have now passed away even in England. His works are a rich mine of information to all who would understand the village sports, and rural merry-makings, and popular superstitions of two hundred years ago; and such treatises as Brand's Popular Antiquities owe many of their finest illustrations to him. Examples of our author's skill in such delineations, being scattered through many such volumes, are probably not unfamiliar to our readers. We prefer to give them a specimen of his powers in quite a different kind. "Oberon's Feast" is a pure play of fancy, of exceeding beauty, and every way worthy of a place beside Shakespeare's Queen Mab. We copy a part of it.

"A little mushroome table spred,
After short prayers they set on bread;
A moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
With some small glit'ring gritt to eate
His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great then nice.

But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper;
The merry cricket, puling flie,
The piping gnat for minstralcy.
And now we must imagine first
The elves present, to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearle of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blew
And pregnant violet. . . . . .
. . . . . A little moth,
Late fatned in a piece of cloth,
With withered cherries, mandrakes eares,
Moles eyes; to these the slain-stags teares,
The unctuous dewlaps of a snaile,
The broke-heart of a nightingale
Ore-come in musicke; with a wine,
Ne're ravisht from the flattering vine,
But gently prest from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up, to bewitch
His blood to height. This done, commended
Grace by his priest, the feast is ended."

Herrick's versification deserves peculiar praise, and stands out in pleasing contrast with the rugged and untunable metres of Donne and the most of his contemporaries. He tried almost every variety, and with almost uniform success. His iambics and trochaics have a singularly tripping melody of movement, which well suits the free, open, *riant* character of the man, and his joyous utterance of deep-felt emotions. Many of his lyrics are remarkable in this respect. Who, that has once read it, will ever forget this still famous song?

"TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

"The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he 's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And neerer he 's to setting.

"That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

"Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, goe marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

There is a kind of sentiment also which Herrick loves to indulge in, and which metrical graces help finely to set off, such as Anacreon has given us some specimens of, and Horace not a few, and which has been a favorite theme of lyric poets in all times; the Epicurean argument, we mean, which finds in the shortness of human life a new source of relish for its fading enjoyments. We trace in Herrick, too, that mingling of cheerfulness and melancholy in his views of our mortal estate, the result at once of tender sensibilities and a most sober judgment, which appeals to the universal experience of men, and, when clothed in the garments of poetry, awakens a sympathy everywhere, and which hardly any one is so philosophical as not to feel, and few so clownish as not to appreciate and admire. We can show our meaning best, perhaps, by quoting two short, yet very characteristic pieces.

"TO BLOSSOMS.

"Faire pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

"What! were yee born to be
An hour or half's delight;
And so to bid goodnight?

'Twas pitie nature brought yee forth
Meerly to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

"But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave;
And after they have shewn their pride
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave."

"TO DAFFADILS.

"Fair Daffadils, we weep to see
You haste away so soone:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noone.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along.

"We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away,
Like to the summer's raine,
Or as the pearles of morning's dew,
Ne'r to be found againe."

Of the many erotic pieces which are scattered through these volumes, no great number can be selected which to our ear and taste would be entirely unexceptionable. Some are gross, and many are tainted, more or less, with images or allusions which would not now be tolerated. How much of this is due to the manners of his age, and how much to the temperament of the poet, we do not care to inquire. We know that amid

all the peculiarities of those times, the unrestrained and wanton license, and the jocose merriment of vice, on the one side, and the solemn and overstrained austerities, the lip-service and hypocrisies, of the other great moral division of the people, the Muse of Milton, if his alone, maintained its reserved and stately chastity; and we know, also, that no evil custom, or prevalence of excess in any way, can palliate the crime of him who would disguise the grossness of voluptuous sin under the drapery and charms of verse. With much that is evil, there are also of Herrick's love-songs a portion that may fairly claim a place with the finest effusions of his contemporaries. He knew well enough how to distinguish a pure from a debased affection; and some of his efforts of this kind, as the verses to Anthea, are marked no less by a genuine delicacy than by an earnest devotion.

Appended to the Hesperides is a collection of poems entitled "Noble Numbers," which have the appearance of being written later, though they were published, as we believe, at the same time. It contains his devotional pieces, and those which bear directly on religious and ecclesiastical subjects. These have the same general characteristics with the Hesperides. There is in them the same sincere and earnest tone, the same truthfulness, and a like glow of fancy and felicity of language. There are few verses on such subjects more frequently quoted or more highly esteemed than his, called "To keep a true Lent." His "Letanie to the Holy Spirit" is, in part at least, familiar even now to the lips of the unlettered peasants of Dean Bourn; and his "Thanksgiving to God for his House," is not surpassed by George Herbert even, in earnestness of feeling, and in its quaint and homely, yet very graceful, simplicity of expression.

The face of Herrick, prefixed to his poems, is worth looking at; the nose very prominent and deeply curved, the cheeks heavy with flesh, the lips sensuous, the eye eager, — altogether a face which, though all may not be struck pleasantly by it, few will find it easy to forget.

ART. X. — *The British Essayists. With Prefaces, Historical and Biographical, by* A. CHALMERS, F. S. A. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855–57. 38 vols. 16mo.

WE felt no little hesitancy in making the appearance of these volumes the occasion for an article on their contents. We supposed that the "British Essayists" had been no less a hackneyed theme for reviewers, than they have been a part of the reading and culture of all thinkers and writers in England and America. But to our great surprise, Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature" names not a single article under either of the titles, by which these works could be designated. So tempting a subject could not have been left untouched, with the frequent opportunities offered by the republication of the Spectator especially, had not critics supposed themselves forestalled. And it may well be that other subjects, lying at the very threshold or in the open court of literature, have in like manner entirely failed of the cognizance of professed critics, because of an *a priori* probability that they had received their full share of critical treatment. We do not refer to the silence of the reviewers as a basis for any claim of our own to originality of thought or judgment in what we may now write. On the other hand, could we have found any *résumé* of the commonplaces that belong to this theme, we would have marked them for avoidance. But, as the case stands, it is impossible for us to discriminate between what we have read, we know not where, about this remarkable series of publications, and the thoughts properly our own to which they have given birth.

The term *essay* has indeed unlimited breadth, and might include all literary compositions that have no more specific name; nor has there ever been a period since the revival of letters, when some of the best thought of the time has not appeared in a form claiming this designation. Yet the volumes before us are specimens of a kind of literature which sprang into being early in the last century, culminated with its growing years, declined with its wane, and expired before its close with no presage of a revival. It employed a very

large proportion of the intellectual vigor and culture of its age, and probably a still larger proportion of the pretentious mediocrity and industrious dulness that fed the press. More than two hundred periodical papers, after the manner of the Spectator, made their appearance, and ran their narrower or wider, briefer or longer, circuit. No coffee-house could attract custom, unless supplied with the more popular of these sheets; no fashionable breakfast-table was served without them. The daily issue of the Spectator at one time reached fourteen thousand, — an enormous number for those days of slow printing, tardy transportation, and restricted intercourse between the metropolis and the remoter portions of the kingdom.

There are adequate reasons why the periodical essay should have flourished as a form of literature precisely in the eighteenth century, and neither earlier nor later. English literature can in no sense have become popular till the reign of James I. Prior to the standard version of the Scriptures, the language had been too indefinite and fluctuating in its forms for the growth of so much as a style, which should blend precision, beauty, harmony, and adaptation to the general taste. The reading of an author of a previous generation must have demanded either scholarly habits, or arduous and often ungrateful toil; and we can find little evidence of intellectual activity or curiosity among the mass of the people, or even of the privileged classes. When a popular literature became possible, there commenced forthwith the series of political agitations, fanned by the despotism of the Stuarts, aroused to internecine strife under Charles I., prolonged through successive revolutions, and allayed only by the settlement of the powers of the realm and the balancing of parties toward the close of the reign of William of Orange. During this entire period, the whole nation was in intense and never-flagging excitement on the most momentous subjects, involving the dearest earthly rights and immortal hopes. The termination of the long struggle in the consolidation of a constitutional government left the general mind alert, vigorous and earnest, intent on the current of public affairs and of social life, keenly critical of opinions, and craving objects

of fresh interest. The troubled condition of the realm, than which the generation then living had known no other state, had of course nourished the appetency for novelty in every kind, — for racy and stimulating condiments to the mind and the passions. The entire people had been less spectators than actors in a series of wild and complicated tragedies, and they could not now retire from the stage, without longing to be spectators at least at the more comic after-piece of party countermarches, literary rivalries, and fashionable frivolities. The newspaper of the day did more to feed than to appease this craving. Giving only the names of the *dramatis personæ* and the most meagre play-bill possible, it prompted more questions than it answered. The Gazette, as a form of publication, was indeed imported with the name from Italy into England in the latter part of the sixteenth century; but periodical papers were not regularly issued till during the civil war, when they were employed mainly to disseminate political dogmas or to arouse military zeal. They must, we think, have subsequently declined in the interest of the people with the dearth of stirring incident; for on the accession of Queen Anne to the throne, there was but one daily paper printed in the kingdom. This, and still more its weekly contemporaries, must have been too scantily sustained, to furnish remunerating employment for genius or erudition. So little satisfaction did they give as to certain portions of what would be now deemed their sphere, that they were outrivalled in the provincial towns by manuscript news-letters from London, written by some of the number, not even then small, of cultivated men who sought a precarious living by penwork, and *despatched* (if the word be not too gross an anachronism) to the principal cities, — each copy there circulated, and perhaps recopied for more rapid circulation, among the gentry and the rural nobility. These letters, giving sketches of London life, aptly prepared the way, and generated the taste, for the periodical essay, which, with two or three generations, filled an essential place in the public demand, which there was nothing else to occupy.

Thus was there fitness in the birth-time of this form of literature. Its decline was equally necessitated by the progress

of the age. With the multiplication of newspapers and their readers, competition enlisted, and growing patronage retained, in their service a higher order of talent. The editorial columns and the regular literary contributions covered the ground that had been occupied by the daily essay. News was served up with the condiments which Steele and Addison had first rendered essential to the public appetite. The daily paper was no longer an arid journal, but a spicy commentary on its own records; while, so far as the essays had discussed topics of ethical and religious philosophy and general literature, they were superseded by the accumulated literary productions of a prolific century, by the now teeming issues of the press, by the older magazines, and, at a later period, by the Edinburgh Review and the other quarterlies to which its success gave birth.

Among the results of the essays under consideration, we must give a prominent place to the simplification of style. With a very few noble exceptions, English prose had been lumbering, obscure, pedantic, deformed by quotations from the ancient languages, and fit for the perusal only of readers equally learned and long-suffering. Authorship had for its object display, rather than conviction, persuasion, or instruction, — the ventilation, rather than the transfer, of the writer's acquisitions, — the reputation of learning, rather than the wielding of intellectual power. The daily sheet excluded such recondite labor. The event, the rumor, the mood, the fashion of the current time, the book last read, the theme last discussed in private, must needs furnish the material for the next morning's issue. And the work must be wrought in hot haste. The expressed vintage of a life's study might indeed be poured out upon the paper, but it could not hold the crude clusters that had been awkwardly jammed in between the covers of ponderous quartos. The recoil was therefore sudden and entire to the extreme of simplicity and *naïveté;* and compositions of this type, daily before the public, and by authors of unsurpassed ability and repute, remodelled the general taste, and were the chief agency in creating the directness, transparency, and purity of diction, which characterized English literature through the whole of the last century,

and till Coleridge and Carlyle, each in his way, and for his numerous imitators, flooded the fountains of "English undefiled" from turbid sources of transcendental metaphysics and foreign tongues.

Here we crave liberty to speak of what we deem the false estimate of the two greatest names among the Essayists. It has been fashionable to cite Addison as a master of style. This rank is a tradition rather than a fact. Its basis lies in the age that preceded him. He has indeed one crowning merit for all times. It is impossible to misapprehend a sentence of his on the first reading. His words were always the most obvious drapery — that nearest at hand — for the thoughts they covered. And it is a graceful and elegant attire; for the mind that wove it has had no superior, few equals, in native taste and in liberal culture. But the shuttle flew so rapidly, that the texture often will not bear close inspection. Addison is apt to be loose and repetitious. His choice of words is better than their collocation. His sentences are seldom deficient in euphony; but his offences against syntax are neither few nor small. His essays often have a slipshod air, not by any means unbecoming in one whose fine proportions give comeliness even to a *dishabille*, but which can be imitated only at the risk of copying the carelessness without the grace that relieves and adorns it. At this risk, and with this almost invariable result, has it been imitated, especially by cultivated men who have been occasional, rather than professional authors; and there has never been wanting in England a class of writers, who, no doubt under shelter of this high example, seem to have rejoiced in grammatical solecisms, and a lax, off-hand treatment of the parts of speech, as betokening the aristocratic ease of pencraft.

Johnson, on the other hand, has had much more than his due laid to his charge on the score of verbosity and pompousness. The high appreciation in which Addison was held placed him at a disadvantage with his immediate public; and criticisms, level with the standard of the times, have perpetuated themselves under a standard which makes them obsolete. Johnsonese is the severest simplicity by the side of Carlylese.

Johnson is not so much turgid, as thought-full. His sentences are plethoric, not with wind, but with condensed meaning. They are packed full; but it is with their legitimate freight. They groan with heavy epithets; but it is with actual *epi*-thets, each adding its subsidiary idea, to define or modify the scope of the phrase laden with it. His style is not *verbose*, if by that word is denoted *superfluous* verbiage. He gives his readers, indeed, on topics that come within the range of lighter literature, an amount of analytic thought, an exactness and careful limitation of statement, and a thoroughness of mental elaboration, which hardly have precedent elsewhere; and it is this which sustains his unbending stateliness of movement. To him no literature was light,— authorship was a solemn work, performed under the goading of an imperious conscience, and beneath the forecast shadow of Divine retribution.

Here, no doubt, we are to seek the cause of his preference for words of Latin derivation. There can be no question that this part of our language is best adapted to serve the scrupulous accuracy of a morbidly conscientious writer. Saxon words, with their quick, sharp ring upon the auditory nerve, pulse upon the inward ear with a stronger *ictus;* they are more suggestive; and, because they set the reader's mind into action to find a meaning for them, it is inferred that they minister to greater precision than the portions of our vocabulary derived from the classical tongues. But, in fact, Saxon roots are traced with great difficulty and still greater uncertainty; the words thence drawn have no ultimate standard of signification; not a few of them have without any assignable cause changed, in some instances reversed, their meaning within the last two or three centuries; and there are some cases, (that of *let*, for instance,) in which in the same book a word appears in two opposite senses, with nothing to indicate in which sense it is intended. On the other hand, words of classic origin acquire only such significations as can be readily deduced from, traced back to, and verified by, their parentage; and there are no instances in which such a word has now a sense that is not involved in its *etymon*, and hardly an instance in which such a word is employed in

opposite significations, or in senses differing otherwise than as a metaphorical must differ from a literal sense. The word *prevent*, though used sometimes by the same author to denote both *hinderance* and *help*,* does not furnish an exception to our remark; for both senses are included in *prevenio*, — one may *come before* another either to thwart or to second his purposes.

To return to Johnson. His strongly Latinized style, while it no doubt impairs the electric impulse, the quickening power, of his diction, enhances its *impressiveness* in the literal sense of the word; for it makes every sentence like a motto cut on a gem by the point of a diamond, and forced down upon the recipient surface by a compact, heavy weight. Thus it is that, though he is hard to read, he is easy to understand. It may require effort to take in all that he means to convey, but it is impossible to mistake his meaning. And while we can conceive of a diminished affluence and a less painful precision of thought as adding grace and beauty to not a few of his works, yet we doubt whether the same amount of thought can be expressed with equal exactness in fewer or less sonorous words than he was wont to employ. We have tried the experiment, not only upon sentences and paragraphs, but on the definitions in his Dictionary, — some of them made ludicrous by their seeming inflation, but, when they are most so, unfailingly justifying themselves by the sharpness with which they limit the sense and use of the word defined. Thus, for instance, one can hardly read without mirthfulness his definition of *network*: "Anything reticulated or decussated with interstices between the intersections"; and the definition can be of no possible use except to some studious recluse who has abjured women and all their works, but to such a one it would be impossible to impart the idea of network in fewer or simpler words. Indeed, this is beyond measure preferable to Webster's shambling definition, which seems to have been diluted from Johnson's, and which substitutes for seeming pedantry real vagueness and obscurity:

* In a Collect in the English Book of Common Prayer, the Church still offers its petition: "*Prevent* us, O Lord, in all our doings."

"A complication of threads, twine, or cords, united at certain distances, forming meshes, interstices, or open spaces, between the knots or intersections."

We have said that the essayists of the last century exercised a decisive and lasting influence on the current style of English prose. It is impossible to say how large was their agency in the diffusion of knowledge and literary taste. There is hardly one among the numerous subjects of common interest in the last and the present century, on which may not be found in the collection under review at least a single treatise which still remains unequalled for clearness, comprehensiveness, and sound judgment. From these volumes one might derive a better knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, than in any other way is open to the merely English reader; and this remark applies not only to the authors with whom every scholar is conversant, but equally to a considerable number of writers of secondary merit, yet typical and representative of their respective times, whose works are much less read now than they were a hundred years ago. In turning over the general index, which occupies the last volume of the edition before us, we have been struck with the idea that the entire series might almost serve the purpose of a classical dictionary, so copious are the references under all the prominent titles of such a work, and so numerous are the extended discussions, the anecdotes, and the versions under titles which the dictionary despatches in half a dozen lines. Then, of recondite items of history, of quaint morsels of biographical incident, of the curiosities of literature, the various series together constitute a rich repertory, each in its peculiar vein extracting from seams now closed specimens which the learned world cannot afford to part with. Of criticisms of English literature there are here found not a few, which it were well for us, critics of a later day, to ponder diligently as models, at once of patient labor, exhaustive treatment, and the amenities which constitute the sadly neglected ethics of our craft. We would here refer to the incomparable analysis of the Paradise Lost in the Spectator, and to numerous elaborate essays on different plays of Shakespeare in the Rambler, the Adventurer, the Connoisseur, the Mirror, the

Lounger, and the Observer. These papers contain many brilliant specimens of a type of comparative criticism, now infrequent, in which an English author is placed by the side of one or more of the ancient classics, (as, for instance, Shakespeare by the side of Æschylus,) analogous passages are cited, resemblances and contrasts traced, and the underlying principles or fundamental canons of the kind of composition deduced from the collation. We cannot over-estimate the efficacy of an instrumentality like this in an age when books were costly, when there were few libraries accessible to the majority of readers, and when popular editions, translations, compends, lexicons, and cyclopædias were not so much as dreamed of. It was a privilege of the highest order for a family to have almost forced upon its perusal a daily paper, which in the course of a year might cover nearly the entire ground of a university curriculum, and that not with superficial, second-hand smatterings of learning, but with solid and thorough, though brief and miscellaneous, treatises by the very writers who were the best fitted to impart sound knowledge and just views, to awaken and direct curiosity, and to point out the sources for its gratification. It is not too much to say that the popular literature of the present day, the manuals for general use in every department of knowledge, the means of a truly liberal culture within the reach of all who can read, are the direct and inevitable result of the intellectual habits formed, the tastes nurtured, the demands created, by the British Essayists.

Not less important was their influence as critics of life and manners, of fashions and of morals, of popular fallacies and aristocratic absurdities. No phasis of the times escaped their keen cognizance; no folly, their lash of silken but knotted cords; no pretension, their delicate yet withering irony. Dress and diet, modes of reception and table manners, shops and taverns, theatres and concerts, city coteries and country neighborhoods, vulgar wealth and showy poverty, poor relations and country cousins, despotic masters and insolent servants, all came in turn under the Argus-eyed censorship. Multitudes must have felt that they were dwelling in houses of glass, nay, that their soul-dwellings were but a transparent medium, so

accurately did they find depicted in the daily sheet the transactions of their households, the habits of their families, their own inmost and unuttered thoughts. Never before nor since has the mirror been so held up to life. And, while among the series of papers to be found only in the collections of antiquaries there were undoubtedly (as there are reported to have been) some that pandered to inferior tastes and even to vicious passions, among those that had an extensive currency and an established reputation, and that have taken their places among the classics of the English tongue, there is not one whose moral standard was not just, high, unyielding, and exacting. There was intense need of such a continuous force as was thus applied for the emendation of manners and morals. The restoration of the Stuarts inaugurated the carnival of profligacy. Never can British society have been more corrupt than during the last two reigns of that dynasty; nor do we find reason to suppose that the succeeding generation made any essential progress in those civic and social virtues, which were the only possible support and safeguard of the constitutional government, or rather which alone could so vitalize the forms of the constitution, that they should not stiffen into members of a more complex but not less oppressive despotism than that which had been overthrown and exiled. In this progress, the Tatler and the Spectator took the initiative; the Rambler and the Adventurer bore a prominent part; and all the leading series of essays have left permanent records of their quiet working in the renovation of the social order, in the creation of a high tone of domestic morality, and in the sentence of ban and outlawry upon excesses once fashionable, and vices which it was once prudery to condemn.

At the beginning of the last century, religion had but a feeble hold on the British mind. The successive supremacy of the Romish and the Anglican Church, Presbyterians and Independents, then almost of Romanism again, and then of Erastianism under the re-established national Church, had unsettled the faith of multitudes. Allegiance transferred often from interested motives had imparted an almost farcical air to the worship and ordinances of Christianity; and at the commencement of Queen Anne's reign nothing would have

been easier than for state craft to revolutionize the religious order of the nation into any form that would not involve the deprivation of benefices and the confiscation of goods. There was much professed and meditative infidelity; and some of the most ingenious and insidious deistical writings bear date at this period. But there was much more of non-belief than of unbelief, — more of apathy that needed to be aroused, than of scepticism that refused to be convinced. Profaneness was fashionable; sacred names and objects received hardly more reverence within many aristocratic circles, than is paid to them in a modern bar-room; while religious zeal and scrupulous conscientiousness were deemed fair game for banter and ridicule. The pulpit did little towards reverting the tide of irreligion. Proper, formal, stately, perfunctory, it kept its own sphere, and hardly meditated aggression upon the principles and practices that narrowed its jurisdiction and scorned its reproof. What was needed beyond all things else was the exhibition of religious faith and reverence in alliance with learning, taste, wit, fashion, knowledge of the world, and familiarity with the festive and comic side of life. The preacher who could find fit audience, yet not few, was he who could talk knowingly and merrily of what occupied the general mind, and could by gentle approaches, mild solicitations, and courteous appeals turn that mind into its forsaken channels of motive, duty, faith, and worship. Those who could not dispense with the pungent sarcasm, the sparkling humor, the piquant anecdote, the vivid caricature, or the flower-wreathed erudition of the five days, might be won on the sixth to read an equally graceful and attractive chapter of natural theology or Christian evidences, an analysis of the poetry of the Bible, a tractate on some neglected duty of evangelic morality, or an exhibition of the claims of the Creator on the gratitude and loyalty of his children. The Saturday's papers of the Spectator uniformly had a religious bearing, and, if collected by themselves, would constitute a compend of devotional essays, unsurpassed in variety, richness, and eloquence. Subsequent Essayists followed in the same vein; and, were the printed sermons of the century collated with the religious essays in the volumes before us, we doubt whether they would present

anything like an equal amount of sound thought, affluent learning, solid argument, and fervently solemn exhibition of the vanity of life, the imperative claims of Christianity, and the certainty and momentous issues of the life to come. These Essayists were the most efficient preachers, till the Wesleyan movement at once vivified dissent, poured new life into the Establishment, and inaugurated a better era of religious consistency, fervor, and propagandism in entire British Christendom.

Thus momentous in every aspect was the phasis of literature, whose chief memorials are preserved in the volumes named at the head of this article. These papers have lost none of their interest and substantial worth by the lapse of time, nay, in some points of view they are more precious now than ever. As we have indicated, a large proportion of them contain the thorough treatment, by minds not yet outgrown, of subjects that have a permanent interest and value; many of them, of subjects of which the habits of study of our own century would preclude an equally faithful discussion and elucidation. Those essays, on the other hand, which were level with their times, and were aimed at reigning follies and abuses, in part have a value transcending that of formal history in showing who and what were the actors on the stage of our mother country before our Cisatlantic life had grown into similitude with theirs; and in part, as the self-returning cycle of fashion brings up exploded forms, customs, and habits, they resume their original office, and wield over the descendants of the Puritans the scourge that was plied with so unsparing a hand over the shoulders of the insular cousins of our grandfathers.

Alexander Chalmers published in 1803, in forty-five duodecimo volumes, his first edition of the principal British Essayists, commencing with the Tatler and ending with the Observer. Each series was preceded by an elaborate historical and biographical preface, comprehending sketches of the lives of all the known writers, with the designation, wherever it could be ascertained, of the authorship of every paper. This collection was reprinted, in thirty-eight more compact volumes, in 1808, and again in 1823. The edition just com-

pleted is a literal reprint of that of 1823. The last volume is a General Index, so copious and minute as to answer every possible purpose and need of reference. The volumes of the reprint are uniform in size and form with those of the British Poets by the same publishers, reviewed in our last number. In mechanical execution they leave nothing to be desired. An enterprise more worthy of their national reputation the publishers could not have undertaken. We trust that they have not been deceived in the receptivity of their public. These works, the flower of the best English literature for a century, merit a place in every library. They have borne a large office in the culture of mind and style for past generations, and for our elders now upon the stage; and we can wish for those entering active or literary life access to no purer, or more copious, or more stimulating fountains of thought, sentiment, and motive, than are here opened.

Art. XI. — 1. Michelet: *La Ligue et Henri IV.* Paris. 1 vol. 8vo.
2. Jules Janin: *Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique.* 4 vols. 18mo.
3. Jules Janin: *Les Petits Bonheurs.* 1 vol. Post 8vo.
4. Dr. Véron: "*Quatre Ans de Règne, où en sommes nous?*" 1 vol. 8vo.
5. Maréchal de Raguse: *Mémoires de* 1792 *à* 1837.

There may be a doubt whether Michelet ought to rank among the historians of France; for, if judged by the hitherto admitted rules of historical composition, he is anything but a writer of history or a chronicler of events. His business is with ideas, and those ideas his own; and, meanwhile, he is possessed by the conviction that never was man so entirely a slave to facts. To those who have studied the man and read the author, a more curious subject for philosophic contemplation cannot be conceived. Whatever Michelet imagines him-

self most assuredly to be, is, you may be certain, precisely that which he is in reality the least. He believes himself to be absolutely and exclusively an historian, whereas he is really a rhapsodist; he fancies he is above all impartial, whilst he is in truth bound hand and foot and utterly given over to the extremest prejudice. He affirms that truth is his only passion and only aim, instead of which the reality is, that he has such an insurmountable aversion for truth, that he invariably refuses to recognize it wherever it may come before his eyes. He believes himself true, because for no consideration in the world would he disguise what *he sees* as truth; but his senses bear false witness, and his vision is perpetually asquint. There is in the modern literature of France another name which for many common qualities and defects may be placed close beside Michelet's; — we allude to Victor Hugo. Both are intensely though unconsciously mendacious, and both are equally persuaded of their entire subserviency to truth. Not only have both a warped judgment and eyes aslant, but the peculiar crookedness of both is nearly the same. What has, however, given his superiority to Victor Hugo, is his spontaneous, inevitable choice of the means given him by nature for entering into communication with the public. Hugo was born a poet, and this he never attempted to gainsay. Thus far his intellectual distortion has borne only upon the matter of what he writes, never upon the manner of it. He may sing what is unfitting to his voice, but the voice is there, and he sings. About this there can be no error; whilst with Michelet, on the contrary, the case stands widely otherwise. He resembles a musician who, by some unaccountable mistake, should only have studied painting, or, *vice versa*, whilst colors only are in his hand, he is in his head combining sounds, and his ear, not his eye, is interested in his painting. Conceive Beethoven forced to bring out the Pastoral Symphony upon canvas. This is precisely Michelet's position. He is required to live, to be, and to create, in an element that is not his; to translate the really prodigious eloquence with which he is swelling into a tongue he is unable to master. He is like a man who was never able to learn a language, and who therefore has never found

the right expression for what is in him. One thing may be absolutely affirmed, and that is, that never was a man more unfit for writing history, or for writing prose, than is Michelet. Perhaps he may be a poet, but then his means of expression are inadequate to what he has to express. After studying all his works, one cannot avoid thinking that his thoughts have never yet found their real form, — the form that is theirs by nature. This it is which makes Michelet so difficult to read. You feel that he is not necessarily *one* with his subject or with himself; he is full of other qualities than those you would ask from the prose-writer and the historian. He is all imagination and all color, an admirable artist, but, as we said before, certainly not a chronicler of facts. If, instead of writing history, Michelet wrote historical romances, he would far outshine Walter Scott. Two or three sentences at the close of his history of the *Ligue* are not to be left unnoticed, for they too clearly show the preoccupations, the "warps," of the man: —

"This history is, I declare, not written impartially. Its pages keep no even balance between good and evil. Quite the reverse, it is a partial history, wholly, vigorously, and unscrupulously for the right against the wrong; for the right and for the true. If one line is to be found wherein the writer has falsified, no matter what, out of respect for this opinion or that influence, he will consent to erase the whole."

Now, if, on opening the book, the innocent, ignorant reader lights upon this passage, he naturally says to himself, "What a treasure have I fallen upon!" and applauds himself for having purchased a work so divested of all party spirit, so free from a bias of any description. But here is the misfortune: this reader must, if he desires not to alter his opinion, never consult any other historian save Michelet alone; for if he does, he will soon be so sorely perplexed that he may end by throwing all historical science to the dogs. It is curious to observe upon what basis Michelet, in his own mind, rests his claims to the unswerving delineation of truth.

"I do not mean to pretend that no history save my own is sincerely written; but I say that, save and except myself, all writers, even the

most honorable, have preserved the respect of certain things and certain men, whilst, on the contrary, history, the judge of the universe, has for its first and paramount duty the absence of all respect."

If such things did not lie in black and white under our eyes, we should declare their existence impossible, and refuse to believe that in a country like France a man could be found out of Charenton to put forth as a principle, that the sincerity of history is dependent upon what would preclude the possibility of any history containing a moral lesson, — upon systematic "disrespect."

As might be guessed, this professed disrespect applies only to the "certain things and certain men" M. Michelet does not like, whilst for those whose peculiarities suit his own he is full of one-sided admiration and excessive respect. For instance, while he can find no saving clause in the character of any one of the men attached to the Catholic movement, while he can neither understand the unity they represent nor the popularity they excite, he is mentally upon his knees before Rabelais, in whom he seems to find impersonated whatever is great and glorious in the time. "*Le bon et grand Rabelais!*" he exclaims with enthusiasm; and you see that, here, the writer whose merit (but whose only one) was, that, like his precursor, Chaucer, in England, he helped to form and establish the edifice of his native language, meets, on M. Michelet's part, with a sympathy and a faculty of comprehension that fails to be awakened in him by any man whose sphere is that of statesmanship. M. Michelet judges of the actors of that dramatic period, the sixteenth century, in France, precisely as a critic might judge of actors on the stage. The political sense is completely wanting in him. Of his works may be said, what was once said of M. le Rémusat, when he wrote in the *Globe*: "Il fait le feuilleton de la philosophie." M. Michelet writes the *feuilleton* of French history. But if from the subject you pass to the execution, the praise that cannot be awarded to the annalist must be sometimes largely given to the word-painter. There are now and then pages that absolutely dazzle you; bursts of rude eloquence that carry you away; pictures, the intense coloring of which may rival Rembrandt, Rubens, or Murillo. Here and there, too, a character

strikes him forcibly; and not happening to excite his active dislike, but leaving him free to exercise whatever judgment nature originally endowed him with, he rapidly and broadly dashes off a sketch that, while it charms the graphic, does not egregiously offend the philosophic sense. His picture of Henri IV. is eminently an example of this. If the *volage* husband of "la Reine Margot" had not been a prince, M. Michelet would so utterly give himself up to his admiration for him that he would be untrue from over-praise; if Henri IV., being a prince, had always been a Catholic, M. Michelet would be so blind to his virtues, that his portrait would be false from over-blame; but as there is in the birth of Henri IV. what counterbalances any leaning M. Michelet may have towards him, so in Henri IV.'s want of all religious conviction, in his readiness to be of any creed, there is, for M. Michelet's strong atheistic tendency, that which counterbalances his birth and his royalty. The result is one rarely attained by our author's impartiality; and adding to this impartiality the brilliancy and originality of style which seldom deserts him, his portrait of Henri IV. is worth quoting.

"Great military tacticians (foreigners especially) have undervalued Henri IV. because they have not taken into accoun that, in France, whatever is, is in virtue of the latent fire it contains (*tout est par l'étincelle*). No one ever had more of this than Henri IV. A greater captain would have succeeded less. His vivacity, carrying everything before it, made him first strong as a partisan long before he became a general. He perhaps did not know much of the command of an army, but he creat d armies by his own personal charm, by his gayety, by the glance of his eye..... Everything was ascribed to Henri IV. Each ruin that society rebuilt, he was said to have re-edified; he did all, restored all, invented all,—he alone, and France nothing! Such is the legendary justice, the sterile idolatry, which sees miracles on every side, and attributes everything to chance and the hazards of Providence!

"This beloved of Fortune, who above all was indebted to her for having been in the beginning so rudely tried, had also the luck of being born in the midst of the ardent fire of Protestantism..... He was the instrument of the party. Coligny found him at La Rochelle, and took the little mountain prince as a chief: the Gascon was up to anything (*il ne doutait de rien*). Coligny, however, was not deceived; he

saw at once the unsafe side of the royal lad, and at Moncontour kept him in the background, in order that the little Protestant army should not be suddenly transformed into an army of courtiers only. The day was lost: Henri remained a resource, and he took care to say the day would have been gained had he been allowed to have his own way. Coligny took him to himself, taught him patience and virtue? No! the creature was a strange one; firm and steady as a soldier, for all the rest changeable as water, false as the wave.

"We will lay hands upon this Proteus.

"He was grand-nephew to the greatest braggart of all France and of Navarre, — Francis I. He was grandson to that charming Margaret of Navarre, so uncertain in her mysticism that she never rightly knew whether she was Protestant or Catholic.

"His grandfather, Henri d'Albret, who assuredly read *Gargantua* (published in 1534), enacted over again at the child's birth (in 1553) the exact Rabelaisian tale. It was he who gave him Jurançon wine to drink, and to please this same grandsire, the mother, Jeanne d'Albret, had, during her labor pains, a Bearnese *cantique* chanted to Our Lady of Jurançon!

"Henri's preceptor swears that at the sole smell of the garlic-dose the infant nodded its head, whilst the grandfather, overjoyed, cried aloud, 'Thou wilt be a genuine Bearnese at all events!' Of a truth, too, everything was done to make him this. He never learned to write, which is probably the very reason why he wrote so well. His least letter is a gem.

"His education, nevertheless, was a robust one. He learned everything verbally, and Latin by habit, and as his own tongue. His chief duty was seemingly to be for ever out of doors, scouring the country, fighting all the boys of his own age. 'When the king of Navarre,' says D'Aubigné, 'had tired out horses and men, and thrown over every one, panting from fatigue, then he got up a dance (*il forçait une danse*); but he alone then was capable of dancing.'

"Locomotion is the law of the man. He is for ever on the move. Long-winded writings, indited by Forget or Mornay, have been attributed to him; — he never wrote them; he had no patience, no wind. He never wrote save briefly; — he wrote orders to his officers, or love-letters, — nothing more.

"Now let us condense our estimate.

"First, Henry IV. was in every sense a *man*. Secondly, he was a *Frenchman*, exceedingly like his grand-uncle, Francis I., but more affable, more easily familiar with all sorts of people. Thirdly, he was a *Gascon*, with the peculiar sharpness of wit and humor that individuals

of this race add to the purely French wit (*Il avait extrêmement le gout du terroir, et dégasconna lentement*). What he kept the longest was his habit of joking, his temperance and his avarice being always sure to find a witticism that should stand him in lieu of payment in bare coin.

"Tradition gives him eight nurses; he was therefore fed from the milk of eight different constitutions and tempers. This agrees perfectly with the rest of his life, that was always subject to different influences. But Coligny and Catherine de' Medici were also among his nurses. Unhappily, he took little from the first, and an infinite deal from the last. He did not take her cold cruelty, but he took her profound indifference to all things.

"What deceived the most in Henri IV.* was his sensibility, quite real and in no way put on; a sensibility easy and inborn, springing from nature. He had eyes brilliant and sharp, but very kind, and used to moisten at each moment, — the most singular readiness of tears. He could weep for everything; he wept from love, from friendship, from pity, and was none the more reliable for that. No matter; there was about him an exterior air of goodness that made him quickly beloved."

To this *moral* portrait, M. Michelet adds the physical portrait of Henri IV. in these few words: —

"With his white plume on his head, and on his back his red cloak, scarce big enough to cover his doublet worn by the cuirass, and his hose of a rusty brown, he was not difficult to discover. Short, sturdy, his beard somewhat mixed with premature threads of gray, his countenance energetic, with a profile where the nose and chin sought to meet, Henri was the picture of the true and perfect Gascon soldier."

Whether this portrait be not more in the style of a romancer or a dramatist than of an historian, we leave our readers to decide; but it is one of the portraits of Henry IV. that best reproduce the man as he really was, that best make him live before our eyes. In the same style is also the chapter touching the king's affection for Gabrielle d'Estrées, and a more charming passage of romance or of poetry in prose has rarely been penned. Upon the whole, this new volume of M. Michelet's, failing completely of the purpose for which it has been published, is in another sense a decided acquisition to the modern literature of France. As to any serious information upon the *Ligue*, as to any political instruction, it contains

* We particularly recommend this passage, for it contains more truth than is to be found in any sketch of this same prince, who was not so much a comedian as a Proteus. "Not false, but fickle," as Lord Byron has expressed it.

none; but as a picture, conveying a lively and correct impression of the social state of France in the sixteenth century, it is a very valuable production.

For giving the general color of an epoch, for marking out the leading features of a particular period of civilization, few books can be more successful than Jules Janin's four volumes, professedly purposing to treat of the History of Dramatic Literature in France, but in reality treating of French society between 1823 and 1851. Janin's book is a magic lantern, as was, and is still, his Monday's *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats;* everybody and everything passes by turns, front-face or side-face, and you catch a sight of every celebrity, whether native or foreign, that has reflected its image in the current of Parisian popularity during the last five-and-twenty years. They are all there, from Corcelet, the vender of comestibles, up to Guizot and Casimir Périer; from the Duchess of Sutherland down to Madame Provost, the famous *bouquetière* of the Palais Royal. If this kaleidoscope-like system gave to Janin's *feuilletons* their special charm, their superiority over all others, how much more must it adapt itself to the composition of a book in which each *feuilleton* forms a separate chapter in a literary whole, whereof the object is to furnish the reader with a general view of Parisian civilization, *à propos* to a minute and particular view of the productions of the Parisian stage!

It is scarcely possible to divide the literature of France from her society and her manners. Each is at once both the cause and the effect of the other, and a stranger may, on coming to the modern Babylon, know pretty well, by three or four visits to the principal theatres, and by attending to the attitude of the spectators on such occasions, which way blows the wind of Parisian morality or immorality. For instance, it is not difficult to see that between Victor Hugo and young Dumas (the son) a radical revolution has taken place, and that the public which wept over the woes of Marion Delorme, and the public that applauds Olivier de Jalin's castigation of equivocal ladies in the *Demi Monde*, is either composed of different individuals, or of the same persons transformed by circumstances. From 1827–8 to 1835–6, the current set against all limits, all barriers, all restraints, and whatever was *not* law-

ful was dignified as heroic. The merit was to overthrow, to outstep,— it was an aggressive merit. When this had borne its most detestable fruits, — detestable in every way, in art to the full as much as in politics or in morals,—then the current turned, and set in precisely the contrary direction. M. Guizot's sentence became the watchword, — "The only progress now possible is resistance." Within the last ten or twelve years, above all, this latter tendency has been more than ever evident, and a preaching tone has been gradually growing fashionable in France, throughout the domains of society, of politics, and of the arts. Janin's History of Dramatic Literature is especially curious to those of our generation who have a knowledge of the so-called *periode echevelée* only from tradition, and it is with deep interest that we follow him through his descriptions of what took place in the years immediately preceding and immediately following 1830. We will seize his sentiment upon the subject, for it entirely coincides with our own, and show the reader how he judges the first symptoms of what in 1827 was necessarily called the "new school."

"There is a genuine charm about these studies, which, after all, constituted the life and the marvel of our days of early youth. I may wish to advance, to speak at last of the drama of the *present* time, but I am held back; and in truth what hurry is there? Why should I not recur once again to Shakespeare?

"Shakespeare was the starting-point of the entire *new school*. He was the first master of Hugo; he reigned over all our stage, and that alone would be a reason for recurring to him. Othello filled the Théatre Français with Mlle. Mars; the second Théatre Français was full with Miss Smithson in Lady Macbeth; Kean and the Merchant of Venice were at the Théatre Italien. Shakespeare was everywhere: at the Grand Opera, at the Porte St. Martin, and even at the Ambigu. For a time he inspired with a passion for his genius the noblest minds we have, and the commonest characters; princes and subjects, grisettes and duchesses, were all alike inflamed. One day, above all, the great poet achieved a triumph that stands perhaps alone in literary history; it was a triumph achieved in his own tongue, and with his own natural interpreters.

"This was in the year 1827, (O prodigal time! so full of hopes, inspirations, and good things of all kinds!) on one of those nights when

wind and rain drive the unoccupied crowd to the various theatres. The Théatre Italien shone with all its accustomed splendors. Into her habitual box had just entered, in the midst of the acclamations of all around, the protectress of the *Gymnase* and of M. Scribe, — both just beginning to be, — Madame the Duchesse de Berry! Everywhere, on all sides, lights, flowers, and *beauties*. In corners of the house, had you looked for them patiently, the romancers and poets of the barely budding time, for whom fortune and the *right moment* were lying in wait, — M. Hugo, M. de Balzac, M. de Vigny, M. Fréderic Soulié, etc. O vision of the past! they were all there then. And in the rush of duchesses was one woman, ardent of soul, uncertain of aim, and whose name was Marie Dorval! She had come to listen, and so had also the man by her side, who was one day to be Fréderick Lemaitre! And all these infant poets and embryo comedians, and these critics of barely twenty years, they were all called together to the same intellectual banquet, by the same intellectual passions; they were all assembled there to hear the greatest actor of the nineteenth, and perhaps of *any* century, Kean! He was waited for, waited for long, — waited for till the impatient but so politely educated public began to think it had waited beyond measure.

"Kean was to play that night his great part of Shylock; his horrible, magnificent, incomparable part. But Kean had not yet come to the theatre, and the Princess Royal was waiting for him."

We need not tell our readers on this side the Atlantic, that Kean was (as too frequently happened with him) doing homage to the charms of some exquisite Bordeaux, drinking at the Café Anglais, and after still longer waiting, when he was brought to the theatre, he was in a condition in which to any one else the impersonation of any part would have been impossible. He was, however, sobered by the first burst of applause, and became Shylock from head to foot. But it is not with him we have at present to do.

The influence exercised by Shakespeare in France was exercised, as was natural, over the so-called *romantic* school, and we may perhaps astonish our readers, if we, upon mature deliberation, affirm that it was an influence the bad effects of which were immediate, and the good effects indirect. Every language has its own particular and national genius, and none more than the French. But this genius is as much opposed to the genius of Shakespeare, as that of the Germans, for in-

stance, is akin to it. Consequently, while the study of Shakespeare has been the origin of all the literary development of the Anglo-Saxon races for the last sixty or eighty years, it has been pre-eminently the cause of a period of literary perturbation in the modern representatives of the Latin race, — in the French. The *Classiques* of our century in France were a set of narrow-minded, untalented individuals; but the form of their productions was the one suited to the genius of France, only their manipulation of that form was a bad one. In a merely literary point of view, however, let it be remembered that the dramatic works of these doting *Classiques* were not worse, not more inefficient, than the mad ravings of the *Romantics*. The latter mistook Shakespeare altogether, and therefore wholly misapplied him. They, the men of the *new school*, saw, and were chiefly fascinated by, his defects. The jumble of times, places, and characters, which is one of the immortal bard's deficiencies, and which was the result of his education and habits of life, is what charmed most the men who had grown to regard the three unities as a proof of political oppression. The kings of Sicily and Bohemia mixed up in absurd confusion, delighted rhyming boys just let loose from college and from a forced admiration for Racine and the authors of antiquity, and, instead of aiming at or understanding Shakespeare's greatness, they set to work to imitate his bad taste, which was somewhat easier. Had Shakespeare been a Frenchman, he would not probably have invented in the form of Corneille or Molière, and had Molière been enabled to read Measure for Measure, or As You Like It, he would most assuredly not the less have written the Misanthrope. But had Shakespeare been born in France, it is probable he would not have written plays at all. And here we touch upon what we hinted at above, namely, the *indirect* influence of Shakespeare upon France.

The mistake, we repeat, (and herein lies the whole quarrel of the "Romantics" and the "Classics,") the mistake was the application of Shakespeare to the drama in France. The real, the strong, the undeniable influence of Shakespeare has been a wider one than this; it has been an influence exercised over all thought in general, without reference to a specific

form. It has been an influence over what was highest in France, over her orators, philosophers, historians, and statesmen; but not particularly over her dramatists. On the contrary, it has been less felt by precisely these, because their appreciation of it was a too limited one, and because they sought to bring it principally to bear upon a form which was incapable of harmony with it. Shakespeare has influenced such persons as Guizot and Villemain, as Cousin, Rémusat, Eugène Delacroix, the painter, George Sand (sometimes), Lamartine, and Alfred de Mupet; but he has had no action upon M. Scribe, and the influence he exercised over Hugo, Dumas, and the young dramatic school, as long as they persisted in adapting his form to their own national drama, was disastrous and eminently sterile. From the unintelligent worship of the composition of Shakespeare's plays sprang such monster-births as *Marie Tudor* and *Le Roi s'amuse*, which were anomalies in the national art, totally fruitless, having engendered nothing, and by no means Shakespearian after all. Poor Charles X. would seem to us, although the Romantics complained so bitterly of his tyranny, to have understood this question better than most of those around him, to have judged it from the truly national point of view, and to have manifested an extremely liberal tendency in deciding upon it. When, just before the Revolution of 1830, M. Victor Hugo had had an audience of the King to explain to his Majesty his tragedy entitled *Marion Delorme*, the whole Académie Française and its adherents out of doors were up in arms; and when they heard of *Hernani* as forthcoming, their rage and alarm knew no bounds, and they got up a petition to the throne against the man who was, fifteen years later, to be their colleague.

"Messieurs les Classiques," says Jules Janin, "framed a petition to the King, in the name of the literature, the art, and the good taste of France, alleged to be represented at that particular period of time by Messieurs Alexandre Duval, Chenier, Etienne, Audrient, and Raynouard" (names tolerably consigned since that epoch to oblivion). "To hear them talk — these fanatics — of the *Templiers*, of *Tibère*, of the *Deux Gendres*, and of other works of the same high order, — the stage and the literature of France were at an end, and the noble traditions

of Louis XIV. destroyed, if his Majesty Charles X. allowed all these youngsters to invade the theatre and take the place of older men. This appeal, however, to the might of royalty, this invocation to force, was not to the taste of the generation. . . . . To the praise of the King be it said, his Majesty was little touched by this claim laid upon him by veteran poets in behalf of their right to the monopoly of tragedy and comedy, and he cleverly answered, the excellent King! that there was in this world a republic where he could have, like everybody else, but one voice, — the Republic of Letters, — and that, in all questions like the one submitted to him, the public was, after all, the only judge."

Charles X. was doubly right in this reply, inasmuch as he was perfectly aware that the danger from the "new school" was essentially transient, and that, in fact, "French art" would be in no way injured by it. He did quite right in referring the whole matter to the decision of the pit, for, in the end, the *vox populi* pronounced, as was inevitable, against M. Hugo, though Charles X. did not live to see it.

Twenty years have passed since these disputes excited the public mind in France, and now it would be as easy, if not easier, to perform Chenier's Tiberius as Hugo's Hernani. One is not more obsolete than the other; for if Chenier's drama has become extinct from want of talent, the drama of Hugo has become extinct from its intense opposition to the national spirit and style. In this Doctor Johnson was right, when he declared that "what was strictly in conformity with the national style never became obsolete." Upon Hugo, as upon the rest of his countrymen, Shakespeare has exercised an undoubtedly strong action; but it is upon Hugo as a poet, as a thinker, and not as a dramatist. Had he never read Shakespeare, he might have written better plays; for whereas he combines all the faults of the British bard, without one of his splendors, he might, had he let himself alone and been original, have had some beauties, and have escaped what renders him, upon the French stage, grotesque. Hugo is Shakspearian when he is merely a poet. The *Feuilles d'Automne*, the *Contemplations*, and the *Châtiments* (his best work, if we set aside its perpetual strain of invective), are all the products of a mind that has thought upon and with Shakespeare; whilst

Marion Delorme, *Lucrece Borgia*, and many other of his plays, are mere copies of defects that Shakespeare owed unavoidably and solely to his age.

No one has perceived this more clearly than Jules Janin, who, though from pure liberalism of feeling he encourages Hugo to persevere against all opposition, becomes thoroughly, enthusiastically national and French when the true French and national style takes, once more, possession of the theatre. This is evident the moment Rachel is guessed at; and you then see at once with what a burst of spontaneous and national joy the critic (so exclusively French at heart) hails the appearance of this girl of sixteen, who literally with a touch of her hand, with a glance of her eye, with a tone of her voice, calls from its trance the spirit of the real French drama, and restores it to full and perfect life before an audience enraptured, because composed of Frenchmen.

Rachel was something more than merely a great actress: she was the mark of a turning-point, if we may so term it, in the public taste. The hour of her appearance upon the boards of the Théatre Français coincides with that at which French taste ceased to approve entirely of disorder and impurity, and once more returned to that admiration of the decent and the refined which had, during the century previous to the Revolution, been one of its marked characteristics. The entire and all but instantaneous success of Rachel is not an event to be lightly regarded, and without esteeming it at its genuine value we should run a risk of only imperfectly appreciating the educated population of France. Her whole career is a protest against the possibility of Anglo-Saxon influence (or, indeed, of any influence save the purely classic) over the French stage. Till she came, it had grown into fashion to say that the tragedy of Racine and Corneille was out of date, and no longer adapted to the intellectual wants of modern times; Roxane, Hermione, Pauline, Phèdre, were restored to life with all the reality, all the passion of modern diction, and it was found out that they, more than anything else, gave satisfaction to the intellectual wants of France. Perhaps there never was, in fact, a stronger proof that, save some few exterior modifications, the French of 1845–46 were

the French of 1670, and that, after such a social and political earthquake as that of 1793, the race ruled over by Louis Philippe was substantially the same race in its feelings and its tastes as the race ruled over by Louis XIV.

As to comedy, this never had been called in question; the hesitation was as to the fitness of the tragic authors of the grand *Siècle;* but Molière, Regnard, Le Sage, and others of their stamp, had never ceased to interest the French public for a day. For this reason, Mlle. Mars really was and remained, to use Janin's expression, "the representative of all the drama of her time"; for from 1800 to 1837 – 40 was precisely the period when, *Britannicus* and *Oreste* being made matter for dispute, the *Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe* had the monopoly of the public favor, and subsisted as indisputable and on all hands accepted models. This was one of the causes of the supremacy of Mlle. Mars, a supremacy no one ever doubted. Célimène was the queen of more than a quarter of a century.

"Célimène," as Janin truly observes, "was as though it had been written on purpose for Mlle. Mars. It is the part, above all, of high comedy that she likes the most and plays the best. She has in her all the instincts of the grand old French society, that society which has disappeared long ago, and she is familiar with it from her strong intuitive sense of genius, elegance, and fine taste. Irony, wit, gayety, affability, grace, — everything is contained at once in that part of Célimène, in that fine struggle of the utmost coquetry with the delicacy of an honorable man. Célimène stands all alone, defended by her beauty, and with no protection save her wit. All the loungers of the court are around her. They come to spend hours near this beauty so much in vogue, for the mere purpose of seeing her and of hearing her talk; she, on her side, only means to show them her beauty and her wit; as to her heart, she takes it not into account, — it has nothing to do there. What do these exquisite gentlemen care for the heart of Célimène? They seek only for the *éclat* that the young beauty can give them in society; they have no care for her affections. Neither one nor the other of them all aspires to exclusive dominion over Célimène; what *all* aspire to is a gentle word, *before witnesses*, a tender look, *in public*, a letter they can show to all the world; as to the rest, that may follow or not. And this is why Célimène, true to the part she has assumed, is so prodigal to all of fair words, of tender looks, of pretty

letters, — there lies her force, and she needs force to defend herself. The history of Célimène is the history of Mlle. Mars with the French public of our age."

This is not only the best portrait of Molière's Célimène that we remember to have met with, and probably the best portrait also of Mlle. Mars; it is the portrait of the Frenchwoman, of the *Parisienne par excellence*,—the reproduction of a type which was for centuries the pivot on which turned nearly all French society. It is for this reason we have thought it so important, and have quoted it entire. From the Duchesse de Chevreuse to Madame de Sévigne, from Madame de Maintenon to the Princesse des Ursins, and from all these down to the Duchesse de Duras of twenty-five years since, and to Madame de Castellane who died almost the other day, there is a spark of Célimène in every Frenchwoman of any influence, of any note. In those who want her elegance you will find her *esprit*, and in those who have not her intelligence you will recognize her charm; in all, you will find her *aplomb* and her indifference of heart. Janin has, in the sketch we have quoted, painted one of the principal figures of French civilization in all times, and he knows it well.

There is more philosophy in Jules Janin than is usually supposed. He is a profound moralist of the school once so popular in England. There is in him a spice of Sterne, of Fielding, sometimes even of Swift, though, in general, satire takes with him the worthier shape of indignation. In his book now lying before us, called *Le Traité de Petits Bonheurs*, there is as much practical philosophy as would suffice to fill a dozen *serious* works; yet it is written in that lively, pleasant tone which is so peculiarly his own, and which induces the more frivolous part of the public to regard him as "not serious" because not heavy. "In troubled times," he exclaims in the first page, "it is meet we should tell men of their happiness"; and the whole object of the work is to show what infinite resources are left to those who choose to draw their felicity from themselves, and who, from living within themselves, learn how to rise superior to circumstances and to their own fortune.

This book is eminently what the French term an "amiable book," and we are in no way astonished at its immense sale. It is a consolatory, a lovable book; naturally, therefore, one that increases a man's self-esteem, by proving to him all that lies within his grasp, if he be minded to make the best of himself and of what is in him. In the opening chapter there is what may be interesting to our readers on this side the Atlantic, the portrait, namely, of the author himself, under the name of M. de Trégeau. As it is an extraordinary likeness, and as the original has occupied for thirty years (having made his *début* at seventeen) a conspicuous place in the journalism of France, it may not be unacceptable to copy at least some of the principal features.

"Our friend," says Janin, alluding to himself under this disguise, "is not poor, neither is he rich; he is no longer young, but he is not old; he has not said farewell to all the charms of the bright earlier years, but he no longer sings the soft strain of *Lydia, dormis*.

"On such a day, at such an hour, in a bright sunshine, when all is full of life around him, our friend is in the summer of existence, and assuredly counts no more than thirty years. . . . . But on the morrow, if the day be dark and the birds silent, he dreams within himself and is sad. . . . . He is strange, this man, who is, as it were, two men placed between youth and age, between enthusiasm and negation, between love and — the *gout!* For he is gouty, yet falls in love. He is a poet, a philosopher, a musician. He is the echo of the past, the voice of the present hour. . . . . He is a philosopher, for he has left behind (after having tried them all) the vanities of our terrestrial sphere, — above all, the vanity of renown. . . . . He was already disposed for happiness. Kind, not from weakness, but from kindness first, and next from sheer laziness, and because to be *a bad man* a vast deal of ability and strength and perseverance is required. All his life he attended to all good advice in order not to annoy him who gave it, and never followed it in order not to annoy him who listened to it. He is veracious from love of truth, but also to escape the difficulties of lying. . . . . Dependent upon no one, no one was dependent upon him. . . . . And in the midst of all his crowd of small happinesses, so easy to preserve and to overlook, he had the one thing which, of all others, enabled him to appreciate them most, — he had the gout! Yes! the genuine gout, one abominable month in six; and when he was pitied by his friends, he would cry out, with a resolute

laugh, 'Well, yes! *mes amis!* I have it; but if I have the honor to be gouty, it is because I have richly deserved it.'"

The whole book is in this strain, and is the history of the little treasures of contentment that M. de Trégeau finds in life, ending with these charming words: —

"O Providence! there are in this world no *small* happinesses, for the more happiness is hidden, and the easier it is to hide, the better; and therefore, friend, the truth is, that thy 'little' is in fact a great happiness."

We should recommend the translation of this charming work on our side of the Atlantic; for it has a stronger savor of the Anglo-Saxon and domestic, than of the pure Gallic element. It is an honest and sympathetic, and we would say eminently a *happy* book.

From the famous theatrical critic of the *Journal des Débats* to the most famous of all theatrical directors in France, Dr. Véron, the transition is easy. Dr. Véron's last book, *Quatre Ans de Règne, où en Sommes Nous*, is not a success, quite the reverse; but it is an *incident*, and a remarkable one. Dr. Véron, it must be remembered, when he took to writing and signing what he wrote in the *Constitutionnel*, did so, manifestly, in order to support the Presidential, and, later, the Imperialist cause. He abandoned all his former friends who belonged more or less to the liberal, royalist, and constitutional parties, to give his vote undisguisedly, loudly, in favor of absolute government and of Bonapartism. He had been the intimate friend of Changarnier on the eve of the *coup d'état;* on its morrow, he deemed it fitting and proper that Changarnier should be a prisoner and an exile, and that the rights and liberties of every French citizen should be subject to the arbitrary will and pleasure of one man at the head of the state. All the obloquy and all the recompense that were showered upon the Doctor, on either side, were for the reason that he was a Bonapartist. It was for that cause that he both merited and suffered, with that cause, therefore, that he ought to be identified. Taken from this point of view, his volume just published is undoubtedly curious; for it admits what hitherto the enemies only of the existing *régime* are supposed to have pro-

claimed. It admits, and seems written for the sole purpose of admitting, that liberty is wholly absent from the existing order of things in France, and that its want is a positive danger.

In the book itself there is nothing eloquent, nothing new, nothing that any one can desire to copy or to retain; nothing, in short, save the fact of the curiosity of such a book's being written by such a man. It is Dr. Véron's enemies more than his friends who have shown that the work was not insignificant; for whilst those whose political opinions may be flattered by the doctrine it sets forth remain silent, and do not risk themselves in its praise, those whom its political doctrines offend are open-mouthed in its abuse, and scarcely let a day pass without pelting its author with the dirt they pick up from the bottom of their inkstands. The only journal that has attempted to say a good word for Dr. Véron is the journal least likely of all to have undertaken what might look like his defence, namely, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the most exclusive, most disdainful, and least given of all to any acts of good-fellowship. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, however, has had cause latterly to wish there were a somewhat larger portion of liberty accorded to the citizens of France, and so far M. Véron's arguments were also its own. Moreover, the direction of the *Revue* has been exposed latterly to the same wordy abuse with the burly Doctor, and consequently the men composing that "direction" have been somewhat disposed to feel tenderly towards him, and to support him. There is no doubt, however, that *Quatre Ans de Règne* is a sign of the times, and as such is decidedly not without importance. Four years — or even two years — ago, Dr. Véron would not have written this book, nor, if written, would he have been allowed to publish and sell it. Now, not only are the opinions and sentiments expressed in it those which must unavoidably be the sentiments and opinions of all reasonable persons, but they are such as the government dares not take upon itself to suppress. But it may therefore be argued, that the imperial government is itself persuaded that the hour is approaching when the political freedom it promised as "the crowning portion of the edifice of the state," will become not only possible, but

necessary. It may be said, that, by suggesting the opportunity of liberty, Dr. Véron may be far from running counter to the wishes of his patrons, but may be, on the contrary, promoting them. The answer is an easy one: it lies in what we alluded to above. There is not a ministerial paper, be it high or low in the scale of journalism, so it be but a government organ, that has not done its best to demolish Dr. Véron, and from the *Constitutionnel* down to the *Figaro* (a vile print, in which every slander, however hideous, finds its home), the name of the ex-director of the opera is held up as a sort of target for the shafts of government scribes.

Dr. Véron's book is not only one of the first in which political freedom and "parliamentary liberty" are distinctly asked for, in which the restraint upon them is pointed out as excessive and as a positive peril; it is also the first in which the persons occupying the various offices of government have their *past* and their *present* set down by the side of their names, and in no very flattering terms, though with no expression of personally disagreeable censure. If Dr. Véron's book had been what is called "full of talent," it would decidedly have been an "event"; as it is, we have said, it is an "incident," and we have designated why.

A personal question attaches also to the volumes of Marshal Marmont's *Mémoires*, and it may not be uninteresting to American readers to know how their publication was found to be possible, and was brought about. When the Marshal wrote them, he had a duplicate copy made, and deposited in safe hands in Austria, so that Madame de Damremont, to whom he left them in Paris, had in fact in her possession only a manuscript whose correctness it was at any moment practicable to verify. The Duc de Raguse died in 1852, and the *Mémoires* were not disposed of till 1856. The various publishers who were applied to refused to pay the sums required, saying that, under the present government, the public would never believe in the veracity of memoirs purposing to treat of the first empire. In the end, and for this reason, the manuscript was sold at something like a tenth of the price it had been supposed it would bring. It was also found impossible to publish the work without the Emperor's

having seen the manuscript. It was accordingly submitted to him, and fifty times in the course of its perusal, his Majesty signified that it was not to be thought of that such memoirs should be given out to the world, and that their publication was decidedly to be forbidden. It is certain that during the entire first five volumes the impression given by Marshal Marmont is all but totally unfavorable to the period of the Consulate and the Empire, and the judgment of this very foremost of his captains upon the man who made him whatever he became was as harsh, upon the whole, as could well be imagined. But those who surrounded the present Emperor begged him to wait, saying: "Your Majesty will see that the Bourbons and the period of the Restoration are treated so severely that nothing more could be wished for in the interests of Bonapartism; and by what goes before, the Marshal's impartiality and credibility will be established, and your Majesty's enemies put in their proper place." Thus adjured, the Emperor read on, and soon read enough to convince himself that his advisers were perfectly right, and the *Mémoires* were allowed to be published.

Perhaps, to appreciate this work at its real value, the character of the late Duc de Raguse ought to be taken into consideration. This was eminently a *depreciatory* character, and to his last hour there was nothing more natural to Marmont, than to oppose drawbacks to every portion of praise that was awarded to no matter whom, for no matter what. No man would have been more quickly tired of hearing Aristides perpetually called "the just," and Bonaparte's glory and fame were not, we are disposed to think, a title to Marmont's sympathy or unqualified admiration. Still, of his impartiality of censure there can be no doubt. He blames the mistakes of the Empire, but he blames bitterly the shortcomings of the Restoration also, and does not scruple, in the volume of his *Mémoires* that has just appeared (and which leads the reader to 1814), to say, that, whilst the faults of the period that had preceded were great and deplorable, they were the faults of a time and of men full of force, energy, and enterprise, the faults of ambition and over-daring, whereas the faults of the period that followed were those of a dishonest, degenerate,

weakling age. That such a sweeping accusation should be brought by the Duc de Raguse against the Restoration astonishes us from its flagrant injustice; but it is explicable from the Marshal's dislike to a parliamentary form of government. Marmont was essentially an *absolutist*, and therefore incapable of comprehending Louis XVIII. In the next forthcoming volumes will be seen his appreciation of the most really constitutional epoch of French history, — of the only period of time during which representative government was genuinely practised in France; but we do not anticipate that it has met with a chronicler able or inclined to do it justice. In the six volumes already published the reader will find an admirable account of the Italian, and, above all, of the Egyptian, campaign, and we hold ourselves authorized to affirm (the contrary of what has been very generally supposed) that the entire authenticity of the *Mémoires* lies beyond a doubt.

Art. XII. — 1. *Margaret: a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom; including Sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi.* In two volumes. Revised Edition. By the Author of "Philo," "Richard Edney," &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1851.

2. *Compositions in Outline, by* Felix O. C. Darley *from* Judd's *Margaret.* Engraved by Konrad Huber. New York: Redfield. 1856.

Judd's Margaret has for years been familiar to our eyes, and no stranger to our pages. For this very reason we confess our greater surprise and joy at the appearance of Darley's Outlines. The highest pleasure is not in absolute novelty, but in the union of things new and old, as when we meet old friends under new circumstances, if not with a new face. Surely the artist has given a new face to the beautiful creations of the novelist, and the exquisite outline of Margaret

herself opens at a glance the very soul of the whole fiction. We have already alluded to these beautiful sketches that so ally American art with literature, and we now recur to the subject in order to speak with some fulness of the tendencies which this tale of the real and the ideal exhibits.

It is a not uncommon idea, that New England is the chosen realm of prosy prudence and cold calculation; that the yardstick is there put above the musical scale; that the multiplication-table there stands beside the Ten Commandments, and the price-current enters into the morning meditations quite as much as the Psalter; that the people are as frigid as the climate, whose most conspicuous products, granite and ice, are said to be no bad symbols of Yankee hardness and reserve. A superficial view of New England history might confirm this notion. The Puritans left behind them the poetry and beautiful arts of the Old World, and evidently had no burning desire to take them as companions, or to see them spring up in their new home. The educated and high-born men among them must have known something of the master-minds of English poetry who flourished before the migration,—something of Chaucer, Gower, Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Beaumont, Ben Jonson. Yet in most of these authors there was so strong a recognition of the prevailing notions of government, society, and religion, as to make them distasteful to men of thorough Puritan culture, and utterly abominable in the eyes of the more ignorant zealots. Spenser's High-Churchism was enough to taint the beautiful affections and spiritual faith that pervade his poems, whilst Shakespeare's matchless creations, if then known, could have found little mercy from Puritan censors, not only because they were plays, but because they were brimful of the social habits and national associations of the court and people to whom they were addressed. The Plymouth Pilgrims were mainly men of moderate cultivation, with little taste for the Muses, and probably parted with English refinements far less reluctantly than the Puritans who founded Massachusetts Bay some ten years later. But if the stanch yeomen of the Mayflower could leave with little regret the

ancient castles and churches that had for them so little mercy, the scholars and gentlemen of the Arbella may have had deeper aversions from deeper experience, and in more than one case condemned the Siren more bitterly from the struggle between their faith and her fascinations. They said indeed, "Farewell, dear England." But they did not, in wishing well to England, wish especially well to the beautiful arts that have done so much for her glory. They thought that they were to leave these behind them in their exodus from bondage to freedom, and it was apparently the least of their regrets, that the poets and artists of the old country did not go with them to the new. They had seen so much of the pride and vanity of the civil and ecclesiastical powers as to be jealous of the fancy that had been so enlisted in their service, and were sometimes tempted to rank imagination itself among the gauds of the Scarlet Woman who still lingered about the throne and Church of England, and whose feet were never to be allowed to touch the new Canaan. Some of them evidently thought that all literature was to be chastised into Scripture phraseology, and that the human mind was to be cleared of romantic fancies by theological discipline, as easily as naughty boys or Sunday travellers were to be stopped by the solemn tithingman, and perhaps put into the stocks or tied to the whipping-post. But God knew the Puritans better than they knew themselves. The very men who condemned imaginations were full of them, and were destined by Providence to inaugurate a new era in the world of the ideal. It is certainly our deliberate opinion, that New-Englanders are eminently an imaginative people, and that their whole history has been the growth and bloom of the goodly seed which was at first sown in tears. It may take the century-plant a hundred years to bloom; but when the flower appears, is it not the expression of the life that dwelt from the first in the root? From the very first, did not that floral virtue belong to the plant, and did not the flower unfold the primal intention, articulate the primal thought? Let us see if we cannot make this position less paradoxical than it may seem to many.

Look, in the first place, at the essential elements of the

Puritan character in its independence, faith, and enterprise. The founders of New England were determined not to be kept in leading-strings by the Old World, and they started on their career with an independent purpose that could not but show itself erelong in original forms of thinking and imagining. They had the best sort of originality and the parent of every other sort, originality of character, that stout root which is sure to produce fairer and more vigorous fruit in the end than any dainty sentimentalism or speculative ingenuity. They were in earnest, and earnestness of will is the condition of all vital power, whether of mind or heart. It is the will that directly or indirectly imagines, as well as plans and works; and wherever there is this original force of character in the founders of a state, we may look for an original form of literature as well as of society, instead of stereotype copies of the current modes. In one respect, indeed, New England lost much by the sturdy independence of her founders. She lost much of the power of the old traditions, history, and manners that gave such food to the imagination by presenting topics which unite the charms of romance with the enchantment of age and distance. The Puritan, because he was so stern a non-conformist, could not draw inspiration from the rich fields of history and tradition, in which Spenser and Shakespeare had found such sparkling wells and lovely flowers and mystic groves. He left these all behind him, and turned his meditations beyond the intervening centuries to the patriarchal or the apostolic era, to the ages before modern nationality had begun; or if his imagination caught fire as he thought of the martyr age of British Protestants, this fire found little fuel from the annals of the English throne and Church during the years before Henry VIII. or after Queen Mary. New England was to be a new field in its historical associations, and centuries were to pass before the daughter's fancy could claim the mother's romance as her own, and find new ideals in the old homestead and its chronicles. But this very fact gave originality to the New England mind, and the quaint and often rude phraseology of the Puritan authors was the promise of fresher and freer forms of development apart from the dictation of European masters. It was the rough bark

which protected the tree from injury, and guided its strong juices into leaf and blossom. Had the Puritans followed the scholars and wits of England in all their modes of thought and expression, we might have had an early and graceful literature on these shores; but we could never have had our own New England, with her own thinkers, orators, and poets, who have taken their place among the originals in the Pantheon of letters. It was well that the independence which brought such originality of purpose, brought also the isolation of social and literary life, which secured to this purpose fresh soil and free development.

The Puritan's faith spiritualized and strengthened his independence, and in spite of its bigotry and superstition it affirmed the highest truth of religion, and the deepest condition of all mental power, — the privilege and the duty of direct personal communion between the human soul and the Divine Spirit. Man is very little when without God, and the ages that most heartily affirm and substantiate his influence over the mind, are sure to be seed-times of all manly thinking and ideal creation. Our forefathers may have philosophized little upon the nature of inspiration and the origin of ideas, and probably might have been enlightened by Edmund Spenser's celestial Platonism, or by Richard Hooker's spiritual politics; but they had the root of the matter in their own experience, and what many ideal theorists have speculated upon, they lived into reality. They lived with God for their King and Comforter, and the whole of the best mind of New England is proof of the quickening and inspiring power of their faith. This faith has given depth to the thought and elevation to the aim of our noblest authors. Poetry as truly as theology has shared in the blessing of that baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. How can it be otherwise? How can man fail of winning creative power from direct communion with the Creator in whose image he was made, and so tracing beauty, as well as goodness and truth, to its primal source? The literature of Old England is proof of the power of the Puritan faith upon the ideal. This faith, which made Cromwell, and his heroes, virtually made Milton and Bunyan, and the whole host of free and devout poets who for two centuries turned their

pens against the despotism of the Stuarts and their successors. We do not say that the Puritan age created the genius of English poetry; but surely it gave to it its impulse, its freedom, and its faith. In New England the same ideal force was to show itself in the struggle with rude nature before it appeared in letters.

The enterprise of the Puritans bore out their independence and their faith. It was in itself a great prophecy, a mighty imagination, which has ever since been interpreting itself into fact, — this unwavering purpose to carve out for themselves by their own right hand, under God's blessing, a new kingdom in the Western world. Their imagination was not a dainty reverie, but a solemn vision, that showed them the great work to be done. They were no artists, but God was their artist, and by his inspiration imagination took pencil and chisel, and painted and sculptured for them the ideal of a state and church that were to become realities. So they were majestic idealists, and saw visions inviting them across the ocean more solemn than the dreams of ambition that lured Raleigh's courtly followers to Virginia, and more glorious than those that moved Columbus to seek, not a home, but a conquest, in the New World. Believe it, the imagination is pre-eminently a practical faculty, and is always at work when great deeds are to be planned and done. It belongs to our nature, and the boy who bestrides his father's cane and calls it a horse, or who mounts a chair and calls it a pulpit, is for the time being a poet, and, at least in his own fancy, rides like a Murat and preaches like a Chrysostom. However various its forms, this power is at work whenever the mind looks beyond the present to the future or the unseen, and it is quite as necessary to heroic daring as to ideal invention. It pens sonnets and reveals worlds; stands by the palette of Raphael, the chisel of Michael Angelo, the observatory of Kepler and Copernicus, and follows in the wake of the Santa Maria from Palos or the Mayflower from Delft Haven. It appears in all heroic grandeur, as well as in tender beauty. The rose has its own imagination; it has its plastic power, which from the little seed shapes the fragrant petals and blesses the senses with their loveliness. Has not the oak, too, the same indwelling force,

the same poetic instinct, which images not only its glossy leaf and waving boughs, but its massive strength, from the acorn? Is not the oak, too, a poem as well as the rose, — a poem that lives when the rose has faded, — lives, too, after its own leaves have fallen, and its trunk is hewn down, — lives in the stout ship, itself a goodly epic, whose heroic and rhythmic heavings chime with the roll of beating waves and the music of the winds in their harp-like whispers or their organ peals? This instinctive heart of oak in its strength and its prophecy surely the Puritan had.

Thus independent, devout, and resolute, the New England stock must be expected to show its own genius in accordance with its hereditary nature and its adopted soil. The Puritans were Englishmen, and they and their descendants had all, and perhaps more than all, of English reserve, whilst they renounced the courtly and ritual pageants that have always done so much to enliven the mother country. In respect to religious convictions, they had much in common with the Scotch Presbyterians, yet little of the convivial temper and the enthusiasm for thrones so characteristic of all Celtic races. They had nothing of the artistic taste that had at the time of their embarkation so flourished in Southern Europe, and given Italy and Spain such glory. In England the arts of design had not yet taken root, but were pursued chiefly by foreigners, and architecture and poetry were the only fine arts then native to the soil. Of these two, the Puritans brought little with them to their new home. It seems to have been no cause of repining with them, that they could not imitate the beautiful parish churches of England in Boston and Salem, and their wooden meeting-houses, with so many little windows, appeared to meet their taste as well as their convictions. Perhaps, however, we are mistaken, and our fathers had more taste than some of their children, and, as they could not build handsome churches, preferred honest simplicity to tawdry pretension, candid pine boards and shingles to lath and plaster shams, and so were saved from the atrocious gingerbread Gothic which has been the invention of our Yankee carpenters, and the admiration of many worthy persons who ought not to have the excuse of ignorance for their Vandal-

ism. As to poetry, versified poetry, the leading Puritan writers were ignorant of its first principles, and we can hardly conceive of such monstrous doggerel coming from well-educated men as we find from the pens of Puritan authors who were fellow-students at Cambridge with Milton himself. But we must not judge of John Cotton's fire by his limping verses, nor measure the inspiration of the clerical circle about Boston by the dislocated and dislocating rhymes of the Bay State Psalm-Book. We must look for the true poetry of the colonial writers in their prose; for they, as is the case with all men, did their best and most beautiful things when least straining after effect, and most earnest and spontaneous. If we thus watch for the play of the imagination, we shall not fail to see in the earliest times the movings of the genius that afterwards bloomed in our rich poetic and romantic literature.

Let us now take a few glances at the letters and life of New England, with an eye to the developments of the imagination. We find, almost without an exception, that this power shows itself most conspicuously where least expected, and constantly looks out upon us from the quaint conceits and solemn allegory of the Puritan fathers. Thus old Father Ward, minister of Ipswich, who could write verses crabbed enough to set one's teeth on edge, has passages in his prose sometimes funny enough for Shakespeare to put into the mouth of Falstaff, and sometimes exalted enough for Milton's majestic page. Hugh Latimer's humor could not better Ward's description of the fashionable ladies of his time, who seem to have given the sturdy Puritan humorist some inklings of these days of feminine cooperage; — "goodly Englishwomen imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hoodholes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them," — a style of womanhood which he looks upon as "the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd." Where, on the other hand, is there a better word upon the nature of truth, or one more profoundly ideal, than this saying from Ward's Cobbler of Agawam? — "*Non senescit veritas.* No man ever saw a gray hair on the

head or beard of any truth, wrinkle or morphew on its face. The bed of Truth is green all the year long."

Cotton Mather was the pride and crown of the early Puritan culture, and with his characteristic passion for omniscience he of course snatched at the laurels of Parnassus, probably quite ready, if the truth had required it, to produce to order a new Iliad or Æneid. He figured as a poet, and the Mæcenas of poets, especially of Mistress Anne Bradstreet, whose volume was the first book of poems published in New England, the precursor of our whole grove of feminine songsters. But Mather is on stilts the moment he begins to rhyme, and to see anything of his humor and fancy we must watch the easy and spontaneous movements of his mind in its odd interpretations of Scripture and ingenious illustrations of Providence. His verses on the death of his children have not half the beauty of his casual and somewhat humorous biography of Ralph Partridge. He ends his description of Ralph thus: —

"Nevertheless Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the paucity and the poverty of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a bird wandering from his nest, that he remained with his poor people till he took wing to become a bird of paradise along with the winged seraphim of heaven.

Epitaphium,
Avolavit."

Anne Bradstreet undoubtedly had considerable fancy and no usual power of diction, yet we could not do justice to the inspiration of early New England womanhood by citing her pedantic verse; and if we may presume to differ from her ghostly eulogist, Cotton Mather, we must give the preference to such lyrical natures as Anne Hutchinson's, whose presence and conversation needed no verse to make them inspiring. To have heard her and Henry Vane talk together of the divine light and the new future, would have been a far richer feast of the imagination than to have listened to Mather's ponderous colloquies with Mrs. Bradstreet, for whom "America prays that into such catalogues of authoresses as Beverovicius, Hottinger, and Voetius have given into the world,

there may be a room now given unto the daughter of our Governor Dudley and the consort of our Governor Bradstreet"; with other verbiage that is heavy enough to make one think that Mather's infancy had been fed on polyglots instead of pap.

The love of nature marks the poetic power of a people, and gives constant theme and illustration to the imagination. New England people are certainly remarkable for their love of beautiful scenery, and, cold as is their climate, they have in America taken the lead in descriptions of nature. Perhaps the shortness of their summer makes them value its treasures more fondly than Southern people do, who live amidst ever-blooming vegetation, too familiar to be prized; and the New England winters gather up not merely grain and apples for the table, but pleasant visions from summer fields and autumn groves for the inward chambers of imagery. Hints of this love of nature occur in the early Puritan poems, but we are more pleased with casual glimpses of it that appear in writers not thinking of poetic gifts. It is pleasant to read cheerful William Wood's description of New England trees in 1634: —

"Trees both in hills and plains in plenty be,
The long-liv'd oak and mournful cypris tree,
Sky-tow'ring pines, and chesnuts coated rough,
The lasting cedar, with the walnut tough.

. . . . .

Within this Indian orchard fruits be some;
The ruddie cherrie and the jetty plume,
Snake-murthering hazell, with sweet saxaphrage,
Whose spurnes in beere allays hot fever's rage,
The dyer's shumach with more trees there be
That are both good to use and rare to see."

But there is quite as much suggestion in Winslow's simple and hearty account of the Plymouth country in 1621, a year after the landing: —

"All the spring-time the earth sendeth forth naturally very good sallet herbs. Here are grapes, white and red and very sweet and strong also; strawberries, gooseberries, raspas, &c.; plums of three

sorts, white, black, and red, being almost as good as a damson; abundance of roses, white, red, and damask, single, but very sweet indeed."

Has it not always been the case, in winter as well as in summer, that such roses are to be found, — single, but very sweet indeed?

This fair nature, thus noted in prose and verse by the first-comers, stole more and more upon the Puritan heart, until she in some measure replaced the old splendors of England, and won to her beautiful ritual and hallowed seasons a reverence and love that found no artificial pageants, no gems of painting or architecture, to inspire them. Nature surely helped out the Puritan's meagre rubric, and no pontiff nor bishop; and in the lovely yet solemn countenance of the great mother who looked in upon their worship from the fields and forests and hills through the ungarnished windows of the meeting-house, many a youth and maiden read lessons of faith and devotion as tender and profound as ever shone from the faces of the Madonnas in the chancel windows of the Old World's cathedrals. Not even Francis de Sales or Jeremy Taylor ever saw more poetry in a golden chalice or the sacred lily, than the stern Calvinist, Jonathan Edwards, found in that emblem of a pious soul, "such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun." This is a fair specimen of the feeling for nature in New England, which appears in her artists and poets, is so exquisitely worked up in such pieces as Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and Lowell's "Pine-Tree," and bursts out on almost every page of Judd's Margaret like wild-flowers from a rich prairie.

The mention of Edwards's name leads us into the second century of New England life, during which the foundations of our national system were laid. The events of this period acted powerfully on the imagination of the people, and the disputes and battles that are chronicled in records and

monuments have left no less conspicuous marks upon the common life and literature. But the wars did not so much create as bring out the enthusiasm of the people, and the fire that burned in the ballads and speeches of the Revolutionary era was fed by fuel that had long been gathering. Do not make merry at the reviewer for naming as educators and representatives of New England imagination in the eighteenth century two men who are generally considered as the driest and most matter-of-fact characters. I mean Jonathan Edwards, the metaphysician and theologian, and Benjamin Franklin, the mechanic, philosopher, and statesman. Edwards taught the people to combine a burning enthusiasm with logical keenness, and his great works were the schooling of many anxious and earnest thinkers in farm-houses and in colleges. He taught the great faith of the soul's spirituality, and the worthlessness of every life that is blind to the truth and dead to the love of God. With all his severity, and perhaps his leaven of superstition, he was a majestic idealist, and his works from first to last declare that a sense of ideal beauty, truth, and goodness belongs to our original nature, and that man is not himself until he supremely loves the beautiful, true, and good. He had much of the faculty of vision that gives shape to things unseen, and his sermons, with all their metaphysical sharpness, are full of graphic imagery, making abstract truths and spiritual affections visible realities, peopling the earth with supernatural beings, and endowing heaven and hell with locality and form both to the faith and the eye. In his way he was the Dante of his time, and by his logical structure of divine things he did for New England much of what Dante did for Italy by his matchless vision. The New-Englander had not, like the Italian, a Casella to instruct him in music, or a Giotto to school him in painting and architecture; but he had nature, the Bible, and the soul for his teachers, and he has written many truths and drawn many ideal pictures that Dante would have admired. Nay, it might perhaps be shown that Edwards could, in his own way, have interpreted that profound and exalted sentiment which was the secret of Dante's life and the inspiration of his great poem. There can be no true ideality without some

adequate sense of the beautiful in that form in which it has pleased God to embody so much of it, — the heart and person of woman. Dante dreamed all his lifetime of a fair girl whom he never married, and who after her early death haunted him as a heavenly presence. Whether Edwards, the severe theologian, had anything of the spirit that answers to Dante's sentiment towards Beatrice, we may judge by what he wrote at twenty concerning a young maiden of New Haven, Sarah Pierrepont, whose beauty and inspiration shamed that Puritan age.

"There is a young lady in New Haven who is loved of that Great Being who made and rules the world. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

This fair creature, this Christian Sibyl, in her eighteenth year became the wife of Edwards, and the mother of eleven children. She shared his thoughts and labors, his joys and trials, and in the very year of his death she was laid in the grave by his side. Who of us is not ready to say that Sarah Pierrepont, the Puritan's wife, has done as much in her own sphere to bring heaven near, and charm the earth with visions of spiritual beauty, as Beatrice Portinari, the idol of the Italian seer? In his domestic love, Edwards is a fine representative of the romantic sentiment of New England. He had sentiment enough to craze a whole crew of moonstruck sonnet-writers of the school of Charles I. or Louis XIV. But he had sense and strength and principle to keep his romance in its rightful channels, and his household and his God knew his joy. We New-Englanders may have too much reserve in expressing our home affections, yet we do not confess to any absence of the gentle passion; and to volatile enthusiasts, who are blown about by every wind of impulse, and easily upset by the breath of a coquette's fan, we may appear wanting in sentiment because we have stability. We seem to

carry less sail, simply because we have more ballast, and are not thought large-hearted, because we are not light-headed.

Whilst Edwards, and others of his class of thinkers more or less rigid, trained the people to spiritual vision, Franklin, the great utilitarian, trained them to material visions, and was the chief educator of the many in their imaginations of the coming wonders of science and art, industry and government. He is the Merlin of the new age of industrial magic. Prosaic as he is thought to be, quite as little poetic in his verse as in his prose, Franklin had, in his faculty of discovery and invention, what we may call the constructive imagination; and he has given to many men a more ideal inspiration than he himself followed. He has been the designer and architect of our wonderful industrial life, and he worked upon the great edifice according to plans that existed in his own mind before they existed in visible material. He imagined the nation itself before it had being, and was probably more than any other man the designer of the American Union, that structure which still survives, notwithstanding the Worcester Convention and its Southern counterpart. He had in his mind, too, the idea of natural science before he discovered it by experiment, and the lightning had leaped in his own brain before it became visibly his slave, and flashed forth at his bidding along the electric kite and rod. Surely he who did so much to construct our nationality, and our science and art, he who lived amid such hopes of a brighter future, he who "snatched from the heavens their bolts and from tyrants their sceptre," has been one of the educators of the American mind; and every New England boy who has read Franklin's life starts on his career of self-relying enterprise with braver purposes and rosier imaginations. He has turned the faculty of vision to the utilities of the earth, as Edwards turned it to the spiritualities of heaven. He has been a kind of terrestrial Newton, as Edwards was a hyperborean Dante. Boston has given Franklin a statue; the day may be when Edwards too shall stand before us in his native State in marble or in bronze, which all sects shall be wise and generous enough to rear.

We confess that nothing of the kind would please us more than to see the massive head of our great metaphysician looking out upon the new generations from the beautiful elm-grove of his Alma Mater at New Haven. These two men represent types of mind that are constantly blended in the New England character, in which pure idealism or pure materialism is rarely found, but whose most characteristic tendency is what may be called an ideal realism, or a disposition to bring ideal convictions to bear upon practical realities, and to work out into plain matter of fact every idea or conviction. The true Yankee is an idealist even in his love of money, and, unless he is false to his blood and birthright, he is sure to reveal some intellectual hobby or enthusiastic taste in the use of his stocks and lands. He makes his money *tell*, and instead of being a dead heap, it has a living voice, never wholly dumb to the appeal of education, humanity, religion. Poor Richard, Franklin's prophet of pence, in his way is as much of a spiritualist as the begging Friar Francis, and saved pennies, as the monk begged them, to secure independence from the world. Poor Richard commends competence, not because it heaps up specie in the bank, but because it sets up a pedestal of independence on which a true manhood can stand and express its thought and will without fear and without favor.

This kind of realism appears in the ripest fruits of the New England imagination since the close of the Revolution, and especially within the present century in its more ripe and accomplished culture. The best things have been said by men at work in earnest for some practical purpose, whilst comparatively little has been done by amateurs who seek the beautiful as a pastime and cultivate imagination for its own sake. The literary ease and elegance of the choicest writers and speakers have come more from the use and friction of minds in actual collision with public affairs, than from artistic elaboration. The pulpit learned fluency by melting its pedantic verbiage in the fires of patriotism, and no poet of the Revolutionary age has a passage so kindling as that of Mayhew's Apostrophe to Liberty, whom he saw before she came, and whom he welcomed as "the daughter of God, and excepting

his Son the first-born of heaven." The whole spirit of letters and speech seemed to arouse, in the school of national freedom, a quicker pulse-beat in the general heart. The war of the Revolution did much to stir the imagination by its lights and shades, defeats and triumphs, and the entire movement tended to break up the old monotone. Before, the people seemed to live and move in long metre, to the tune of Old Hundred or St. Martin's, but the Revolution put quite as much of Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia into their spirits as into their march. They did not lose the old faith, but they carried it out with more vivacity; and the best literature of the present century is fraught with the independence, devotion, and energy of the fathers.

It is in this period, or between the close of the war of the American Revolution and the first years of the present century, that the scenes of "Margaret" are laid. The author, although not by any means aiming at historical minuteness in the classification of characters, or at philosophical completeness in the exhibition of principles and events, has given us a rich and suggestive picture of the new life then budding out from the old stock. Margaret herself, and her good genius, Charles Evelyn, are the precursors of the new age coming, in which all sects and parties now more or less share, whilst Parson Wells, his good wife, and his ghostly retinue, represent the pious worth that are ever precious, in connection with a dogmatic narrowness and spectral ascetism which no leading school of New England thought now urges. Poor Chilion, with his half-developed artistic nature, is the victim of the transition struggle between the old times and the new; whilst Master Elliman is a good type of the old naturalism that was waiting for the marriage between science and faith. Margaret's origin, indeed, as the offspring of the daughter of a French adventurer and a German soldier in New York, makes her less of a New England character than if her birth as well as her education had been in New England. Yet her whole mental development was under her foster parents, and perhaps a little of the truth as well as the interest of the romance comes from the union of different lines of the ideal in her origin. Thus the author may mean to give us a

deeper insight into humanity by the combination of traits in her parentage and history. His impatience of conventional manners and religion has, we think, led him to estimate too favorably the spontaneous tendencies of human nature in his heroine, and he makes of her more of a natural saint than our faith and philosophy would lead us to look for. But he corrects in some measure this tendency, and proves himself to be nearer the Gospel of Christ than the sentimentalism of Rousseau by the influence over Margaret that he ascribes to Evelyn's lessons in Christianity, and the place that he assigns to the Church and its positive truths and ordinances in the idealized community of Mons Christi. There is quite enough, too, of the sad and sinful elements in human nature, throughout the book, to save the author from being classed with the rose-water school of reformers, and evidently no American novelist has had a keener eye to the infirmities and vices of our village and city life than the portrayer of Jean Girardeau, Raxman, Pluck, Chilion, Rose, and Mrs. Wiswall. He has performed his task so well that we cannot but wish for the coming of a novelist who shall unite his spontaneous freshness with broader philosophic and more exact historic portraiture, and do for our current life here somewhat as Bulwer's "My Novel" has done for English life. We believe that the elements for such a book are very rich and ample, and even our most practical thinkers open connections with ideal fancy.

We find marks of high imagination in the men who have dealt most closely with the convictions and interests of the people. If we were to choose Dr. Channing and Daniel Webster as examples of the New England mind in the present century, we must be struck with the fact that their best passages are inspired by actual affairs, and that the ideal moralist and the practical statesman sometimes meet on the same heights of imagination. Webster has left some magnificent proofs of his power of vision, and when the great inspirations of liberty were upon him, as they were in his best days, he had a prophet's fire. In his reply to Hayne, his eulogium on old Massachusetts seemed to bring the Bay State bodily, from the Berkshire Hills to Plymouth Rock, into the Senate, and

in his peroration, when he argued for Liberty and Union, it was as if the great mother herself, this whole America, stood up unfurling our flag before those nullifiers, and with a withering glance branding their treason as parricide. What power of vision, too, in his oration at Plymouth, when he hears as receding into never-returning distance the clank of fetters and all the horrid din of slavery, and welcomes the new generations of freedom and progress! Those words are worthy of being printed with Channing's last words to the people, — the noble discourse among the Berkshire Hills which hailed the coming of God's kingdom among men, and held every worldly interest as naught in comparison with that glorious future of humanity.

Channing, in spite of the difference of creeds, wears Edwards's mantle of spiritual vision, and among our moralists he is the conspicuous representative of the imagination which penetrates into principles, and strives to bring the common thought and life up to the standard seen on its mount of vision. Webster has more of the combining, constructive imagination, and he carried much of Franklin's solid sense and mechanical genius into the art of statesmanship. Both Webster and Channing belong not only to the literature, but to the society, of their age, and New England romance and art will find a niche for them both in its shrines.

Not only in eloquence like Webster's and Channing's, but in the calm studies of history, the New England mind shows its tendency to idealize facts and embody truth in imaginations. There is an almost epic life and unity in her master historians; under their lead, the men and events of Spain, Holland, the United States, Mexico, Peru, march forth in their own form and color upon their destined path; and in the New England town libraries, Prescott's and Bancroft's histories, (and may we not add Motley's to the list?) prove by their well-thumbed leaves, that fact, when vividly told, is more charming than fiction, and quite as stimulating to the imagination. No modern state has celebrated its famous places and names more brilliantly than our own Massachusetts, and Everett's orations in point of artistic completeness might have won the crown from the hand of Pericles himself.

The same tendency to idealize realities, or to see and image forth the ideas that are in realities, appears in the speculations of the most sagacious and practical men. In Rhode Island, the mantle of Bishop Berkeley, who once lived at Newport, seems to have fallen upon a solid, broad-shouldered judge, and the Pan-Idea of the late Chief Justice Durfee is a metaphysical treatise that might have emanated from Berkeley's own pen. It is quite as remarkable a fact, that the most skilful and fascinating interpreter of Swedenborg's mystical theology is a Yankee lawyer, and Theophilus Parsons finds leisure from his professorship of law to elucidate the doctrines of spiritual correspondences, the celestial marriage, and the New Jerusalem. Nay, mathematics itself figures as an idealist, and Professor Peirce, probably the first mathematical genius now living, is quite Pythagorean in his philosophy, reasons of the numbers and periods in planets and stars much in the fashion of the great transcendental sage, and so makes algebra the note-book from which the spheres sing their music. In not a few minds the drudgery of the workshop and the farm catches the lyrical passion, and in Whittier's Songs of Labor, and in the heroes of the Blithedale Romance, work threatens to turn into play, and sometimes has not failed in the attempt. The most conspicuous of New England editors, or editors from New England, is full of this idea of elevating and harmonizing industry, and has had no small success in inspiriting and idealizing the popular notions of labor and production. Horace Greeley, in this point of view, with all his crotchets and *isms*, is a kind of orphic Franklin, who is setting the machines and workshops of the land into a grand harmonial dance, and perhaps our notable fellow-citizen will not quarrel with us for fancying him in his drab coat and ponderous boots calling out the figures for a huge industrial waltz, in which the steam-engine leads off the printing-press, and this couple is followed by the power-loom and reaping-machine, with the whole band of arts in their train, all keeping step by the time-beat of that harp of many and marvellous strings, the electric telegraph. There is surely a lyrical element in New England industry. Grim Vulcan in his workshop likes to be cheered by Apollo's lyre, and some-

time beats the chorus by the ring on his anvil. After work, too, he washes his hands and face, and has a chat with his old crony, Minerva. New England itself is a work of art under the hand of educated mechanism, a marvellously carved granite Memnon statue, whose harmony awakes with every sunrise and continues to play till sunset in all the cheery voices of enterprise and toil.

The same disposition to connect imagination with matters of fact, and to idealize common life, appears in the poetry of New England. It is eminently in earnest, and its strains are human life set to music, with little trifling in dainty indolence for the sake of making pretty verses. How intimately that prose-poetry, the romantic literature of New England, connects itself with common scenes, and finds its gems in our daily paths! It is a fact not by any means alone, but representative of a general principle, that an earnest parish minister like Sylvester Judd created a new school of romance before he knew it by his close sympathy with human life around him, and all unconsciously inspired American art with perhaps its most original theme; and under Darley's genial touch, we have here the great promise of the alliance between the poet's pen and the artist's pencil.

Our poetry breathes the same spirit; and even its most marked eccentricities move in accordance with some instinctive law. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish verse from prose in our sententious thinkers. Alcott's Orphic Sayings are poems in their way, and in spite of their obscurity they contain meaning and point enough to give lasting fame to the author, could they be dated backwards some centuries, and so have the prestige of time. The most peculiar, and perhaps the most imaginative, of all our poets, Emerson, is a very earnest man, and, fond as he is of a joke, he never loses sight of his transcendental theory of human nature, or his thoroughgoing independence in glorification of the First Person Singular, in which personality soars so high as to become impersonal, and the Egotist is lost in the All. He makes it our wisdom to live in our own individual hermitage, and to seek the universe in ourselves, and returned from Europe blandly declaring that he had seen it all before at home. He found a

consistent interpreter in his young disciple, Thoreau, the hermit of Walden Pond, who gave up the world for nature and himself, whose house cost him $28.12½, and whose living for eight months cost him, with clothes and oil, but $33.87¼, — a mystic of the Poor Richard school, a Yankee union of philosophy and prudence indeed. So it is that extremes meet, and the mysticism of the Oriental Sufis is found on the borders of our old battle-field at Concord. Usually, however, the New England poet is more in the path of our daily life, and his imagination, alike in its pathos and its humor, aims to cheer and help us in our thought and work.

No man deserves better to be named as a type of New England imagination, than Bryant, — not even Dana with his meditative depth, Longfellow with his peerless melody, Lowell with his sparkling point, Parsons with his sculptured strength, or Whittier with his lyrical fire. Bryant perhaps as no other poet reflects the independence, the manly faith, the devotion to nature, the reverence for woman, the love of country and of home, the unfaltering passion for liberty, so characteristic of the best New England minds. New England honors him for not forgetting the high inspirations of his Muse in the pressure of affairs, and will always have laurels for the harp that in its thrills of gentle feeling has never ceased to ring out its stirring tones for liberty and humanity in the hour of their danger. Honor to Bryant for keeping his New England heart so true to itself in his tempted position, and for being none the less a Massachusetts man from being a citizen of the world.

Even the humorous poetry of New England is eminently practical, — always fond of raising a laugh to the discomfiture of some absurd pretender, or of cheering some downhearted worthy who has had small beginnings and a hard road before him. Lowell and Holmes, in their comic poems, are the literary exponents of the passion for practical jokes, and the late wheelbarrow feat between Newburyport and Boston was a broad exemplification of the sturdy practical humor that has made the Yankees laugh from the days of the Cobbler of Agawam and the Boston Tea Party. In fact, Mr. Ben Perley Poore rendered himself unconsciously a kind of

parody on the history of New England. The lot of Jonathan has almost always been, like this wheelbarrow hero, to work with inadequate means, and very often his indomitable pluck has led him to push on over hill and through valley to his aim, not ashamed to go on one wheel without any horse but shank's mare, until at last he comes in conqueror, and the military escort and the banquet make his pilgrimage famous.

Now for more than two hundred years New England has been doing her work for herself, for the nation, and, we trust, for mankind. Great as have been her achievements in the workshop and the field, the memorials of her imagination, her pathos, her humor, are not insignificant, and her orators, poets, historians, and novelists are known throughout the globe. The alcove that holds her imaginative literature would not disgrace the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh; and the great Britons who have flourished during the same time, Milton, Wordsworth, Burns, Scott, and their peers, might linger fascinated by its creations. Yet notwithstanding all these literary trophies, and the high promise of her artists, she has not yet spoken out her full thought in letters, and her literature is fragmentary, as the not fully articulated voice of a civilization not yet matured, but waiting the good time coming. Her literature is not, like Italy's, the tomb of a majestic past, but the promise of a hopeful future; and it denies itself the moment it claims to be perfect, and shuts out the spirit of improvement. New England, herself an imagination in process, not yet worked into material, and all her utilities the growing fruit of a brave purpose not yet embodied, waits to take her place in the true civilization that is to be, and should be happy that her leading thinkers have a name among the architects of the ages, and have given so many hints of an age better than humanity has yet seen. There is a deep hopefulness in all her poetry, which its habitual seriousness can never hide, and its pensive tone is the wholesome shading of brave energies, not the darkening and blighting of cheerful faith. Her art is full of hope, and will be more hopeful when more closely allied with her daily life, and taking its due place in popular education. Let the claims of art be placed on no ground less solid or sacred. Insist that

art is educator of the beautiful in itself, and in its manifold relations with the good and the true; and in the better time coming let New England art build the gate called Beautiful to the stately temple of humanity, whose walls have been rising for centuries in this land of promise. The new beauty will not shame, but crown, the old Puritan strength.

Throughout his whole story, and especially in the closing description of his Mons Christi, the author of Margaret shows his deep conviction of the practical worth and power of the beautiful arts. It is evidently a leading idea with him, that life itself is the great art, and that all other arts are honorable as they minister to this by their utilities and refinements. We do not think he has been so successful in his specific plans as in his guiding spirit, and we should probably quarrel with the architecture of the church and the villas of Mons Christi, if we did not think much of its landscape-gardening and ornamentation fantastic. But his purpose is eminently practical, and the arts must languish in New England until it is carried out, — till the characteristic zeal for popular education accepts the element of taste as an exalted and wholesome part of our nature, and we provide for its culture in our schools, homes, public grounds and buildings, in our social recreations, our civic festivals, and our religious services. The New England mind has been remarkably fertile in artistic genius; yet our artists have had little popular appreciation, and many towns that have noble schools and academies do not present to the eyes of their youth a single picture or sculpture that deserves the name. A better time, we trust, is coming, — a time which shall bring about in art what has already been widely brought about in our literature, — the reconciliation between the real and ideal as essential parts of human life and Divine Providence. We hope to see a realism such as appears in Stuart's flesh-and-blood portraits, combined with an ideality like that which ennobles Allston's poetical creations, to educate and cheer our sons and daughters in our homes and schools and public walks.

We have our share of artistic enthusiasm, however latent it may be. The solemn Puritan from the beginning has been unconsciously an idealist, and without knowing it he stamped

the symbol of himself upon his first coinage, the pine-tree shilling, refusing, in his sturdy independence, to put upon his money the head of King Charles. The pine, how noble and eloquent a symbol of the New England mind! — so lofty and self-relying, never more independent than when rising in proud individuality in a forest of its fellows, with adhesive and burning gums in its veins, and the comfort of good homes and the strength of tall masts in its trunk, with sweet and pensive music in its waving branches, and unfailing verdure in its leaves. The pine is the Puritan's tree, and before the oak of Old England it need not hide the head whose glory is green when the oak's leaves are fallen.

> "Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
> Lusty father of Titans past number!
> The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
> Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
> And thee mantling with silence."

In these remarks upon the imagination in New England, we have all along the way had an eye to Darley's masterly illustrations of Judd's Tale of the Real and the Ideal, and we have made frequent reference to the story as a truthful and original portraiture of the intellectual, social, and religious elements that have been working within us. The artist himself deserves the thanks of every American, as well as of every New-Englander, for producing a work which, in point of vividness and insight in the conception and spirit, and power in execution, has to our mind never been surpassed in the art of outline illustrations. Flaxman's designs bear marks of rarer antiquarian study, and often of sublimer invention; but they are comparatively spectral and unreal, and their lines have nothing of the stereoscopic light and shade of nature. Retzsch's outlines are marvels of fertile invention, in fact, linear poems with the pencil instead of the pen; but in point of vigorous touch and speaking truthfulness Darley is his superior, far more a realist in the drawing of his figures, whilst in the expression of his faces, as in Rose and Chilion and Margaret, he shows an ideal power not inferior to that of the famous German illustrator of Shakespeare and Schiller. Darley's inferiority to Retzsch is in picturesque symbolism, or in so group-

ing figures and objects as to express the relation of each drawing to the leading idea, and in so arranging the details of the entire series as to make the sketches tell the whole story of themselves. These outlines are a great success, alike in their own excellence and in their remarkable popularity, yet they do not sufficiently interpret their meaning without the printed text, and we think that two or three more sketches are positively needed to give dramatic unity to the whole, especially to bring out the brighter features of the plot, and to show the bloom as well as the blight in the fortunes of Margaret and her friends. There should be at least some glimpse of Charles Evelyn and Mons Christi, some hint of the heroine's new life under his genial guidance, and of the beautiful Utopia built up by their combined thought and labor. If it would have tasked the artist too much to reduce to drawing the shadowy geography of Mons Christi, with its symbolical avenues, statues, and temple, or if the planting of the cross, with the solemn procession, might have alarmed our good Protestants with the fear of returning Romanism, it would not have been difficult for his genius to have told in a few expressive groups the cheerful *dénouement* of the story, and left upon us at last the impression of Margaret and Evelyn's happy marriage, instead of quitting us in sight of poor Chilion's dungeon and the ghostly figures of Parson Wells and his wife. The defect may easily be remedied, and two or three more expressive sketches would not fail to make this beautiful volume a perennial instead of an annual in American art and literature.

Art. XIII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims.* By Edmund H. Sears. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 342.

This, if not the most scientific form of genealogical writing, is at any rate the form in which we prefer to receive and read the investigation of family history. We prefer the art which can bid the dry bones live, to the industry which merely collects the dry bones from their graves. Mr. Sears is an artist and a poet, and is, moreover, fortunate in having ancestors who give material for such sketches as these. They come to us at his command as living men, and bring with them the age, the companions, and the scenes with which they were concerned. And what scenes! — the persecutions of the nonconformists under Henry VIII., with London and its people, the buccaneering exploits of Hawkins and Drake on the Guinea coast and the Spanish Main, the tragedies of Flanders and Holland softened by the simple pictures of burgher life, the strife of Arminian with Calvinist, Barneveldt's death and Robinson's Church, and the final scene of a Pilgrim settlement in a recess of New England, all drawn with a taste and enthusiasm, a reverence and a moral earnestness, which mark the union of genius with faith. Such a tribute to one's ancestors is far better than a long list of names, dates, births, marriages, and deaths, which are as great a trial of patience to him who must read as to him who must gather them.

If Mr. Sears has not seen the localities which he describes, he must have read very carefully. Most of his pictures are as accurate as daguerreotypes. The mistakes are few and slight. The description of Amsterdam, however, "as a great, busy city, in which there is no sound of rattling wheels," is rather strongly stated. The Dutch capital is not a Northern Venice, though canals are in all its streets, nor do its barges do the work of gondolas. There are lumbering omnibuses, and awkward cabs, the driver of which runs along by the side of his horse. Amsterdam is more noisy than Brussels. Another mistake is in representing St. Paul's Cathedral in 1535 with "a dome, surmounted by a huge ball." Old St. Paul's was a Gothic edifice, without dome or ball. The present building bears no likeness to that which existed in the time of Henry VIII. It is extremely improbable, too, that a "Crucifixion" by Raphael should have been found at that time in St. John's Abbey, Colchester. And we may add, that the hymns which Job and Lottie sing are quite unlike those which people of their class, or indeed peo-

ple of any class, sang then in England. In Mr. Sears's estimate of Catharine Howard and of Cranmer we cannot fully agree. We are glad that he insists so strongly on the difference between the Pilgrim settlers of the Old Colony and the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. The former have unreasonably suffered in being confounded with the latter.

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2. — *The Trees of America.* By R. U. PIPER, M. D., Woburn, Mass.

WE can here only call attention to the first two numbers of this elegant and elaborate work, hoping to make it the subject of an extended article in our issue for July.

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3. — *La Vie Arabe.* Par FELIX MORNAND. Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 1856. 16mo. pp. 319.

THE latest production, we believe, of M. Mornand's brilliant pen, is a demonstration of the physical origin of the phenomena of Spiritualism. But his most charming and characteristic work is this volume on the Life of the Arabs in Algeria, which contains the most truthful, graphic, and entertaining description of that people which we have ever found in so small a compass. The page runs over with fun, and the sentences are turned in that deliciously piquant way which only a quick French wit can manage. The whole of Arab life is presented, its light and its shade, its manner and its spirit, its externals and its ideas, its monotony, its passions, and its faith. Wise observations are interspersed with comical experiences, sagacious inferences with grotesque pictures. We have profiles of the pirate, the maraboot, the peasant, and, most amusing of all, of Si Djoha, the Arab Punchinello. The anecdotes related of this last personage will shake the sides of the reader. A volume of such anecdotes would make a fit companion to Mr. Alger's volume of Oriental Poetry.

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4. — *Rachel et le Nouveau Monde. Promenade aux États Unis et aux Antilles.* Paris: A. Cadot. 1856.

THIS work of M. Léon Beauvallet has been translated, and its absurdities have been laughed over by thousands on this side of the ocean. But the best flavor of a book so thoroughly French vanishes in a translation. Those who would know the style, the sentiment, the rat-

tling egotism of a genuine Parisian *litterateur*, will find here an extreme specimen. No Yankee or Englishman could possibly have written such a description of life on board an Atlantic steamer.

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5. — *The Constitution of the Human Soul. Six Lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.* By RICHARD S. STORRS, Jr., D. D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 338.

NOT the least interesting portion of this elegant octavo is the short Preface which explains its origin and occasion. The Brooklyn Institute, with the Graham Lectures which are under its management, is a repetition, on a somewhat smaller scale and with some modifications, of the Lowell Institute in Boston. The various donations of Mr. Augustus Graham to the Institute, which is substantially of his foundation, during his lifetime and by his will, amount to nearly fifty thousand dollars; and these are but a fraction of his munificent gifts. Of his donations to the Institute, more than half the amount is for the purpose of maintaining free courses of lectures on various branches of science, the interest of twelve thousand dollars being appropriated to courses of lectures on "the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in his Works." Of this last endowment, the volume before us is the first fruit.

The theme which Dr. Storrs has chosen, as at once most fit for an introductory course of lectures on the general subject, and most congenial to his own tastes and habits of thought, is the "Human Soul." He has not attempted an elaborate work on Psychology, or advanced any new views concerning the position of the soul in the world, or its relation to the lower works of God. The thought of these Lectures is the average thought of the enlightened Christian pulpit. What is peculiar about them is the brilliant, striking, and forcible manner in which the thought is presented, the rush and fervor of a style which is at the same time clear and logical, the variety and abundance of illustration, the earnestness of conviction sullied by no dash of bigotry, the profoundly religious tone, which is yet entirely free from all cant or pious phrasing. The progressive arrangement of the Lectures, beginning with "personal life" as an endowment of the soul, and exhibiting in succession its faculties for knowledge, for virtue, for good work, for happiness, and for immortal progress, is natural and obvious; but this climax is wrought up with rare subtilty and power. The criticism of such a volume must be wholly of admiration and praise.

So choice a series of discourses merits the dress of type and paper in which it appears. Yet we are afraid that the very elegance of these broad pages will be a hinderance to the wide circulation which they ought to have. A book like this ought not to be confined to a few readers, though these may be an audience fit. And it has seemed to us that the courses of Lowell Lectures, when published, should be so published that the multitudes who were disappointed of their hearing might get part of their benefit. The purpose of the testator would thus be better carried out.

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6. — *Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature.* Par M. VILLEMAIN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Didier. 2 vols. 12mo.

M. VILLEMAIN is one of the few writers of France who have been able to maintain unimpaired popularity through two generations, to unite the suffrages of all parties in their favor, and to disarm criticism by the commanding excellence of their works. No mere writer of miscellanies has a fame in France comparable to his. The most refined of aristocrats praise his choice and tasteful phrases, and the most sturdy of radicals confess his broad and generous candor. That frantic royalist, M. Baptiste Capefigue, who has deluged France with his voluminous defences of tyranny, apologies for superstition, and eulogies of the house of Bourbon, is forced to speak respectfully of the great Academician; while Augustin Thierry, the first of modern French historical writers, pronounces Villemain to be the *creator of a new science*, the science of "Literary History." Journalism and Literature claim a man whom Science, the State, and even the Church, would call their own. Yet Villemain has produced no great original work, whether of science or history. His studies are essays and disquisitions rather than fresh contributions, — splendid and masterly criticisms, but not constructions from original materials. His "Tableau of the Christian Eloquence in the Fourth Century," his most remarkable work, is nevertheless, with all its wealth of suggestion and of diction, not an ecclesiastical history of that period. As a writer, Villemain belongs to the same class with the Schlegels and with Hallam, though incomparably the superior of the latter in keenness of thought and grace of expression.

His declining years are to be given to the pleasant task of gathering up the recollections of his crowded and honorable life, his memories of great men, great scenes, and great crises, of statesmen, scholars, wits, and poets, of social, literary, and political life. Two volumes of this

series have already come to our hand, and a third, we believe, has been issued in Paris. The first is chiefly a biography of that half-forgotten minister of an unfortunate king, and aid to an unfortunate emperor, M. de Narbonne. Happy the man who can find such a biographer, and can gain such full, even if tardy, justice. The biography is something more. It is a grand historical picture of France and Europe in the days of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire. The second volume is occupied with the events and scenes of the "Hundred Days," that extraordinary interval of modern history, in which such marvellous issues and tendencies were brought together to a single point of time. This, too, is a monograph of remarkable power, unrivalled by any account of that famous epoch. In the first volume are contained also a couple of shorter sketches, of the Sorbonne and of the Salons of Paris in the first half of this century. We trust that M. Villemain may live long enough to make the volumes of his Souvenirs as numerous as those of M. Capefigue's histories.

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7. — *History of the Jewish Nation after the Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus.* By the Rev. ALFRED EDERSHEIM, Ph. D., Old Aberdeen. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 592.

DR. EDERSHEIM is a Jew by lineage, a Christian in faith, an eloquent writer, a careful investigator, and a well-furnished scholar; and with these qualifications he has made a very instructive and entertaining book. Much of the matter will be wholly novel to English readers, and even a well-read Jew may be taught many things concerning the people Israel by this learned proselyte. The history commences (after a short but skilfully arranged opening chapter) with the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, and ends with the final dispersion of the Jews in the fifth Christian century. Into this narrative is condensed an amazing amount of information of every kind, historical, biographical, social, literary, and religious. The work is wrought with a completeness which leaves nothing to be desired. We learn how the Jews lived, as well as what they suffered, how they disputed, as well as how they fought. The training of their homes, the teaching of their schools, the discussions of their assemblies, the explanations of their wise men, the shades of sect and party, the tenets of Halachist, Hagadist, and Cabalist the progress of thought from Hillel to Jehuda the elder, and the decline of power from Herod to Jehuda the younger; the forms and methods of industry, the rules of economy, and the system of common

law; how land was tilled, trade was directed, fortunes were secured, and justice was administered; the customs of the people on their work-days and feast-days, at weddings and at burials, in time of peace, of war, and of pestilence; the act, the thought, and the spirit of the nation, — are all graphically presented in Dr. Edersheim's story. The enthusiasm of the writer is surpassed by his copious fidelity.

Some of the sketches of character are admirable. Rabbi Akiba is the historian's favorite, and his gifts and virtues are set forth in glowing language. The rival schools of Hillel and Shammai are sharply contrasted, and there is no lack of candor in dealing with those Rabbins who distinguished themselves by the fiercest hatred of the Christians. Dr. Edersheim fails most, we think, in his estimate of Josephus; and his account of Philo and the Alexandrine school, though quite full, is not quite satisfactory. In local and geographical matters, he generally adopts the views of the Talmud in preference to those of the Christian historians; while he is rather too anxious to thrust back Christian dogmas into the theology of the ante-Christian age. He presses too far the typical character of the Hebrew religion, — farther than a fair interpretation of the Scriptures will sustain him.

A second volume, which shall give the mediæval and modern history of the Jews, is announced as in preparation. When that shall appear, we hope to take in this Review a more extended notice of so valuable a work.

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8. — *A Journey through Texas; or, A Saddle Trip on the Southwestern Frontier, with a Statistical Appendix.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 550.

THE object and the teaching of the second volume of Mr. Olmsted's travels in the Slave States seem to be those of the previous volume. It is a clear and satisfactory demonstration of the practical evils of the slave institution, economical, moral, and social. He has here, however, a chance which he admirably improves, to show the superiority of free labor over slave labor even in a Southern State. The German colonies of Texas, which he describes with minute fidelity, are a living refutation of the assertion that white men cannot work under a Southern sun, and that the culture of cotton requires the forced labor of black men. The solid statistics which Mr. Olmsted has gathered needed only such a supplement to their abundance. We believe that the wide circulation of these volumes of the "American Farmer" will do more to enlighten public opinion and to hasten emancipation than any passionate speeches

or any works of fiction, however exciting and pathetic. They are calm, candid, and impartial in their statements, leaving the reader to draw the inevitable inference. There is about them all a judicial accuracy which constrains confidence.

Beside this crowning merit of Mr. Olmsted's work, it has all the qualities of an interesting journal of travel. A good many books have been written about Texas, histories of conquest and colonization, narratives of survey and adventure, grave and gay and thrilling; but none, on the whole, is so thoroughly readable as this Saddle Trip. It combines graphic description with careful observation, facts with impressions, personal details with general views, good sense with enthusiasm, in a remarkable degree. It corrects false notions of a region and people unjustly handled in the proverbial speech of the North. Mr. Olmsted evidently likes Texas, and hopes more from it than from any other Southern State. His travel extended over all its principal sections; he visited most of the larger towns, saw all the great rivers and all the varieties of soil, tried its fluctuations of wind and climate, made himself acquainted with all classes, from the legislators of Austin to the Lipan Indians, and all races, Yankees, Creoles, Germans, and Mexicans, tested its pretensions, its difficulties, and its risks; and his verdict, on the whole, is favorable and cheering. A great future is in store for that region, if by any means it can be saved from the blight of slavery.

Joined to the narrative are a carefully prepared map and a valuable Appendix, and prefixed is a letter to a friend on the subject of slavery, which gives, in temperate but firm language, the necessary conclusion of the whole matter.

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9. — *Prue and I.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 214.

THE separate sketches under this name, first published in Putnam's Magazine, are now gathered into a most genial little book. An English critic pronounces it "an imitation of Charles Lamb"; but we have failed to discover any other resemblance than that naturally arising between two writers who have the power of clothing keen satire in genial words, and mingling the deepest pathos with the merriest humor. Without any pompous pretence of morality, this pleasant little book has a ministry of its own, which will make it dear to many readers. It must have already found welcome at many a fireside. Wherever there are tender hearts and kindly natures, the reveries and speculations of the quaint little bookkeeper will interest and please. Wherever, especially,

there are weary women, whose youthful romance has been silenced by daily struggle with prosaic realities, this book will be like a magic wand to awaken the long-sleeping consciousness within them, and bring up gentle memories of the olden time. Even the man of business, who looks as if always reckoning up "profit and loss," may be cheated into rose-colored dreams for a while, and imagine a Prue of his own in the demure companion of his industry and his economics. Mr. Curtis is deservedly popular, and has already so large a number of admirers, that his works need no other introduction to the good graces of the public than his name upon the title-page.

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10. — *Words for the Hour.* By the Author of "Passion Flowers." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 165.

When "Passion Flowers" appeared before the public, it astonished its readers by its strength of thought and powerful grasp of the subjects chosen. At the same time it disappointed and annoyed them by its crude expression and frequent want of musical harmony, which were all the more provoking for the occasional occurrence of verses of exceeding melody and finished beauty. After the lapse of three years, we have a second volume from the same pen, which retains many of the peculiarities and mannerisms of the first, but is, we think, decidedly inferior to it in fervor and power. It presents the same inequalities, the same contrasts. We have the rough satire of "High Art," the fierce anathema of "The Sermon of Spring," side by side with puling verses fitter for insertion among the scented leaves of some Blanche Amory's "Mes Larmes," than in the printed pages of a New England matron. There is a degree of obscurity in many of the poems, quite puzzling to the general reader, though perhaps more intelligible to the author's own coterie; and as she professes to write for the public, this becomes a blemish. Many of the poems lack universality of application; they are "specialties," newspaper paragraphs done into rhyme, and needing an appendix for explanation. It requires the most glowing drapery of language, and the most skilful handling, to make of such incidents as checker political strife poems that cling to the memory and claim repeated reading. The facts are but presented to us in a metrical prose if they have only the bald indignation of an individual to set them forth. The gift of the great poet is to present each separate incident in its relations to the general consciousness, to make each the incarnation of some sentiment, and thus to touch the key-note which shall call forth a response from the universal heart.

The choice of subjects for some of these poems indicates also a lack of delicacy in the introduction of the names of the living. It may be questioned if even the title of the book be a sufficient excuse for such unreserved mention as is made of some of our contemporaries, though the withholding of the names would alarmingly multiply the oracular utterances of the volume. As examples of unnecessary freedom, and also of an arrogance in equally false taste, we would cite "Fanny Kemble's Child," and "A Word with the Brownings"; while, as a specimen of the inexplicable, "The Park" may be suggested. There is, withal, about these poems too much self-consciousness, too little self-forgetting inspiration. The unnamed and apparently unnamable woe that peeped out amid the Passion Flowers has become chronic in the present volume, and we are tempted to quote the author against herself, and say, —

> "My soul is weary of this chant of woe,
> Where rhyme attends on rhyme, as tear on tear."

We confess a half-wish that, of her "guardians twain, of Silence and of Song," her grief, which is "constant as Fate, inalienate as life," had made better friends with "Silence," and given "Song" a respite.

We find, however, in "Words for the Hour," with all its palpable defects, many strong thoughts and noble sentiments, — so many, in fact, that we wonder the more at its shortcomings. One poem in particular, entitled "Dilexit Multum," is a charming conception charmingly expressed, and a short passage from the piece on Fanny Kemble's Child may be quoted as a happy adaptation of language to idea.

> "The tree that sheds its blossoms ere their time,
> Bears not the autumn glory of its fruit.
> The drop that in its cavern cannot wait
> The infiltration of a thousand years
> Shall never shine, a diamond. Earth herself,
> Hoarding rebellion, were chaotic still,
> Foiled of her beauty, joyless, purposeless."

The reader will find passages like this scattered through the book, awakening his desire for more, and rendering him more susceptible to the defects. Perhaps an explanation of certain roughnesses may be found in the fact that the copious overflowings of our modern Muse are so often merely graceful nothings and polished puerilities, as to constrain the revulsion to crude and hard sentences in minds that prefer strength to finish. The successful attack upon some of the difficulties of our English language, made by master-spirits, fires emulation also. But if difficulties are looked at and not conquered, it would be wiser to confine attention more to the docile monosyllables with which our good old tongue abounds. Why assemble such a regiment of unmanageables

as straggle through some of these poems in the trailing garments of four or five syllables? They must strike a well-aimed blow if they would make themselves welcome. Why let half a dozen quietly disposed monosyllables tumble at last, in the sheer desperation of uncertainty, into one burly word at the end, as thus:

"The heaped green grasses rise up in their congregation?"

The ear refuses to place such a line as this anywhere upon the metrical gamut.

We regret to see these defects in a volume which, after all, makes a decided impression on the reader's mind. They might have been avoided without weakening the general nervous force. Some of the gems which lie among the pages are worthy a daintier setting. The true artist does not disdain the last touches which make his picture beautiful, and the hand of genius may show itself in the most delicate strokes of the pencil.

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11. — *Calderon: his Life and Genius. With Specimens of his Plays.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D. New York: Redfield. 1856.

In this small and unpretending, but most engaging book, Mr. Trench succeeds not only in making his subject interesting, but also in winning his reader to his own judgment, even when that differs from certain standard authorities. In the memoir and essay which occupy half of the volume, the claims of Calderon to the rank which his own countrymen have assigned him, but which some foreign critics deny him, are set forth in temperate but positive terms; in the translations which follow, this position is sustained by Calderon himself. These translations are so full of interest and beauty, that we regret that so skilful a translator and so discriminating an admirer as Mr. Trench proves himself, should not have indulged us with more specimens. This book stands, in some sense, as a vindication of Calderon before the English public, whose opinions heretofore of the Spanish dramatist have been formed upon the insufficient ground of inferior or badly chosen versions. While endeavoring to place his author in a more worthy light, Mr. Trench avoids both the sweeping condemnation of Sismondi and the extravagant and undiscriminating laudation of the Schlegels and other German critics. He seems rather to sympathize with the tone of Goethe's judgment, though he goes beyond Goethe both in the knowledge and the praise of Calderon's dramas. He thinks that Goethe was familiar only with those which had been translated into German. Mr.

Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," speaks with some admiration of Calderon as an idealist and a versifier, yet does not place him so high either as poet or dramatist as Mr. Trench would pronounce him. But there must of necessity be ample room for difference of opinion concerning a dramatist who wrote some two hundred plays, in which, of course, the degree of merit and beauty must vary very greatly.

A large part of the injustice done to Calderon by popular English translations is, as Mr. Trench observes, owing to the almost insuperable obstacles presented by Spanish metres, and to the absence, in our own language, of any equivalent for the *assonants* so prevalent and so musical in the original. Much of the spirit and beauty must necessarily evaporate under the degree of handling requisite when both language and metre are to be translated; and passages of exceeding melody in the flowing vowellings of Spanish utterance, are stiff and harsh in the baldness of blank verse. Mr. Trench overcomes this difficulty in the fragments he gives, to a remarkable degree, and thus strikes a fair and honest blow for the fame of his author. Through the whole of his book he proves himself a right worthy and generous champion, wise in the choice of his weapons, and skilful and courageous in the use of them.

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12. — *An Analytical Concordance to the Holy Scriptures; or, The Bible presented under Distinct and Classified Heads or Topics.* Edited by JOHN EADIE, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Presbyterian Church. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 8vo. pp. lxiv, 776.

WITH many of our clerical readers, Dr. Eadie's reputation as an accomplished Biblical scholar is all that will be needed to commend this work. We can best describe it in his own words. "It is an attempt so to classify Scripture under separate heads as to exhaust its contents. The reader will find under the respective Articles or Sections what the Bible says on the separate subjects in relation to Doctrine, Ethics, and Antiquities." This plan is so thoroughly carried out, as to give us substantially the whole of the Bible, arranged under forty-two general titles, with subdivisions that comprehend and "exhaust" all the "contents" of each title. Of the method of subdivision we may find a fair specimen under the (alphabetically) first title, — Agriculture. It includes under separate heads the Distribution of

Land, its Tenure, modes of Transfer in Early Times, and under the Jewish Law, Ancient Charters, descriptions of the Soil of Canaan, Agrarian Enactments, Cultivation and its Methods, Plenty, Reaping and Harvest, Gleaning, Threshing, Grass and other Products of the Fields, Failure of Crops, Instances of Famine, God's Care of his People during Famine, Means against Famine, Unreclaimed Land, and Noxious Vegetation. These secondary divisions are again parted whenever there are various particulars included under them, so that the entire number of sub-titles under the head of Agriculture is no less than forty-five. The manifold uses of such a work will at once suggest themselves to every theologian and to every diligent reader of the Scriptures. We can anticipate but one possible objection to it; namely, that in the dogmatic portion of his arrangement the author has, of course, been governed by his own views of systematic theology, and may have suggested fallacious arguments for his own creed by the misplacing, and thus the misapplication, of ambiguous texts. Such was our suspicion on opening the book; but we are disabused of it on examination. Dr. Eadie's system has indeed supplied his dogmatic titles; but we cannot find that in a single instance he has sought an undue advantage by the misplacing or the suppression of a text, and his opponents may on every head by his aid measure both his strength and their own. So far as theological discussion is to be conducted by "proof-texts," and not by a broad induction of the import and spirit of Scripture, men of all parties will find in this book their best armory; while still its highest value is for those who study the Bible that they may imbibe its teachings, breathe in its spirit, and be guided by its counsels and examples.

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13. — *Religious Truth, illustrated from Science, in Addresses and Sermons on Special Occasions.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 422.

THERE are several aspects in which we attach a very high value to this volume. It exhibits, with great variety of detail and rare perspicacity of statement, the harmony of science in general, and especially of geology, with the fact of a revelation and the contents of the Christian revelation. It defines the mutual relations, rights, and duties of the philosopher and the theologian. It claims for both equally the right of

independent investigation, and discredits equally the attempt to cast doubt on religious verities from the postulates of incomplete science, and the arrogance which would anathematize science for conclusions at variance with Church tradition. Dr. Hitchcock has undoubting faith in the Bible, and a faith no less strong in science as the interpreter of God's "elder Scripture." He deduces, from the numerous instances in the past in which the very scientific researches hailed at the outset by infidelity have resulted in its discomfiture, the assurance that science has nothing in store for Christianity but enhanced stress of evidence and weight of authority. For this reason he would have investigation pushed fearlessly, and is content to abide the issue. Thus, while he does not assent to the recent theory opposed to the unity of origin of the human race, he deprecates in its behalf the *odium theologicum*, maintaining that, if established on competent scientific grounds, it has as strong a claim upon universal assent as the Copernican system has, and that the fears for revelation and religion on this score are as childish and futile as were those of the Romish Church that the diurnal motion of the earth would invalidate the Bible and overturn the faith. We have derived both pleasure and instruction from this book. The author's style, indeed, is not always graceful. His attempts in two separate discourses to trace the counterpart of certain mineralogical formations and astronomical laws in the varieties of human character and experience, are almost utter failures, and indicate an imagination more suggestive than plastic, — a fancy prolific of forms, but deficient in the artistic tact which can round them into perfect symmetry, and the Promethean gift to vitalize that symmetry. While he has read and written the very best of "sermons in stones," we cannot but suspect that his literary falls too far short of his scientific culture to enable him to do full justice to his own conceptions. But for what he has done both for science and religion we heartily thank him, and feel the highest satisfaction in urging the volume before us upon the general regard and interest, as covering richly and admirably a department of thought on which we doubt whether so much has been so well written by any one man before.

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14. — *Westward Empire; or, The Great Drama of Human Progress.* By E. L. Magoon. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 445.

After our deserved castigation of Dr. Magoon for his Life of Spurgeon, we are most happy to speak of this last book of his in an

entirely different tone. We should not recognize the same hand in the two books. The Memoir Spurgeon himself might have written, for any evidence of taste or scholarship that it bore; this is the work of a scholar, and, with now and then a mixture of incongruous metaphors, has little in its style that we can reprehend, much that has our unqualified praise. The thesis which the book maintains is that civilization, with its attendant arts and its resultant power, has pursued, with its growth, a uniformly western path through the past ages. The corollary of course is the destined exaltation, and, still more, the solemn responsibleness for the world's well-being, of this country of ours over which the "star of empire" is now fast culminating. The epochs which pass successively under review, as marking the stages of progressive civilization and also its westward march, are the Age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo X., and of Washington, representing respectively the eras of sensuous though artistic civilization, of the supremacy of military power, of the inventions that transformed society in the Middle Age, and of the principles of universal freedom inaugurated with the American Revolution. Had we undertaken the same task, these would not have been our epochs, and a large part of our labor would have been devoted to what Dr. Magoon treats very cursorily, the westward movement of civilization in the ages before Pericles, and before the civilized occupancy of the Grecian peninsula. But our author's arrangement has served for the grouping of a very large number of the typical facts of history, with comments always worthy of regard, often original, often striking and impressive. The work, too, is redolent of a cheerful faith in Providence, hope for man, Catholic sympathies, and enlarged philanthropy.

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15. — *Lays of a Lifetime. The Record of One Departed.* New York: Dana & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 157.

We hardly know how to describe this beautiful book. It is a memoir without surnames, dates, or closely defined localities, — the sketch of a charming life, — not idealized, for all that is given us is lifelike, yet so full of character, and so meagre and fragmentary in incident, as to remind us of an angel's face painted upon a cloud. The narrative describes the budding, flowering, and maturity of a female spirit of wonderful sweetness, grace, and power, its manifestations of a more than earthly loveliness through weary months of slow and agonizing death, and its serene passage from death to life. The child "lisped

in numbers"; the wife and mother under the shadow of the grave breathed her thoughts of peace and Christ and heaven under the same inspiration. The poems of her life are tastefully inwreathed with the poem which her life was. By themselves they might not be deemed remarkable; as twined in this love-woven garland they have an inexpressible beauty, so manifestly are they the spontaneous flow of a nature pure, gentle, heroic, saintly; and as from the playful verses of childhood we pass on to the lyrics gushing from a heart that had already won its final victory and found its dawn of heaven before the last of earth, we seem to hear the strain prolonged behind the veil, echoed by the golden harps, and blending with

> "the unexpressive nuptial song
> In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love."

The book in its form and mechanical execution is in admirable harmony with its contents. Of rare and rich, yet simple and modest elegance, it is just such a memorial as befits the hidden life which it half reveals.

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16. — *Designs for Parish Churches, in the three Styles of English Church Architecture; with an Analysis of each Style; a Review of the Nomenclature of the Periods of English Gothic Architecture, and some Remarks introductory to Church Building, exemplified in a Series of over one hundred Illustrations.* By J. Coleman Hart, Architect. New York: Dana & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 108.

We hardly feel competent to notice this splendid work, and should be glad to furnish room in some future number for its analysis by a professional hand. In a form which has not been surpassed in beauty by any American book, it presents the general features of Gothic Church Architecture, the requirements in shape, material, and symbolism of the essential parts, members and furniture of an adequate church edifice, and the distinguishing traits of the Early, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular English Style, with plates of perspectives, plans, elevations, and details in each style. Many of the details are applicable only to the architecture of the Episcopal Church; but the general principles, the outlines and proportions of the several models, and a large part of the more minute arrangements, deserve the careful study of all who would make the house of worship suggestive and typical of its sacred use, and would banish the shams and subterfuges of a grovelling utilitarianism from the precincts where the very

stones and timbers should betoken the sincerity and fervor of their consecration.

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17. — *A Biographical Dictionary: comprising a Summary Account of the Lives of the Most Distinguished Persons of all Ages, Nations, and Professions; including more than Two Thousand Articles of American Biography.* By the Rev. John L. Blake, D. D. Thirteenth Edition. Philadelphia: H. Cowperthwait & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 1366.

It tells much for this work to say that its first edition appeared in 1835, and that the perfecting of it has been an object ever since held constantly in view by the author. Less attractive in form than the Appletons' Cyclopædia of Biography, and with less full and satisfactory articles on a few great names of every age, it has greatly the advantage of that work in proportion and completeness. Where that furnishes only the dates of birth and death, with an abbreviation sometimes ambiguous to denote the profession, this gives of the less important subjects all that for ordinary purposes of reference we need and seek. That, with its defects, has merits which send us often to its columns; this, could we have but one, we should prefer for a table-book. We have consulted it especially under German and American titles, and in both it seems to us rich and full beyond any other similar work within our knowledge. As to the American portion, we can bear testimony to the author's painstaking fidelity in seeking accurate information from first-hand authorities; and we doubt not that he has exercised equal diligence in the compilation of materials from other sources.

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18. — *The Life and Recollections of John Howland, late President of the Rhode Island Historical Society.* By Edwin M. Stone. Providence: George H. Whitney. 1857. 12mo. pp. 348.

John Howland was born in 1757, and died in 1854. A native of Newport, he went to Providence in early boyhood as a barber's apprentice, and, with an interval of service in the army of the Revolution, he was a resident of that city for the remainder of his life. For many years he practised and adorned the profession to which he had been trained, and before he abandoned it he had become one of the most influential of citizens, a learned antiquary, an elegant writer, and

a leading member of the various associations of his adopted city and his native State. The Master's degree conferred upon him by Brown University in 1835 was fairly his due thirty years earlier. He is the acknowledged father of the public school system of Rhode Island, and was for many years engaged in the supervision of the public schools of Providence. He was identified, as a prime mover or as an energetic helper, with every public institution and benevolent enterprise that originated in the city, from his early manhood to his late old age. His public addresses were many, and of a high order of excellence. His diaries were minute and copious, comprehending much of the else unwritten history of Rhode Island, and many interesting details of his military service and experience. He was withal a consistent and devout Christian, for many years officiated as Deacon of the First Congregational Church, and honored this sacred function by a life of eminent purity and sanctity. Mr. Stone has done his work well and faithfully, and has prepared a biography which, with that of Amos Lawrence, we should rejoice to put into the hands of every young man in the land, as an exhibition of the power of self-culture, integrity, and piety to supplement the deficiencies of early training, to develop true greatness of soul and character, and to convert obstacles into helps, disadvantages into privileges.

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19. — *Memoirs of Washington.* By MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 517.

THIS work is specially dedicated by the author to young readers; but many of every age will, we apprehend, enjoy it more than any other life of Washington. The only mark of its peculiar adaptation to those of tender years is the omission of many "details of battle and statesmanship, the cruelties of war and politics," and the insertion in their stead of numerous personal anecdotes, not a few of which now first see the light. The writer has succeeded better than any other biographer in vivifying the image and memory of Washington, and had the book been written by a member of his own family, it could hardly have furnished a more thoroughly lifelike exhibition of the great man. Mrs. Kirkland's skill and grace as a writer are too well known to need our praise. Suffice it to say, that she has never done herself more ample justice than now.

20. — *Canterbury Tales.* By HARRIET LEE. In two volumes. New York: Mason Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 363, 384.

THE first volume of Canterbury Tales, by Sophia and Harriet Lee, was issued in 1797, and was succeeded, at brief intervals, by four other volumes. This republication contains the Tales written by the younger sister, the superior genius of the two. In structure they resemble more nearly the Waverley novels than those of the last century. The style is somewhat overwrought, and occasionally approaches the Radcliffe vein; but, with this sole exception, it is characterized by purity, ease, and grace. The plots are highly artistic, and are developed with the skill of a master hand. By far the most striking of the series (and a story of more thrilling and tragic interest can hardly be found) is "Kruitzner," from which Lord Byron borrowed the characters, incidents, and much of the language for his drama of "Werner."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Annual Report to the Executive Committee of the Salem Provident Association, rendered December, 1856. By John Ball, City Missionary. Salem. 1857.

A Special Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools, on Truancy and Absenteeism in Rhode Island, made by Order of the General Assembly, at its May Session, 1856. By Robert Allyn, Commissioner of Public Schools. Providence. 1856.

Seventh Annual Report of the Association for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females. Boston. 1857.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell. Lowell. 1857.

Reports of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, presented to the Corporation at their Annual Meeting, January 28, 1857. Providence. 1857.

Annual Report, presented to the American Antislavery Society, by their Executive Committee, at the Annual Meeting, held in New York, May 7, 1856. With an Appendix. New York. 1856.

First Annual Report of the North Middlesex Sunday-School Society, presented at the First Annual Meeting of the Society, held at Groton, Wednesday, October 8, 1856. By Augustus Woodbury. Lowell. 1856.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large, in the City of Providence, presented at a Public Meeting, held in Westminster Church, Sunday Evening, January 25, 1857. By Edwin M. Stone. Providence. 1857.

Thirty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Baptist Education Society, of the State of New York, held at Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y., August 17, 1856. With the Reports of the Board and Treasurer, and other Documents. Hamilton. 1856.

Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, in Boston, April 30, 1856; at Worcester, October 21, 1856. Boston. 1856.

Account of the Proceedings at the Inauguration of the State Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster, August 27, 1856; with Addresses by H. B. Rogers, Esq., Hon. G. S. Boutwell, and others. Boston. 1856.

Proceedings of the State Disunion Convention, held at Worcester, Massachusetts, January 15, 1857. Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrington. Boston. 1857.

Annual Report to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan, made October 15, 1856, by Henry P. Tappan, D. D., LL. D., President of the Board. Ann Arbor. 1856.

An Address delivered before the Graduating Class of the Law Department of Hamilton College, July 16, 1856, by William Curtis Noyes. New York. 1856.

Liberal Education: an Address delivered before the Union Literary and Philalathean Societies of Hanover College at the Annual Commencement, August 6th, 1856, by James C. Moffat, Professor of Greek in the College of New Jersey, Princeton. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1857.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Meadville Theological School, for the Academical Year 1856 – 57. Meadville. 1857.

Religion and Education. An Oration delivered at the Annual Commencement of Iowa College, Davenport, July 30th, 1856. By the Rev. Truman M. Post, D. D., of St. Louis. Davenport. 1856.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Iowa College, for the Academic Year 1856 – 57. Davenport. 1856.

Seventh Annual Catalogue of the Corporation, Faculty, and Students of the Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin. December, 1856. Oshkosh. 1856.

Harper's Story-Books. By Jacob Abbott. — No. 26. Aunt Margaret.— No. 28. Carl and Jocko. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Catalogue of the Teachers and Students of the Newburyport Female High School, from December 19, 1843, to December 19, 1856. Newburyport: M. O. Hall. 1856.

A Sermon preached on Sabbath Afternoon, January 25, 1857, with reference to the Death of Nathaniel Davis, Ruling Elder in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany. By William B. Sprague, D. D. Albany. 1857.

A Thanksgiving Sermon: delivered in the First Unitarian Church, Stockton Street, on Sunday Morning, November 23d, 1856, by Rev. R. P. Cutler. San Francisco. 1856.

A Sermon, preached in the First Church, Concord, November 9th, 1856, being the Sunday succeeding the Death of Hon. Samuel Hoar, LL. D., by the Pastor, Barzillai Frost. Concord. 1856.

Dying with our Friends. A Sermon on the Character of Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D. D., delivered in the West Church, Boston, Sunday, December 7, 1856, by C. A. Bartol. Boston. 1857.

Facts and Duties of the Times. A Sermon, delivered before the First Congregational Church, Chicago, Illinois. By Rev. G. W. Perkins. New York. 1856.

Sunday-School Instruction. An Address delivered before a Convention of the Sunday-School Society, at Salem, October 29, 1856. By George E. Ellis. Together with an Abstract of the Annual Report; an Appeal to Unitarian Parishes; the Constitution of the Society; and a List of Officers for the ensuing Year. Worcester. 1857.

Confirmation; or, Laying on of Hands: its Authority and Nature. By Rev. Samuel Fuller, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Andover, Massachusetts. New York: Dana & Co. 1857.

Slavery and its Prospects in the United States. Cambridge. 1857.

Criminal Insane: Insane Transgressors and Insane Convicts. By Edward Jarvis, M. D., of Dorchester, Mass. Utica. 1857.

Case of Hon. Charles Sumner. By Marshall S. Perry, M. D., Boston. Boston. 1856.

Prayer for the Christian Life; adapted to the several Seasons of Morning, Evening, Closing Year, Trouble, Thanksgiving, New Year. Translated into Bengali by Rakhaldas Haldar, a Member of the Brahma Samaj. Calcutta. 1856.

The Wreck of the Golden Mary, being the Captain's Account of the Great Deliverance of her People in an Open Boat at Sea. A new Christmas Story, being a Christmas Number of Household Words. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856.

The Arctic Queen. New York. 1856.

The Arguments in Favor of the International Submarine Telegraph in the Senate of the United States. Prepared by Richard Sutton, Reporter. Washington. 57.

Supreme Court of the United States. No. 7. — December Term, 1856. Dred Scott (a Colored Man) *vs.* John F. A. Sandford. Argument of Montgomery Blair, of Counsel for the Plaintiff in Error. Washington. 1857.

The American Church Monthly, Successor to "The True Catholic." Hugh Davey Evans, LL. D., Regular and Independent Contributor. The Rev. Henry N. Hudson, M. A., Editor. Vol. I., No. 1. January, 1857. New York: Edward P. Allen.

Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations. Edmund Flagg, Superintendent. Vol. I. Washington. 1856. 4to. pp. 827.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 802.

The Constitutional Text-Book: a Practical and Familiar Exposition of the

Constitution of the United States, and of Portions of the Public and Administrative Law of the Federal Government. Designed chiefly for the Use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By Furman Sheppard. Philadelpha: Childs & Peterson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 324.

Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1857. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, etc. Together with a List of Recent Scientific Publications; a Classified List of Patents; Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men; Notes on the Progress of Science during the Year 1856, etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 406.

Memoir of Warren Colburn, written for the American Journal of Education. By Theodore Edson, D. D. Boston: Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 1856. pp. 27.

Doubts concerning the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Addressed to the Christian Public. By Charles Hudson. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 41.

Yahveh Christ; or, The Memorial Name. By Alexander MacWhorter, Yale University. With Introductory Letter, by Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 179.

Our Grandmother's Stories, and Aunt Kate's Fireside Memories. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 132.

A New System of Phrenology. By John L. Hittell. New York: Calvin Blanchard. 1857. 12mo. pp. 96.

Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 375, 405.

Songs of Summer. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 229.

Poems, Original and Translated, by William W. Caldwell. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 276.

Pleasures of Religion, a Poem: in Two Parts. With other Poems. By O. Prescott Hiller. London: William White. 1856. 16mo. pp. 136.

Services at the Induction of William E. Starr, Esq., as Superintendent of the State Reform School at Westboro', January 15, 1857. Boston. 1857.

Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Albany Academy, 1856–57. Albany. 1857.

An Introduction to Theosophy, or the Science of the "Mystery of Christ," that is, of Deity, Nature, and Creature. Vol. I. Complete in itself. London: John Kendrick. 1856. 12mo. pp. 511.

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